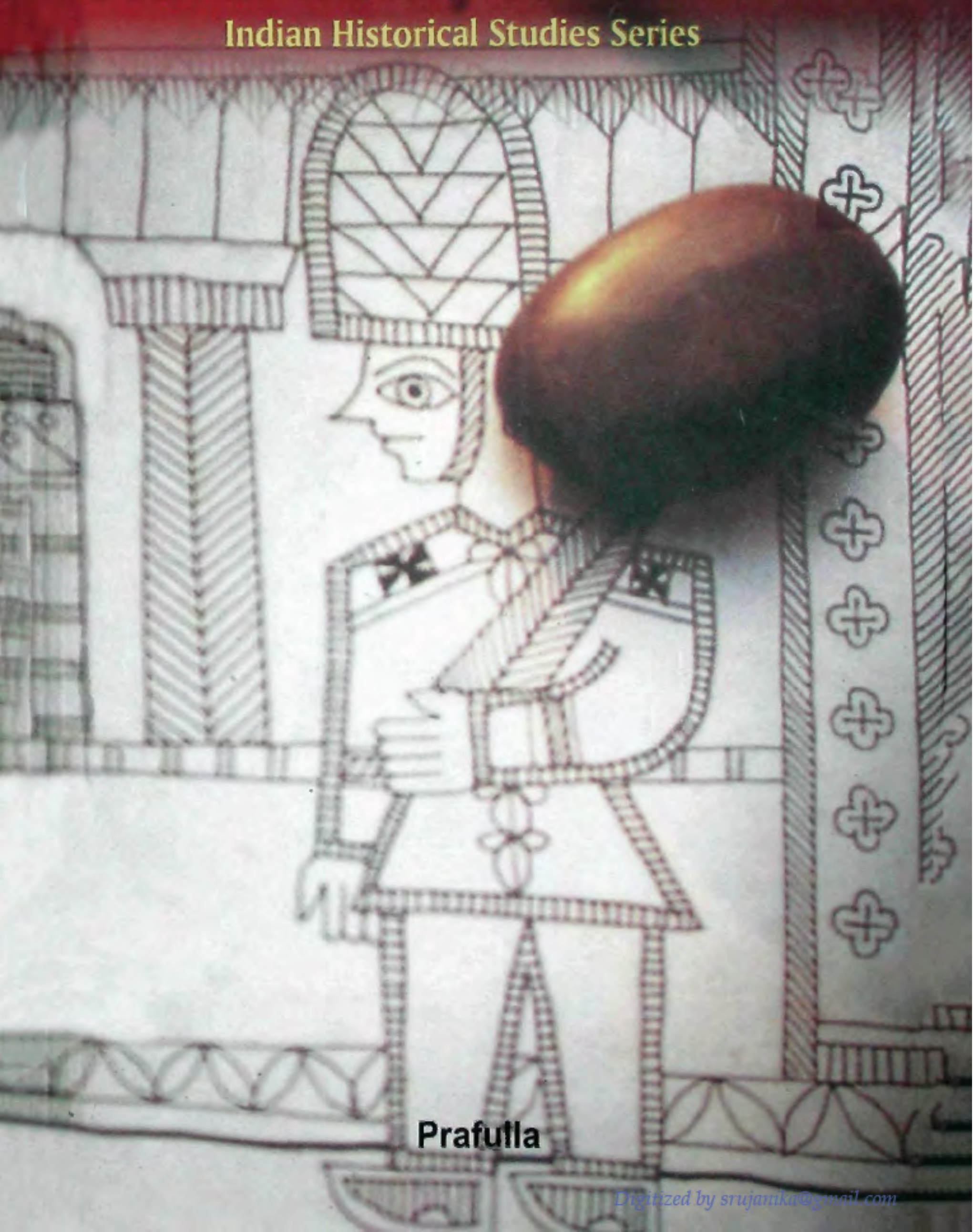
John Beames

Essays on Orissan History and Literature

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Essays on
Orissan History and Literature

Compiled and with an introduction by
Kailash Pattanaik



Prafulla

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Introduction

To many modern readers in India today John Beames (1837-1902), colonial administrator, philologist, literary critic is one of the lesser known Orientalists. His massive three-volume *A Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages of India* (1872-1879) is all but forgotten and may be of interest only to a small group of specialists, and his *Memoir of a Bengal Civilian* (1961) has had a limited appeal, if the reception of its Indian edition (1966) is any indication.

In Orissa, however, where Beames spent nearly seven years (1869-77) as a colonial administrator, he continues to be remembered with deep affection and gratitude. He figures prominently as someone who cared for Orissa and its people and stood by them when they faced a crisis of survival. In Fakir Mohan Senapati's celebrated autobiography 'Atmajivan Charit' (*Story of my Life*, 1918). references to him border on hero-worship and he is presented as a Mahatma, the great soul. Beames' *Memoir of a Bengal Civilian* has recently been translated into Oriya, and a historical novel published in 1990s, *Desa Kala Patra* features him as one of the British civilians who played a key role in shaping modern Orissa. Beames, for his part, describes his stay in Orissa as a time of great happiness. His account of his stay leaves no one in doubt that he was very fond of the province and developed a special relationship with quite a few educated Oriyas.

The period Beames spent in Orissa was a time of social crisis and cultural ferment. When he came to Balasore in 1869, the province was recovering from the trauma of the 1866 famine. The attempt on the part of a few to replace Oriya with Bengali in schools and offices was being vigorously resisted by the emergent Oriya elite, who also included a few Bengalis settled in Orissa. The establishment of a college in Cuttack, the preaching of the Brahmo creed were creating conditions which would transform tradition-bound Orissa into a part of the modern world. In Beames, the scholar-administrator who seemed fascinated by Orissan culture, educated Oriyas found some one who was in sympathy with their aspirations, who helped them redefine their identity and protect their language from attacks from their neighbours. During his stay in Orissa, Beames learnt Oriya from native scholars, wrote on the history of

Orissa, its language, literature and folklore. He presented a paper titled *On the Relation of Uriya to the other Modern Aryan Languages* at the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1870 – his first piece on Orissa. There followed in 1872 an elaborate analysis of the grammatical significance of Oriya language and the evolution of the script, which formed a major part of the 121-page introduction to his *A Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages of India.* In this he sought to establish the distinctive features of Oriya language. In his essay, *On a Copper-Plate Grant from Balasore (AD 1483)*, he tried to show that Oriya script had developed from 'a southern variety of the Kutila type.' He explored the ruins of Orissa, and brought his knowledge of philology to unlock their mysteries. He went on to make a study of the poetry of Dinakrushna Das, and analyse Orissan folklore from a comparative perspective, a perspective beyond the reach of insular native scholars of the time. In a sense, it was he who laid the foundation for folklore studies by publishing his *Folklore of Orissa*.

His position as the privileged outsider often allowed him to offer rich insights into the culture he undertook to study. In many ways, he was something of a pioneer in the field of Orissan studies.

In this volume, I have made an attempt to compile Beames's Indological, philological and literary writings on Orissa, which lie scattered in books and journals and are difficult to access, in a single volume. Some of his important writings were published in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* and the *Indian Antiquary*. Beames was closely associated with the Asiatic Society of Bengal and became a 'non-resident ordinary member' of the Society from 7 September 1864.

To locate Beames' writings in their proper milieu, I have included responses of his contemporaries to his life and works. Chief among these is the obituary on Beames written by G.A. Grierson.

I have appended notes, references and other indications, where necessary. These notes and references are being indicated in the text numerically, i.e, 1, 2, 3 to set them apart from original footnotes. For this reason, I have put (K.P.) where necessary since 'Ed' (editor) has been used in some of the texts.

I express my sincere thanks to the Director and Librarian of the Goethal's

India Library and Research Society, Kolkata; Librarian and the members of the staff of Asiatic Society, Kolkata, Librarian and the members of staff of Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan for their generous help in locating rare journals and records. I feel sincerely grateful to Dr J.P.Das, who has always been a source of inspiration.

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I thank my wife, Dr Giribala Mohanty for enabling me to meet the deadline.

Kailash Pattanaik

THE HISTORY OF ORISSA UNDER THE MUHOMMEDAN, MARATHA AND ENGLISH RULE

[These notes were written as Chapter II of a manual of the district of Balasore of which I was Collector from 1869 to 1873. The work when completed was laid before Sir R. Temple (then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal) in 1875; but for certain reasons which cannot be here stated, was not printed. In 1877 I was asked by Blochmann, then Secretary to the Society,[1] to allow him to print the historical portion in the Society's Journal. I was unable to comply with his request at that time, and the work was put aside. Recently being engaged in some researches regarding the history of my present official charge, the Burdwan Division, I have had occasion to refer to it, and as I do not know of any compilation which gives all the facts therein contained, I have thought that it may be useful to print it.]

There is some reason for believing that for many centuries the country between the Kansbans and the Subanrekha was totally uninhabited, and covered with jungle. The legends of the Oriya race render it probable that they came into the province through the hills and down the Mahanadi, and the characteristics of their language lead me to believe that they broke off from the main stream of Aryan immigration somewhere about Shahabad and Gya.[2] That they are not an offshoot of the Bengalis is proved by the fact that their language was already formed as we now have it at a period when Bengali had not yet attained a separate existence, and when the deltaic portion of Bengal was still almost uninhabited. So that in fact they could not have sprung from the Bengalis, simply because there were then no Bengalis to spring from.

Numerous as are the allusions in early Oriya history to the north-western and western parts of India, and frequent as were their expeditions to the south, it is remarkable that there is nowhere in all their annals more than an obscure occasional mention of Bengal, and then even as a far-off inaccessible place. The similarity between the languages is not by any means so great as some Bengali writers have sought to make out, and what similarity there is, is

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First published in *Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal, 1883, Vol. 52, Part II, pp. 231–257*

due to the fact that they are both dialects of the eastern or Magadhi form of Prakrit.

The ancient sovereigns of Orissa were great builders and employed stone in their works. As the province is not deltaic, but high and rocky, these stone buildings would last for ages, and in fact central and southern Orissa are full of them. Now it is a remarkable fact that in all northern Balasore from the-Kansbans to the frontier of Bengal there is not a vestige of a single fort, temple, palace or bridge that can be traced or attributed to any older period that the sixteenth century. It is hardly possible that if this part of the country had been inhabited, the kings and rich men who so lavishly spent their wealth in the rest of the province on temples and forts, should not have erected a single stone building in a place where stone abounds.

An additional argument for my view is derived from the existence of numerous tenures of a kind originally granted for the purpose of clearing and settling forest land. These tenures, so numerous in northern Balasore, are hardly known south of the Kansbans except in the hills.

I may also point to the very large number of villages whose names begin with the word "Ban"= forest, including according to one derivation Balasore itself *(i.e.* Baneshwara, forest-lord[3] Sanskrit Vaneswara) and to the very marked prevalence of the Kole or aboriginal type among the lower classes.

Stirling's account of Orissa has been long in print, and is so well known, that it would be superfluous to repeat what is there said about the various dynasties of Orissa. It will have struck many readers of that work that often as the towns and regions of the Cuttack and Pooree districts are mentioned in the historical portion, Balasore is hardly ever spoken of. One would not of course expect to find it mentioned under the name of Balasore, because Balasore as a town is a creation of the English and quite a modern place, but no other towns, villages, or parganas in this part of the province are ever mentioned. Till the arrival of the Musalmans, no event in Oriya history took place there, nor is there any evidence of its having been more than scantily peopled, if at all.

It will not therefore take long to put together the scattered notices that

exist during the Hindu and Muhammadan periods. From the people themselves not much can be got, the best informed of them cannot, with few exceptions, go back further than the sanads granted to their ancestors by the provincial governors under Aurangzeb or at furthest Shah Jehan, and the majority do not as a rule know who their own great-grandfathers were, and do not care.

The first of the few notices of any part of this district occurs[4] in a speech made by Raja Anang Bhim Deo who ruled in Orissa A.D. 1175—1202, in which he informs his courtiers that the kings who had preceded him had ruled from the Kansbans in the north to the Rasikoilah in the south, but that he had extended his sway to the Datai Borhi river on the north. I cannot find what river is meant, but I presume it to be the Subanrekha, which in some parts of its course is still called Dantai. The statement that the whole country from the Ganges to the Godavery was under this king's rule is clearly fabulous, and arises from the fact that the Godavery is called by Oriyas the "San Ganga" or little Ganges, so that became a natural phrase in native adulatory language to say a king reigned from the great to the little Ganges. The area of this tract is said to have been measured at 124 million bighas, which is unintelligible, even with the small bighas of those days.

In 1450 we are briefly told that the Mughals came into the country, but it is not said from what quarter, and a prior invasion in 1243 is evidently a mistake.[5] The expedition was really to Jajnagar in Bengal, a place whose name has been confounded with Jajpore in Orissa. In 1457 we find the Muhammadans attacking Orissa from the south in conjunition with the Telingas, and the invasion of 1450 was probably from the same quarter. The Bhunyans of Garpadda, 15 miles north of Balasore, have in their possession a copper plate grant of the estate which they still hold, made to, their ancestor Potesar Bhatt by the Raja Pursottam Deb in 1503. The amount of land granted, 1,408 batis (= 28,160 acres), is so large that it is evident land was not of much value in northern Orissa in those days.

The road to Orissa must, however, have been practicable in 1516, for in that year, as we know from his life in Bengali, the great reformer Chaitanya

travelled from Nadiya to Puri and took up his abode there for the rest of his days. Probably the district began to be cleared and settled about this time under the "Purshethi" system. Still we have no detailed accounts of it. About this time the Afghans from Bengal, however, marched right down to Cuttack itself, and the road which they made or used on this and their subsequent expeditions is still to be traced, and is known to the villagers as the "Pathan sarak." It runs parallel to the present Cuttack Trunk Road but nearer to the hills, and apparently from superstitious motives is left uncultivated to this day.

In 1550 Mukund Deo the last indigenous king of Orissa ascended the throne, and we are told of him that his sway extended to Tribeni Ghat on the Hugli. He it was in all probability who erected the strong chain of forts still standing at Raibanian in the extreme northern corner of the district, just opposite the place where the old Pathan road crosses the Subanrekha. In 1568 this fort was taken by the terrible Kala Pahar, general of the Afghan forces who overran all Orissa, defeated and deposed Mukund and obtained possession of the whole province.[6] (P. 279)

Balasore now begins to be more important. The road to Bengal was open and the Muhammadan forces passed and re-passed and fought many battles along it.

Before entering into the somewhat interesting details of the Musalman invasion, settlement and government of Orissa. It will be advisable to state briefly the general position of India.

Akbar ascended the throne in A.D. 1556, and though very young, soon commenced to consolidate his power. But in all parts of India there were Hindu Rajas who had either themselves wielded independent power, or whose immediate ancestors had done so. There were also numerous bands of Mughals and Afghans who, during the unsettled reigns of Akbar's predecessors, had penetrated into various distant parts of India in search of plunder, or with a view to carving out principalities for themselves by the sword. All these classes were only with extreme difficulty and after repeated chastisements reduced to obedience, and the history of Akbar's reign is

chiefly occupied, as are those of his son and grandson, with the accounts of expeditions directed against refractory vassals.

Of the latter kind were the Afghan adventurers who so long held Orissa. In 1567 Sulayman Shah Kirani was viceroy of Bengal; he was in fact king in all but name. He it was who sent Kala Pahar into Orissa ; the accounts of the histories differ widely as to the date as well as the progress of this invasion. From local legends it would appear that Mukund Deo, after vainly endeavouring to hold the fort of Raibanian, retreated southwards fighting as he went, and was killed at Jajpur. As Kala Pahar was an ultra-fanatical Musalman, in the estimation of himself and his followers any one of them who was slain in battle with the Hindus was entitled to be considered a martyr. Accordingly we find there must have been a battle at Garhpada for there lies buried one of Kala Pahar's officers with the title of Shahid or "martyr." His name was Hitam Khan, and a grant of rentfree land of 138 bighas is enjoyed by the Garhpada Bhuyans on condition of keeping up his shrine. At Bastah lies another, Shah Husayni Shahid. At Ramchandrapur south of Garhpada is a third Muhammad Khan Shahid, and at Remnah a fourth Gulab Shah Shahid, from whom also the large bazar of Shahji Patna takes its name. We can thus trace Kala Pahar all through the district by the tombs of his slain Captains. He left a number of his turbulent followers in Orissa and returned to Bengal where he was killed in battle. A great number of these lawless adventurers settled at Kasba, a suburb of Balasore and at Bhadrakh and Dhamnagar, where their descendants are still to be found.

In 1574 Daud Khan, the king of Bengal, being driven out of that province by the forces of the Emperor Akbar under Munim Khan, fled to Orissa and remained hovering backwards and forwards between Cuttack and Jellasore for some time. At last Munim Khan with a large force, accompanied by the celebrated Raja Todar Mal marched down through Midnapore on him. The armies met on the north bank of the Subanrekha near the village of Tukaroi and the battle took place on the 3rd March 1575[7] Munim Khan was victorious and Daud fled to Bhadrakh. The place where the battle was fought is well known to the villagers and is still called Mughalmari

(the Mughal's slaughter). It runs westward for some six miles from the present Jellasore dak bungalow towards the river. Todar Mal pursued Daud to Bhadrakh. But Daud did not wait to be caught. He fled to Cuttack and got into the fort there and garrisoned it strongly. The Imperial forces, however, attacked and took it, and Daud then submitted to the Emperor. Munim Khan returned to Bengal, where he and many of his officers died of fever said to have been contracted in Orissa, but more probably due to their own imprudence in taking up their residence in the pestilential jungles of Gaur.

After the submission of Daud he was left in possession of central Orissa as far north as the Baitarani, but the territory now comprised in the Balasore district was annexed to the Subah of Bengal,[8] and two Thanadars were appointed, one at Jellasore; the other at Bhadrakh. Balasore itself was not a place of importance in those days. After the death of Munim Khan the reins of authority became relaxed, and Daud came up into Balasore and marched into Bengal. The Afghans of Orissa were for many years in a characteristically Afghan state of riot and quarrelling, and Balasore, lying as it does between Cuttack and the Bengal frontier, was often the battle-field between the rulers of the two provinces. None of the battles were, however, very decisive, nor are there any traces of the battle-fields still remaining, though many villages and market places with Musalman names in various parts of the district testify to the settlement of Afghan and Mughal invaders.

In 1582 Kutlu Khan, the Afghan leader, who since Daud's death had been the virtual ruler of Orissa. marched through Balasore against the Subahdar of Bengal, and advanced as far as Burdwan, where in 1583 he was defeated by Sadik Khan. At that time the sway of the Afghans of Orissa extended with a few exceptions as far as the Rupnarayan river, but after this victory they were beaten back, and retreated to Cuttack. Leaving Balasore as far as the Baitarani river for a time unmolested.

Kutlu Khan died in 1590. And his sons being minors sued for peace and agreed to surrender the temple of Jaganath and the sacred domain or

"khetra" to the Emperor. The Governor of Bengal at this time was Raja Man Singh, who as a Hindu was highly pleased at rescuing the holy city from the hands of the infidels who had long exercised a cruel and tyrannous sway over the priests.

Two years later, however, the treacherous Afghans again seized Jagannath and this roused Man Singh's wrath, and *in* a great battle fought in 1592 on the northern bank of the Subanrekha, probably on the same site as Munim Khan's victory at Tukaroi or Mughalmari, he utterly crushed the Afghans and took possession once more of Orissa. The rebels were turned out of Jellasore and fled to Cuttack where they shut themselves up in the strong fort of Sarang Garh, three miles south of the city. Man Singh soon after besieged and took Sarang Garh and received the submission of the Afghans.

Sultan Khusrau, grandson of Akbar and son of Jahangir was named Viceroy of Orissa, but he never visited the province, his appointment being probably merely honorary.

Man Singh having gone to Agra to pay his respects to the Emperor, the Afghans under Usman Khan again rose in 1598 and collected a large force at Bhadrakh, where they defeated the Imperial troops under Maha Singh, occupied a great portion of western Bengal, and again obtained possession of Balasore as far as the Subanrekha. Man Singh, however, again returned and defeated Usman at Sherpur Atai, north of Burdwan. Usman as usual retired to Cuttack. where he was not pursued. In all these constant advances and retreats, the Afghans seem always to have regarded Bhadrakh as their frontier. Jellasore was the frontier of the Imperialists, and the intermediate country was a debatable ground over which both parties fought at their pleasure. I mention this fact as confirming what I have said on a previous page, that central and northern Balasore even down to so late a period as this, contained no towns of importance but was scantily peopled and not worth fighting for.

For eleven years Usman Khan ruled at Cuttack, but does not seem to have exercised much sway over Balasore, as he never during that time

came into collision with the Imperial garrison at Jellasore, which he could not have failed to have done had he ventured so far north.' In 1611, however, he appears to have begun aggressions once more, and encamped on the banks of the Subarnrekha again with an army of 20,000 horse and defied the Emperor's forces. After a fierce encounter which from the accounts given by the native historians appears to have taken place among the marshes near Rajghat on the southern side of the river. Usman was shot in the head and died. His troops fled in disorder and Shujaat Khan, the leader of the Mughals, entered the province as a conqueror and annexed it finally to the Empire.

Orissa now enjoyed peace for five years under the able government of Ibrahim Khan, and it is from this epoch that we date the rise of Balasore as a commercial town. The district produces rice in abundance, and when the Afghans ceased to desolate it, it rapidly recovered and began to export. The weavers of Balasore whose cloths were long so celebrated now begin to be heard of, and it was not many years later than this date that the English established themselves as traders in the district.

In 1621 Prince Khurram son of the Emperor Jehangir (subsequently Emperor under the title of Shah Jahan) invaded Orissa through the hills, turned out Ahmad Beg, the governor of the province, and after appointing Kuli Khan in his place pushed on through Balasore into Bengal. He does not seem to have stayed long in Orissa, though his rebellion lasted a long time in Bengal and Bihar. Orissa does not appear to have suffered in any way from the change of governors, nor is there anything further to be gleaned from the Persian historians save a string of successive governors. We learn incidentally that the cultivation of the soil was increasing and was further promoted by the grant of many military jagirs to old soldiers of the Empire. One of these jagirs was established at Dhamnagar where the descendants of the original grantees still live, and a populous Musalman colony has sprung up. It was during this period as will be seen hereafter that the English obtained from the Emperor Shah Jahan a firman empowering them to open factories at Pipli and Balasore.

In the time of Mir Taki Khan, who was Naib of Shujauddin, Nawab of Bengal, all that part of the Sirkar of Jellasore lying north of the Subanrekha was transferred to Bengal, thus making that river the northern boundary of Orissa. It is much to be wished that this well defined boundary had been adhered to ever since. Taki Khan ruled Orissa from 1725 to 1734. He was a bigotted Musalman, and in his time the Raja of Khurda found or affected to find it necessary to carry off the idol of Jaganath to the hills beyond the Chilka. All pilgrimage was in consequence put a stop to, and the revenues of the province greatly injured. Taki Khan lies buried in the Kadam Rasul at Cuttack, but the local traditions of Balasore represent him as having spent much of his time in that town. He built the masonry tank, and reservoir and the mosque and gardens known as the Kadam Rasul in Balasore.[9] He is also said to have had a hunting palace at Remna five miles from Balasore under the Nilgiri Hills, a place still abounding with game, and whose name (Sanskrit Ramana = a place of sport, or hunting-ground) supports the legend. There are still at Remna extensive ruins of Muhammadan tombs and buildings. Taki Khan is well remembered in Balasore, and his character for piety stands high. A curious legend is current that the Vaishnava, Nandha Gosain, whose temple is in Malikaspur a suburb of the town, was in the habit of making a great noise with drums and cymbals while celebrating his kirtans or religious ceremonies. The Nawab's devotions being disturbed by this noise, he ordered it to be stopped. That evening when the naubat, or beating of drums at sunset was about to take place, none of the drums would sound, and this state of things continued till the Nawab withdrew his prohibition from Nandha Gosain, when the drums again sounded as usual.

In 1734 Murshid Kuli Khan was appointed governor of Orissa, and with him came as his Dewan the infamous Mir Habib who afterwards betrayed the province to the Marathas. The first thing Murshid did was to induce the Brahmans to bring back to Puri the idol of Jagannath which had been carried off for safety to the hills across the Chilka. By this step the revenues of the province were at once immensely increased, as the stream of

pilgrims, which had for some time ceased owing to the disappearance of the object of their worship, now set in again, and the tax on them is said to have risen from a nominal sum to nine lakhs per annum. In 1740 Ali Vardi Khan became Governor of Bengal and made himself virtually independant of the Emperor, whose power had been much shaken by the invasion of Nadir Shah and the sack of Delhi. The Governor of Orissa refused to obey Ali Vardi, and the latter marched against him. The two armies met at Balasore and the native account is so precise that I am able to identify the exact spot where the battle took place. It is about a mile north of the Civil Station where a long ridge of high land, then clothed with woods, slopes down into the marshes between the Nuniajori and the Burhabalang rivers near the villages of Haripur and Dohopara. The river surrounds this land on three sides, and in so strong a position Murshid might long have defied his adversary, who being cut off from the town could get no provisions and was in much distress. Mursihd's son-in-law, however, rashly moved out to attack the Nawab, and the result was a complete victory for the latter. Murshid and his party got on board a ship at Balasore and fled by sea to Masulipatam. The Raja of Rattanpur with much promptness carried off Murshid's women and children from Cuttack and delivered them to him in the south before Ali Vardi could come up.

Sayid Ahmad, the Nawab's nephew, was made Governor, and rendered himself very unpopular by his tyranny. At last the people of Cuttack rose against him and recalled Murshid Kuli. He would not come himself, but sent his son-in-law Bakir Khan, who was, however, conquered again on the banks of the Maha-nadi in 1741 by Ali Vardi, who appointed Masum Khan Governor of Orissa. He thinking all danger now at an end, disbanded his troops who mostly returned to their own homes, and contented himself with an escort of five thousand horse and some infantry recruited in the province. In this defenceless state was Orissa, when a great calamity occurred which entirely changed the whole current of its history, and introduced the darkest and bitterest period of suffering that the harrassed and wasted province has ever known.

In the month of February 1743 (Phalgun 1150) the Marathas[11-12] from Berar entered the province of Orissa. After the defeat of Murshid Kuli Khan by Ali Vardi Khan at Balasore in 1740, the traitor Mir Habibullah, dewan of the former, had secretly invited the Marathas to attack Orissa. At this time Raghoji Bhonsla was ruler of Berar holding his court at Nagpur. Habib's negotiations were made in the first instance with Bhaskar Pandit or Pant (as the Marathas corrupt the word) Dewan of Raghoji. With his master's permission Bhaskar Pant made an attack upon Behar in the first instance with twelve thousand horse and got as far as Pachet, before Ali Vardi could get up from Orissa to oppose him. A battle was fought at Katwa in which the Marathas were victorious, and Mir Habib having been (probably on purpose) taken prisoner, at once installed himself as Bhaskar's adviser, and enabled him to take possession of the town of Hughli, and subsequently to overrun the country as far as Midnapore. Ali Vadri, however, was not discouraged, he again attacked the Marathas and drove them through Midnapore, skirmishing as they retreated as far as Balasore. Here they made a stand, and a battle took place on the high land now occupied by the Civil station of Balasore, a little to the south of the camp of Murshid Kuli mentioned in a preceding paragraph. The result of the battle was unfavourable to the Marathas, for they retreated on Cuttack, taking the opportunity, however, of plundering everything they could lay hands on as they went. From Cuttack they retreated through the hills to Berar.

Immediately on their return to Nagpore, Raghoji Bhonsla himself resolved to make an attack on Bengal and marched at once. He arrived at a place between Katwa and Bardwan, but the Maratha Peshwa Balaji Rao having been incited by the Emperor of Delhi to restrain his turbulent feudatory, had marched through Allahabad, Patna and Bhagalpur, effected a junction with Ali Vardi Khan at Murshidabad and bore down on Raghoji. The latter having no mind to come to open blows with the Minister of his nominal sovereign, retreated but was overtaken and defeated, after which with the remnant of his forces he marched again through Balasore,

plundering and destroying as he went, back to Berar.

Into the confused history of Maratha politics in those days it is not necessary to enter. Suffice it to say that Raghoji Bhonsla was, next to the Peshwa, the most powerful Maratha noble of the time, and shortly after his return to his capital he marched on Sattara, and exorted from the puppet Raja a deed by which, while the rest of the countries under Maratha rule, or rather misrule, were retained by the Peshwa, to Raghoji himself were assigned the revenues of Oudh, Behar, Bengal and Orissa. The Raja was possibly giving away a good deal more than he possessed, but that did not much matter, Raghoji's horsemen, with their long spears, might be trusted to settle the rest.

In the cold weather of 1744 Raghoji sent an army of 20,000 horse into Orissa apparently by way of Sambhalpur. Ali Vardi met them in Midnapore and being unable to cope with them in the field proposed negotiations. He invited to an entertainment Bhaskar Pant, Ali Karawal and the principal officers, and there murdered them. The army retreated in confusion through Balasore and were much harassed by the peasantry who maintained a guerilla warfare and cut off all stragglers without mercy.

In 1745 Raghoji took his revenge. Marching down upon Cuttack in November, he overran the country probably as far as the Subanrekha, and refused to leave unless he was paid three krores of rupees. He then advanced to Katwa, but the indomitable Ali Vardi met him there and defeated him. on which he returned to Berar without his money, but plundering as usual on the way.

Raghoji was now, fortunately for Balasore and Orissa, engaged in wars and intrigues on his own side of the country for some time. In the immediately succeeding years he appears to have left Orissa pretty much to itself, though stray bands of Marathas made their appearance from time to time in 1748 and 1749 : but in 1750 Janoji Bhonsla, son of old Raghoji, was sent into Orissa with Mir Habib and the two commenced their old system of plunder and extortion. In 1750 Ali Vardi lost all hope of resisting the marauders and gave up to them the whole province south

of the Subanrekha as well as the Pargana of Pattaspur north of that river. The Marathas were to hold the province as security for the *chauth* or tribute always claimed by them from conquered provinces.

Stirling speaks of a second invasion which occurred in 1753, but this seems doubtful. At any rate it could not have been led by Janoji, for Raghoji died in that year, and Janoji was busy in securing his succession to the hereditary office of Sena Sahib or Commander-in-Chief and was at Puna for that purpose during the greater part of the year.

In the year 1751, during Janoji's occupation of Orissa, the traitor Habib met his deserts. Janoji charged him with embezzlement and made him prisoner in his camp at Garhpada, a large and important village on the borders of Moharbhanj, 15 miles north of Balasore, and still the seat of a respectable family of zemindars'. Habib was indignant at being confined, and with a few followers tried to escape, and the guards placed over him hacked him to pieces. The place, where his camp was pitched, is still known as Habibganj. It is a small bazar and village in Pargana Garhpada.

There is nothing further at this period specially relating to Balasore. In 1755 the whole province was finally and conclu- sively made over to the Marathas at the request of the zemindars of Midnapore and Burdwan in exchange for 4 lakhs of the "chauth," the remainder to be paid from Bengal. Janoji's attention was engrossed by more exciting events in his own country, and he contented himself with getting as much money as he could out of the province and leaving it to be governed by his officers as they chose. The northern limit of Orissa was at this time not as is generally stated at the Subanrekha, but included Pataspur and Bhograi.

The oppression of the Marathas has often been written about. To this day the peasant's name for anarchy and oppression is "Maratha Amal." Janoji Bhonsla died in 1773, and was succeeded by his brother Sabaji. who ruled till 1775. when he was slain in battle by Madhoji his brother, who succeeded him as regent for his own son Raghoji II who had been adopted by Janoji and named his successor. (P. 280)

Before continuing the history of Balasore under the Marathas it will be

interesting to collect the scattered notices of their presence in Orissa as it affected the then growing power of the English. Our countrymen as will be stated more in detail in the next section, had for more than a century been in possession of factories and trading-posts in Orissa. The chief of these were at Balasore and Pipli on the Subanrekha of which more hereafter. The first entry in the Government records is dated 25th February 1748, and records the alarm caused by the Marathas, then encamped at Katwa in Burdwan and threatening Murshidabad. On the same date Kelsall, Resident at Balasore, suggests the sending of the post by mounted postmen as faster than runners. The Marathas were in great force in the Santhal Pargunnahs and all over lower Bengal, and took a fort on the site of the present Botanical Gardens. The Nawab sends a hint to the English to the effect that they should drive away these marauders who had plundered the Company's fleet of boats laden with silk from Casimbazar.

In August of the same year, Kelsall again writes from Balasore that the "Morattoes Horse" had attacked the factory of Balramgarhi at the mouth of the Balasore river, but had been repulsed by the Nawab who had pursued them into Cuttack.

In May 1749 the Nawab was at Cuttack, the Marathas had fled, but were expected to return the next year, which, as we have seen, they did under Janoji. There were still, however, parties of them hanging about Dimond Harbour and the lower reaches of the river. They seem to have given the English a wide berth, though the timid Bengalis could make no stand against them. The Marathas were not blood-thirsty, their object was plunder, but of that they were insatiable. Too contemptuous of the Oriyas to take any great precautions, they seem to have wandered about in small bands stripping the country bare as they went.

In 1750 with Janoji's return, matters grew worse and we find Kelsall reporting that, owing to the disturbances in the country, he could not "purchase any ready money goods, as the weavers or greater part of them have been obliged to abscond."

Stirling would appear to be correct as to an invasion in 1753, (though

I do not think Janoji himself could have been with it), for the Resident at Balasore writes from Balramgarhi on 1st February of that year in a very desponding tone— "Weavers at Balasore complain of the great scarcity of rice and provisions of all kinds occasioned by the devastation of the Mahrattas, who 600 in number, after plundering Balasore had gone to the Nellegreen (Nilgiri) hills; several weavers have bought their looms into the factory, and the few who remain declare they shall be obliged to quit the place. Desires he will send him 1500 or 2000 maunds of rice on the Honorable Company's account."

The residency at Cuttack does not seem to have been established till 1757, nearly a hundred years later than Balasore ; for there is a letter dated 24th July of that year from John Bristow urging that he be allowed to hoist the Company's flag there. Again in 1759 Gray is directed to stay at Cuttack as long as he can with safety to himself, to keep the Government informed of the proceedings of the "Morattoes."

Even so late as 1760 the English do not seem to have contemplated that the Marathas would permanently retain Orissa, though one would have thought that they must have heard of the treaty in 1755, in spite of which "John Burdett at Balasore requests to be allowed to keep the spies allowed for that Factory while the Marathas remain in the country, otherwise it will be impossible for him to acquaint us with their motions." (March 27.)

It appears in fact that the Marathas were bad neighbours, and not careful to confine themselves within their treaty boundaries. Long after 1755 the Burdwan Raja collected and kept up troops from fear of them and "Gawsib Singh the Jella-sore zamadar, a man of great valour" was sent into Midnapore to protect the ryots. Pattaspore being in the hands of the Marathas, Jellasore must have been a very exposed position, a long narrow strip in fact of the Nawab's territory stretching far down into the country held by the Marathas, and consequently exposed to inroads from them. The collection of troops by the Bardwan Raja was probably simply a feint and was seen through, and he was ordered to disband them. Sheo Bhat Santra was the first Maratha Subadar of Orissa, and he it is who is alluded to in

the Proceedings of 25th February 1760 as "Shubuts having entered this Province with a party of Marathas and commenced hostilities against us." The people of Balasore have no distinctly historical facts to relate of this period ; all they know is, that bands of "Bargis," as the Maratha horse were called, were always wandering about the country, fighting and plundering under pretext of collecting revenue. The zamindars and khandaits were turbulent and refractory, and it is astonishing how little influence the Marathas seem to have had over them.

In 1761 we hear of the troops of "Shah Bhut" coalescing with the Rajas of Birbhum and Bardwan, and subsequently returning to Balasore by way of Midnapore. It appears from Proceedings of September 17. 1761 that Sheo Bhat considered himself entitled to take possession of Midnapore, and to ravage Bengal whenever he did not get his chauth. and the English therefore resolve on that date to "set on foot an expedition against Cuttack," the Nawab to pay the cost by an assignment on the revenues of Jellasore and Cuttack. The omission of all mention of Balasore shows that it had still no importance in the Revenue Department. The old division into the Sirkars of Jellasore, Bhadrakh, and Cuttack was evidently still in force. Sheo Bhat had at this time forcibly annexed the chauth of Midnapore to that of Cuttack and was deaf to the Nawab's remonstrances. Johnstone the Company's Resident at Midnapore was beseiged in "Midnapore house" 14 days by Sheo Bhat at the head of a large force, and made a gallant defence. This roused the Calcutta Committee and they suggested to the Nawab that that the war should be carried into the enemies' country by an expedition to Cuttack, which would have the effect of securing to him "the total ancient possessions of the Subahs of Bengal" and be "a considerable addition to his revenues and a firm barrier against future incursions of the Marathas." They wrote at the same time to the Bombay Committee urging them to make a simultaneous attack on the Marathas from their side.

Nothing, however, came of this, owing to the "Nawab's unwillingness to act. In 1763 there is a letter from the Governor at Balasore to one "Moonshee Gholam Mustapha" directing him to warn Sheo Bhat that in

case of his continuing to oppress the ryots "the army that is just arrived from Madrass" would be sent against him, and the town of Cuttack taken from him. In 1764 Sheo Bhat was turned out, and Bhawani Pandit appointed in his place. On the 5th October the latter writes a threatening letter stating that the former Nawab's negotiations concerning the chauth were never brought to an issue without the approach of an army. Unfortunately the extracts in Long's book are arranged chronologically, so that we never get the full thread of any one series of transactions. I cannot say therefore what was the result of this letter, but as the English on their part had their hands full at this time with their quarrel with the Nawab, their inaction is perhaps sufficiently accounted for.

There is, however, great dearth of information about the internal affairs of Balasore at this time. On 4th December comes another letter from Bhawani Pandit stating that two years before the zamindars of Moharbhanj and Nilgiri had plundered the inhabitants of some parts of Balasore and entered into a confederacy with Bhaskar Pandit, faujdar of that place, whom they had carried off into Nilgiri and kept there, so that no revenue had been received from him for two years. This is hardly to be reconciled with the fact that two years earlier Sheo Bhat and his cavalry had been ravaging Midnapore and Jellasore. The gleanings remaining after Sheo Bhat, for the Nilgiri zamindar to pick up, must have been scant enough. One wonders after so many years of plundering what there could have been left for any one to take. Bhawani writes again on the 27th to say, he had come to the neighbourhood of Jellasore with his troops, but as the Maharaja (Janoji) had always been desirous to do "what is most beneficial for the poor inhabitants of the country" (!!) he had ordered his officers not to enter either Jellasore or Midnapore. so as to avoid any breach with the English. All this while Sheo Bhat was still in Orissa exciting zamindars and paiks to resist the new Governor Bhawani Pandit. The Raja of Kanika whose territories lay partly in Balasore and partly in Cuttack was notorious for the disturbances he kept up. He and his paiks were conspicuous then, and as we shall see for forty years after,

for their oppression and general unruliness.

The Court of Directors in 1764 express their great pleasure at learning that the proposed expedition against the Marathas in Balasore and Cuttack had been given up as "conquests are not our aim." They little foresaw what an amount of conquests would soon be forced on them by circumstances.

The Marathas were now, however, on good terms with the English, and in February 1764 there was a good deal of correspondence. Three residents were appointed, Marriott at Balasore, Hope at Cuttack, and Moore at Malood ; their chief business was to keep open the communication between Calcutta and Madras, and on one occasion mention is made of sending letters by this route to Bombay, a project frequently revived in subsequent times. A letter was also written to "Bauskir Pandit, Fauzdar of Balasore" (probably the Bhaskar Pandit mentioned above) requesting him to assist Marriott who was to live at the Company's Factory ; and another curious letter to "Chumina Sen, Chief at Cuttack" requests him to give strict orders to the zamindars to provide "oil and mushauls, tom-toms and pikemen &c. according to custom." The tom-toms were to be beaten to frighten away tigers which infested the jungles through which the road passed, a significant hint as to the desolate state of the country in those days.

At the end of this year, however, we again hear from Midnapore and Balasore of threatening bodies of Maratha horse on the Balasore frontier, to check whom it was thought advisable to despatch a small force under Major Champion to garrison Midnapore. Janoji appears about this time to have sent a force of 5,000 cavalry to take possession of Midnapore.

We now come to the acquisition by the Company of the Dewani. The Directors in 1767 agree to pay to the Marathas all arrears of chauth on condition of the cession of Orissa, and negotiations were in consequence opened with Janoji to this end. A vakil, one Udaipuri Gosain, was appointed by Janoji to treat with the Bengal Council, and the amount was fixed at 13 lakhs of rupees. The vakil, however, pretended that he had no authority to deliver up the province to the English, and there the matter seems to

have rested for the time being.

From this point there is little more to record of general history. The internal history of Balasore for the next thirty-four years is also nearly a blank.' The Maratha Governors were as follows as far as can be ascertained:

Sheo Bhat Santra	...	... A.D. 1756
Chimna Sahu and Udaipuri Gosain		1764
Bhawani Pandit	...	1764
(Sheo Bhatt in rebellion in Kanika and Kujang all this time).		
Shambhuji Ganesh		1768
Babaji Naik		1771
Madhaji Hari		1773
Babaji Naik (restored)	...	1775
Madhaji Hari (restored) same year		1775
Rajaram Pandit		1778
Sadashib Rao	...	1782
Chimnaji Bala	... uncertain.	

Of the local Faujdars in the Balasore district, tradition has preserved some scattered reminiscences. Bhaskar Pandit was Faujdar about 1760 and is mentioned as we have seen in the English records. The story of his having been carried off into Nilgiri by the Raja has been noticed above. From him is probably named the village of Bhaskarganj opposite to the Mission premises at Balasore.

Lala Kishor Rai is also mentioned as Faujdar, but his date is not certain. He is said to have founded the Lala Bazar near Barabati in the town ; and to have built a Baradari or twelve-doored palace near that place.

After him came Raghunath Sarang whose name is connected with the village of Raghunathpur, eighteen miles east of Cuttack; he was succeeded by Mortiram whose administration lasted for a long time, some say, for fifteen years, but this is improbable as the Marathas were constantly changing their officials and few, even of the higher grades, held office for more than four or five years. In his time an expedition was sent against Bairagi Bhanj, Raja of Moharbhanj who had withheld his peshkash. This

expedition returned victorious and brought with it, besides the captive Raja, two idols of Hanuman and Lachminarayan which are still worshipped in temples in the town.

The last Maratha Faujdar of Balasore was Mayura Pandit, commonly called Moro Pant who lived on the site where the Jagannath temple in Balasore now stands. He appears to have been a rapacious tyrant, and there are several allusions to him in Captain Morgan's early letters. When defeated by the English, he retired to Cuttack plundering the ryots as he went, and in the following year we find the revenue authorities allowing remissions on account of rents forcibly collected in advance on his retreat by Moro Pant. Oddly enough he is stated in the correspondence to be still residing in Cuttack, and it is suggested that he be brought to account for his spoliations, but the wise policy of passing a sponge over all transactions of the former Government, which prevailed at that time probably saved him, as we do not read of his being questioned.

To close the account of the Maratha period, I here bring together various facts or traditions which I have collected from natives of the district. The town of Balasore in those days consisted principally of the bazars which had grown up round the English and Dutch settlements, and of the suburbs lying along the river, then is now, chiefly inhabited by Muhammadans, as Kasba, Muhamadpur, Nurpur &c. Motiganj, now the centre of the town, and the principal market-place was founded by Motiram, probably about 1785—1790. The rest is described as a plain covered with jungle and scrub. The road to Jagannath ran through the town past the Gargaria tank to Phulwar Ghat and must have been from the nature of the country almost impassable for six months of the year. (P. 280)

Rents were paid chiefly in cowries, and all collections were remitted to Cuttack once in three months, including the peshkash from Morbhanj and Nilgiri. The peshkash of Amboh, Keon-jhar, Sokinda, Chidra and other mehals near the Baitarani appears to have been paid through the Faujdar of Bhadrakh. Old men still remember to have heard their fathers tell of the terrible punishments inflicted by the Maratha rulers. All cases were tried

verbally, no record of any kind being kept, and culprits were sentenced to be tied to the heels of a horse which was then flogged through the streets. Others were bound, smeared with sugar and exposed to the ants and other insects. Others again had their fingers tied together and wedges of iron inserted between them.

The trade of the port was even then considerable. Madras ships came for rice and paddy, and the Laccadive and Maldive islanders then as now visited the port. It was from these latter that the cowries, so much used as currency, were obtained.

A seer of rice was sold for 15 gandas or about 70 seers to the rupee. (It was 65 seers in 1805. and now in favourable seasons sells at 30 or 32.) Opium cost a *pan* of cowries per masha, salt 14 karas per seer. The advantages of low prices were, however, much counterbalanced by the capricious exactions of the rulers. Although they seem to have had the sense not to drive away the trade by oppressing foreigners, yet upon the natives of the province itself they had no mercy. It was dangerous to be rich, or at least to display any amount of wealth, lest the attention of the Marathas should be called to the fact, and plunder and extortion follow as a matter of course. It is not surprising therefore that when the English appeared on the scene, the Marathas were left to fight their own battles, quite unsupported by the people. Indeed, they seem to have been so conscious of their unpopularity as never to have attempted to enlist the sympathies of the Oriyas on their behalf. Had they done so, the turbulent Rajas of the hills and the sea-coast might have given us a great deal of trouble and enabled the Marathas to hold out for some time.

The English Period: The English as traders

To Balasore belongs the honour of containing the first settlement made by our countrymen in any part of the Bengal Presidency. By a firman, dated February 2nd, 1634 the Emperor Shah Jahan granted them permission to establish a factory at Pipli on the Subanrekha.[15] They were prohibited from settling on the Ganges or any of its branches, in consequence of the disturbances caused by the Portuguese in the

Sundarbans and other places shortly before. In 1640 through the intervention of Boughton, a Surgeon who had obtained great influence over several members of the Royal Family by curing them of various diseases, the English obtained permission to establish factories at Balasore and Hughli. In consequence of this permission they applied to the Nawab who granted them 12 batis (a bati is 20 bighas) of land near the village of Balasore, which was then rising into some importance as a port. The settlement was called Barabati (i.e. twelve batis) from its extent and is at present the principal quarter of the modern town of Balasore, and the residence of the wealthiest merchants.

It is not exactly known when the Dutch first came to Orissa, their settlement at Balasore, however, is less advantageously situated than that of the English. The latter commands the river and a convenient careening creek, and has also better means of access to the native town, while the Dutch Settlement, still called "Hollandais Sahi", is behind that of the English and cut off from the river and the town by Barabati. I conclude therefore that the English came here first, as if the Dutch had been first in the field, it is not likely that they would have taken the worse site of the two. We do not find any mention of them before 1664 when they had a dispute with the English about their mutual boundaries, which was settled by the Nawab Shaista Khan. The boundaries are, however, very vague and refer to certain trees, roads and ditches which are of course not now in existence. The present boundary is very irregular and overlaps the land of Barabati in several places.

From the Cuttack records it appears that they acquired a plot of land at Balasore from the Nawab Mataqid Khan; this officer was naib for Shah Shuja, son of the Emperor Shah Jahan and was appointed in A.H. 1055=A.D. 1645 (Padshahnamah. II. 473.). This would make them at least 5 years later than the English, even if we suppose them to have got the grant in, the very beginning of Mataqid's tenure of office. [16]

The Danish Settlement, now called "Danemar Dinga" is worse situated than the Dutch, being further up the creek and further from the town, and it is stated by Stewart that they and the French did not arrive in Balasore till

1676. There is a Dutch tomb still standing in the compound of the old factory, on which is the following inscription:

"Michael Jans Burggraaf van Sevenhuisen obiit [ ] Novemb. 1696.

" The day of the month has unfortunately been broken off in the cyclone of July 1871 by a tree falling against it. Stirling is in error in saying *(Orissa,* page 30) that this tomb is dated 1660. It is a huge triangular obelisk of brick plastered about 50 feet high, and the inscription is so high up that a mistake might easily be made in copying it from the ground. To make sure I climbed a mango tree standing close in front and copied it from a distance of a few inches only. The oldest tomb in the English cemetery at Barabati is dated 1684 and the inscription runs thus -

16 { coat of arms } 84

> Here lyeth the body of Ann late wife of Captain Francis Wishaw who died y^{e} $p^{mo.}$ 9 ber aged 26 years.
> Also the body of Edward his son who deceased the 27th of the same month aged 4 years Anno Dni. 1684.

There were minor settlements at Soroh and Bhadrakh, and the chief article of trade was that in "Sanahs" a peculiar kind of fine cloth which is still occasionally brought for sale to Balasore. This will expain the frequent allusions to the weavers in the early records.

Balramgarhi is situated at the mouth of the Balasore river, and was formerly a large and flourishing place. The native village was washed away in the storm of 1831 and since then the place has been desolate. The old house, however, has lately been repaired and is inhabited.

We have only scattered notices of Balasore from time to time in the various histories. These I proceed to put together into as continuous a narrative as possible, aided by the few vague local traditions which still remain.

In 1685 Balasore was near being abandoned by the English altogether.

Shaista Khan the Nawab of Bengal was accused by them, of oppressing their servants and injuring their trade. Apparently the English were not free from blame themselves. However, as usual they carried matters with a high hand, and the Company at home with permission of James II sent out a fleet of 10 ships under Admiral Nicholson with orders to proceed first to Balasore, and remove the Company's servants and break up the factory. He was then to go to Chittagong, fortify it and make it a base of operations and asylum for the English, from which to commence the war, by first attacking Dacca and gradually over-running Bengal[17] Nicholson's fleet, however, met with bad weather and eventually arrived at Hughli, and a war ensued which was not brought to a close till 1687 ; a peace was made in that year but did not last many months. The Company annoyed at the failure of Nicholson's expedition, sent a second under Captain Heath, whose first proceeding was to carry off Charnock and the Company's servants from "Chuttanutty" (now Calcutta) and taking them on board his ships sail for Balasore. The Governor of that place, whose name is not mentioned, offered to treat with him, but as Heath would not consent to do so, the Governor seized the Company's two factors and imprisoned them. "Heath landed with a party of soldiers and seamen on the 29th November 1688 attacked and took a redoubt of 30 guns and plundered the town of Balasore.[18] The fort could only have been at Muhamadnagar near the present Customs Wharf, as there is no other place near the town where a fort could have been of any use. At that place there are still some curious mounds and ridges which closely resemble fortifications, and the position is one which would command the approach to the town by water as well as the shipping in the port. The two unfortunate factors were sent into the interior and never heard of again. After this senseless and purposeless outrage, Captain Heath sailed away to Chittagong, and the native governor very naturally demolished the Company's factory.

Balasore now remained unoccupied by the English till 1691, when a firman was granted by Aurangzeb for the re-establish-ment of the factories in Bengal. Mrs. Wishaw's tombstone mentioned above has a great hole in it,

which looks as if it had been torn up from its original position and probably thrown away, till restored on the re-occupation of the factory by our countrymen. It is the only tombstone of so early a date. The next is to the memory of Mrs. Kelsall, wife of the factor already mentioned, and is dated 1751. Calcutta was not founded till 1690 and it is curious that we hear nothing of Pipli in all these events. It would seem that Balasore had become the more important place of the two.

Nothing more is known of the condition or circumstances of Balasore Factory till 1748. It is said by some writers that on the capture of Calcutta by Surajuddaulah in 1756 the English fugitives took refuge at Balramgarhi. I find no mention of this in the Records, and it would on the contrary appear that Drake and his garrison were on board their ships at Fulta till the arrival of Clive. In 1763 the French fleet was cruising in Balasore roads and captured some English ships (Long, P. 295). which caused a great panic in Calcutta. Two years previous to this, the following curious and interesting entry is to be found in the Government records (Long. p. 250.) "From Latful Neheman (Rahman?) Thanadar of Balasore, January 1761. Some time ago the merchants were wont to send iron, stone-plates, rice and other things from hence to Calcutta, and they brought tobacco and other things from thence to sell here, and therefore the merchants reaped a profit on both. Two years ago Mr. Burdett came here and Jaggernauth was his Mutsooddy and brought a sloop for his own use and intercepted the trade from Balasore to Calcutta. The merchants were so much distressed that they relinquished trade, and many of them left the place and transacted their business at Kunka, where they remain and those that are here are greatly distressed and are always making complaints. I have represented it to him but he will not listen to it. He has left the factory and embarked on board a sloop, and has intercepted the merchant boats and will not permit them to pass."

It will be observed that the trade in stone-plates and rice constituted then as now, the principal export of Balasore.

The only other notice of this period is a petty squabble in 1766 with

the Dutch about a rope walk which was made by the English on land claimed by the Dutch. The land was given up by the former.

Commencement of English rule

When the war broke out with the Marathas. as a part of the general operations, it was resolved to drive them out of Orissa, and while General Wellesley attacked them from the south, and General Lake from the north, and were victorious respectively in the celebrated battles of Assaye and Leswaree, the 1st Madras Fusileers, with two native Madras Regiments all under Lieutenant-Colonel George Harcourt marched from Ganjam and took the town of Cuttack on the 10th October 1803.

At the same time a detachment of troops, European and native, about 1000 strong under Captain Morgan, and Lieutenant Broughton sailed for Balasore. I cannot find where they came from, but it was most probably from Calcutta, as the native troops belonged to the Bengal army and a detachment of the same troops was sent under Col. Fergusson[19] to Jellasore to protect the Bengal Frontier. They arrived in three ships, and landed at Jampada near Gabgaon a village adjoining old Balasore on the east, and about three miles below the present town. They were in want of provisions, which were supplied to them by Prahlad Nayak. zamindar of old Balasore. They then advanced along the bank of the river, and owing probably to the difficult nature of the ground, were not opposed by the Marathas till they got close to Balighat just below Barabati. Here a band of horsemen bore down on them, and in the skirmish which ensued, one European soldier was killed. The English then rushed forward and attacked the Maratha fort, which stood on the site of the salt gola, and soon took possession of it. The Marathas appear to have made but a faint resistance, and quickly disappeared. Immediately after this, a drum was beaten in all the bazars announcing that the English had taken possession of the province and would protect all who behaved themselves peaceably.

Finding the old factory in ruins Captain Morgan took up his quarters in a new house built by Wilkinson the last resident and at once set to work to pacify the district and restore order. The date of the capture of Balasore is

21st September 1803.[20]

The news of this success reached Colonel Harcourt before he arrived at Cuttack. The earliest letter in the records of the Balasore Collectorate is one from Colonel Harcourt to Captain Morgan congratulating him. I give a portion of it.

> "In Camp at Burpoorshuttumpore, 25 miles south of Cuttack, 3rd October 1803.
>
> "Sir,
>
> "I have great satisfaction in acknowledging the receipt of yours of the 22nd ultimo and am happy to hear of your successes in Balasore.
>
> "I have & c.
> "G. HARCOURT,
> *"Lieutenant-Colonel.*
> *"Coming, in Cuttack."*

This shows that Morgan had taken Balasore before the British force had even reached Cuttack.

Captain Morgan, who appears to have been a rough and ready, but able officer, pushed on a small detachment and occupied Soroh, which for some reason he miscalls Soorrung. on the 3rd October. The first book of copies of letters sent is unfortunately not to be found, and the earliest letter of Captain Morgan's is dated 12th June 1804, but from a large collection of letters in Colonel Harcourt's own hand still in the office, his and Morgan's movements may be clearly traced.

Their first efforts were to learn the geography of the Mohar-bhanj and Nilgiri Hills, especially the passes, and to open communications with the Rajas of those two States Spies were sent into "Mohurbundge and Lilliagerhy" as Harcourt writes them, to keep a watch on the chiefs, and Passports were to be granted to their vakeels or representatives should they desire to visit Cuttack.

Sorohwas abandoned and the detachment under Lieutenant Slye marched to Jajpore in November. Morgan was at once entrusted with Revenue duties, in that month he is instructed to make it known that "as it is the

intention of the Commissioners for the settlement of the Province of Cuttack to give a general acquittal of all arrears of Revenue due to the Sircar, previous to the arrival of the British Troops in the Province, we mean on the other hand not to attend to any complaints which the zamindars, kandytes, mokuddams or ryots may wish to prefer against their former masters" (Colonel Harcourt to Morgan 3-11-1803.) The Moharbhanj Rani was at this time apparently half afraid to come in, and half disposed to be turbulent. Harcourt writes frequent letters to her, and enjoins on Morgan the necessity of extremely conciliatory conduct to her. A certain Mr. Possman appears to have been up in Moharbhanj meddling, he is warned that if he does not return at once to Balasore "immediate steps will be taken against him." Moharbhanj, however, does not appear to have quieted down, and two Companies of Infantry one from Balasore and one from Jellasore were sent to Hariharpur (spelt Hurispore and Huriorpoor) "to promote the peace and tranquillity of the Mohurbundge district." Further instructions are to the effect following:

"Having cause to believe that the Rani of Mohurbundge and her adopted son Te-koit[21] are both desirous of the protection of the British Government being extended to them you will direct the office proceeding to Huriorpore in command of a detachment, to conduct himself towards the Rannee and Te-koit, or their vakeels with every mark of friendly attention. He may open any necessary communication with them, but you will be pleased to enjoin him to avoid committing himself by any promises or agreements that may be constructed by them as binding on the British Authorities in Cuttack." (Harcourt, 16-11-1803.)

Cuttack now begins to be noticeable as it is at frequent intervals throughout the early years of British rule as a place in constant want of supplies and always on the verge of famine. On 1st December 1803 an urgent call is made for fifteen thousand maunds of rice from Balasore. Again on the 1st June 1804 Captain Morgan is ordered to warn all pilgrims of the great scarcity of rice and cowries at Cuttack, and to endeavour to induce them to supply themselves with provisions before entering the province.

On the 1st September 1804 a third call is made on Balasore for 20,000

maunds of rice which were accordingly despatched in boats from Dhamra and Churaman. A long correspondence follows in the course of which occurs an important letter of Captain Morgan's, dated 27th September and marked "Private" in which he explains the cause of the continual scarcity at Cuttack.

He begins by pointing out that twenty miles north of the Mahanadi there was no scarcity at all, that Balasore had rice in store enough for three years' consumption, and it was seeling at 65 seers (of 80 tolas) for the rupee: there were immense stocks at Dhamra and Churaman intended for export to Madras, and consequently he concludes that the scarcity of rice at Cuttack is not natural, but must have been artificially produced. In examining the causes for this state of things he arrives at the following conclusions:

1. The large number of Marathas still resident at Cuttack are bitterly hostile to the English and do their best to stop the import of rice in the hope of starving us out. They have ceased to import from Sambhalpore as they used to, for the same reason, and having long had relations with the ryots many of whom still hold their advances for grain unliquidated they are able to prevent them from bringing in grain to Cuttack.

2. The ryots have hitherto always been accustomed to give up nothing until they were compelled. The Marathas took what they wanted by force, and the ryots did not understand our mild method of asking for and paying for what we wanted, they took it for weakness, and were so elated at their release from oppression, that they thought themselves quite independent and would do nothing to oblige any one.

3. The Amils were in league against us, as they had for a long time taken advantage of their position to hold the lion's share of the profitable export trade to Madras, and did not wish to sell in Cuttack.

4. The Commissariat officers were shamefully inert and incompetent, and notwithstanding all the above drawbacks could, if they would only exert themselves, collect a much larger supply than they did. Colonel Harcourt appears to have taken some effective steps to remedy this state of things, for no further rice was required from Balasore during the rest of 1804 or

in1805.

Raja Tripati Raj was at this time sent from Cuttack to Balasore to act as Amil or Collector of the Revenue, and was put under Captain Morgan's orders ; and Amils were appointed at Soroh, Bhadrakh and Dolgram, who also were directed to send in their accounts to that officer. They all appear to have been thoroughly untrustworthy ; making use of every conceivable pretext to avoid doing what was required of them, and carrying that exasperating policy of passive resistance at which the Oriyas are such adepts to the highest pitch. The correspondence teems with complaints against them. They would not collect the revenue punctually, they never knew anything that they were asked about, they could not be found when wanted, denied having received this or that order, sent in their accounts, imperfectly drawn up, long after time, and sometimes not at all, and on the whole behaved as badly as any set of men in their position well could. This indeed appears to have been the general tone of every one in the Province. Well aware of our ignorance of the country, they all with one accord abstained from helping us in any way, no open resistance was ventured upon, but all stolidly sat aloof—papers were hidden, information withheld, boats, bullocks and carts sent out of the way, the zamindars who were ordered to go into Cuttack to settle for their estates did not go, and on searching for them at their homes could not be found, were reported as absent, on a journey, no one knew where. But if from ignorance the English officers committed any mistake, then life suddenly returned to the dull inert mass, and complaints were loud and incessant.

The Amil of Bhadrakh was one Mohan Lal, the name of the Amil of Soroh is not given, and during this year it would seem that Soroh and Balasorc were incorporated into one Amil-ship under Tripati Raj.

From the circumstance of our not having Captain Morgan's letters of this period, I am unable to give more than a fragmentary history of the transactions that took place. Notices from time to time occur of parties of Marathas having been seen or heard of here and there, and there is a great search to find the "Ongole or Ungool Pass"; nobody seems to have known

where it was.

Sambhalpur capitulated to Major Broughton on the 12th January 1804, and all further fear from the Marathas was thus at an end. On the 9th of the same month came also the news of a peace having been concluded with the Raja of Berar.

The light thrown upon the events of the following sixty-eight years by the tolerably complete series of English letters in the Balasore office will be duly made use of in the succeeding chapters, but I conceive it unnecessary to do more in this chapter than to record the few events of importance that have occurred in the period in question. Captain Morgan remained at Balasore till 19th November 1804 when he made over charge to Ker, Collector and Magistrate, Northern Division of Cuttack. During his tenure of office he had been first simply "Commanding at Balasore" but during 1804 he had gradually grown into Collector, Magistrate, Salt and Customs Agent and general factotum.

Ker made the first settlement, which was very summary and simple. It included all the country now lying within the

Jajpore Sub-division of Cuttack, and the statements referring to it are, in part at least, still extant. To the north this settlement did not go beyond Bastah, as Jellasore was under Midnapore. and the country east of that place came under a separate arrangement. This tract of country between Jellasore and the sea was called the "Mahratta Mehals" and consisted of the Parganas of Pattaspur, Kamardachaur and Bhograi. together with the smaller mehals of Shahbandar, Napochaur and Kismat Katsahi.

There is one volume of letters sent and one of letters received for the year of Ker's incumbency 1804-5 but they contain very little of historical importance. In the early part of the year the Raja of Kanika, always a turbulent and refractory person, made an attack with, it is said, 600 armed paiks on the outpost of "Rigagurh," the place where his principal fort and residence was situated, on the lower Brahmini just above the point where it unites with the Baitarni, which was held by a native officer and a few sepoys. Captain McCarthy in command of the Honorable Company's brig "Scourge" who was at the time lying off Dhamrah sent an express to the

Commissioners of Cuttack, who deputed a force of 400 paiks to keep order. The Raja and his family were seized and taken to Balasore where they were suitably lodged in a house prepared for them, and guarded by barkandazes. Kanika was brought under the management of Ker (Secretary to Commissioners 27-2-05 McCarthy to Commissioners 3-3-05).

In this year also the question was raised of the expediency of removing the Calcutta Road into British Territory. It previously passed through the Moharbhanj and Nilgiri States, and the Rajas of those places under pretence of securing the safety of travellers, were in the habit of levying heavy and vexatious tolls at certain ghats or passes on the road. As they demurred about relinquishing this source of revenue, the road was removed and carried through Rajghat and Bastah to Balasore. The old road was very soon deserted by travellers as the new route through British Territory was found to be much safer and cheaper.

Major Morgan was allowed a salary of Rs. 500 a month for the period he had been in charge of Balasore (Accountant 30-9-05). The Amils who were in charge of Balasore, Soroh and Bhadrakh appear still to have been very troublesome ; the correspondence of 1804 and 1805 is full of complaints of their remissness and refusal to obey orders.

Having completed his settlement Ker on the 29th August 1805 made over charge of his office to G. Webb who was appointed Collector of all Orissa, or as they persisted in calling it, the zillah of Cuttack. From this date down to 1815 there was no resident British officer in Balasore. or in fact anywhere north of the Mahanadi. and as the Collector lived at Puri in the extreme south of the province, his hold over the zamindars of the north could have been little more than nominal.

It is perhaps to the relaxation of control for many years in Balasore that we may attribute that special characteristic of the inhabitants of the district which leads them to carry on their affairs without any reference whatever to the law or to the officials of the Government. They never take the trouble to enquire what the law is on any point, but if a question arises, settle it in any way that may seem best to them. To the same cause may be

ascribed the excessive prevalence of the practice of levying illegal cesses, the existence of many kinds of singular and pernicious customs, and the general muddle of conflicting interests observable in connection with landed property.

As the early years of our rule in Orissa were fertile in changes, and worked a complete revolution in the position of the classes connected with the land, it would have been interesting to trace the progress of our laws and rules and their effect upon the province. I am. however, precluded from doing this by the fact that from 1806 to 1828 there was no . . .

{The abrupt conclusion of the foregoing article it due to the most unfortunate loss of the concluding pages of Beames' Manuscript while it was passing through the press. This mischance is the more to be regretted. as the lost MS. was the only copy in the author's possession; which precludes any restoration of the concluding portion. Fortunately the lost portion was very small ; and the article is practically complete, and contains everything of interest and value.—Ed. J.R.A.S.B.}

Footnotes:

[1] Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal – K. P.

[2] Gaya – K. P.

[3] The little village of Balasore which afterwards, under English influence, grew into the present town, is called from a temple to Mahadeva Vaneshwara or "Shiva the forest lord," probably because the place where his temple stood was covered by dense jungles."

[4] Stirling's *Orissa, p. 109.*

[5] See Blochmann JASB vol. xiii, p. 237.

[6] There is some controversy about this date, Dr. Hunter (Orissa, Vol. II, p.-10). gives a note founded on materials supplied by my friend, the late Mr. Blochmann, from which he derives the conclusion that the date 1568 given by the Muhammadan historian is correct. This view has received signal confirmation from a discovery of my own. At Srijanga, a village ten miles south of Balasore, I found on the edge of a large tank called the "Achyuta Sagar" an upright stone covered with an inscription. This stone I removed and set up in the compound of my house at Balasore, where it now is. The inscription, as partly deciphered by myself and several Pandits, yields the following results: The tank was dug by a Khandait who describes himself as "Achyut Baliar Singh son of Daitari Biswal, sole ruler in this region" ; and he says he erected it when Man Singh, general of Akbar Padshah was in Orissa. in the 4699th year of the Kali Yug, in the 1520th year of the Saka era, in the 30th year of the "Yavan bhog." or Musalman invasion, and in the 37th *anka* or year of the reign of Ram Chandra Dev. first Sudra king of Orissa. Now both the Yug and the Saka years agree in corresponding with A.D. 1598. Consequently if 1598 be the 30th year of Musalman invasion, the first year of that

period must be 1568 as Abul Fazl reckons, and not 1558 as Stirling, following the Oriya annalists, puts it. The 37th *anka* would be the 28th year of Ram Chandra's reign, because in reckoning the *anka*. the first two years and every year that has a 6 or a 0 in it are omitted, we must thus omit the years 1, 2, 6,10, 16, 20, 26 and 30. This take us back to 1570 as the year of Ram Chandra's accession, which leaves 1569 to represent the period of anarchy when there was no king, according to the native annalists. This discovery of the Srijanga stone is thus valuable as elucidating a disputed date in history.

[7] See Blochmann, *Ain*. Vol. I, p. 375.

[8] In the Ain Akbari it is indeed asserted that the whole of Orissa was on this occasion subjugated and added to the Subah of Bengal. It is described as divided into Sirkars like other Subahs. Sirkar Jalesar (Jellasore) includes the greater part of the present district of Midnapore. The other Sirkars are Bhadrak, Katak (Cuttack), Kalinga Dandpat, and Raj Mahindrah (Rajamundry), but no details are given of the two last, and it is well known that they were not subject to the Empire. *(Ain Akbari* by Blochmann, Persian text, Vol. II, p. 209).

[9] Probably so named in imitation of that in Cuttack, which derives its name "footstep of the Prophet" from being supposed to contain some relics of Muhammad brought from Mecca.

[10] To the traveller approaching Balasore from the north through the centre of Murshid's position along the Calcutta Trunk Road the suitability of this particular spot for a camp of defence is very strikingly apparent. Balasore town and station lie along this high ridge with the swampy Nuniajori winding at its foot and the river just beyond.

[11] The historical details here given are derived principally from Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattas; the minor and local details from native tradition and the records of the Balasore office.

[12] I write this word as the natives themselves do मराठा, the common spelling Mahratha is a corrupt one.

[13] "One is glad to see the Oriya peasantry showing some little spirit on this occasion. It would have been better for them had they done so oftener."

[14] *Selections from the records of the Government of India*, by Rev. J. Long 1748 to 1767.

[15] Stewart's *History of Bengal*, page 244.

[16] It is probably from this governor that the Parganahs of Matkatabad and Matkatnagar take their names.

[17] Stewart, p. 312.

[18] Stewart, p. 321.

[19] They were the 1st batt. 5th Bengal N. I. and 2nd batt. 7th N. I.— *(Balasore Collectorate records*, 1804).

[20] (Morgan to Post Master General 26-9-1804 and Grant Duff. *History of Marathas*).

[21] Te-Koit is Tikait one become the tika (tilaka) or mark of sovereignty, and is the usual title of the heir-apparent to a throne.

ORISSA —NOTES ON AKBAR'S SUBAH, WITH REFERENCE TO THE AIN-I-AKBARI

The ancient kingdom of Orissa (Odra-desa, whence Oresa), strictly speaking extended from the Kansbans river in the north to the Rasakulia river near Ganjam in the South; and from the Bay of Bengal on the east far into the tangled mass of low hills in the west, in which latter direction its limits seem never to have been clearly defined. But the kings of Orissa were not satisfied with these boundaries. It is a common boast both in literature and on monuments that their kingdom stretched from the great to the little Ganges; that is to say, from Bhagirathi (called by Europeans the Hugli or "Hooghly") to the Godawari. At various times different kings made good this boast by victorious campaigns, followed by temporary occupation of territory both to the north and south.

The latest of these towards the north, starting from the Subarnarekha, which had at that time been for a long while the northern boundary, was led by the last independent monarch, Mukund Dev, called the Telinga, who, about A.D. 1550, really touched the Bhagirathi, and built at the sacred tirtha of Tribeni, near Satgaon, a stately bathing-place, the ruins of which still remain. He was attacked and defeated by the terrible Kala Pahar, general of Sulaiman Kararani, really king, though nominally only viceroy of Bengal. After holding out for some time at the strong fortress of Raibanian on the Subarnarekha, Mukund retreated, fighting as he went, to Jaipur, where he was either killed or driven into exile—for his fate is shrouded in obscurity—and Orissa became a province of Bengal in A.D. 1568.

It is so treated in the Ain. The arrangement, however, proved unworkable, and Orissa was eventually made into a separate Subah by the Emperor Shah Jahan. The suppression of the Bengal military revolt of 1572 led to the flight of Daud Khan, the rebel king of Bengal, into Orissa. Raja Todar Mal accompanied the force under Mun'im Khan, which pursued Daud and defeated him at the battle of Tukaroi, near Jellasore, in 1574. Todar Mal advanced as far as

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Cuttack, and it must have been at this time that he obtained the materials for the financial arrangements which are preserved to us in the Ain. But as after the campaign Daud was left in possession of Orissa in little more than nominal submission to the Emperor, Todar Mal's arrangements did not take effect, and his lists must be regarded as little more than a sketch or project, and the local tradition which ascribes to him the settlement of the cultivated and civilized central tract known as the Moghulbandi rests on no historical foundation. The first actual Moghul settlement was made by Raja Man Singh in A.H. 900 (A.D. 1590), and even this did not come fully into operation till the final suppression of the Afghans in the reign of Jahangir, probably, judging from Grant's "Analysis," not before 1627.[1]

Todar Mal's lists, as will be seen from the following remarks, are very imperfect, and cannot be taken as covering the whole territory of Orissa. A very large number of undoubtedly ancient and important estates are omitted, and the revenue assigned to others bears no proportion to their known extent. Stirling, indeed, who was intimately acquainted with the province in the early days of British rule, asserts that a measurement of the lands was made, and that the accounts still preserved in the offices of the Sadr Kanungos, or Keepers of the Revenue Accounts, are founded on that measurement, but he could find no evidence or information as to the means by which the determination of the rents and revenue was arrived at, and it is highly probable that the measurement dragged on over many years, and the assessment of revenue was not finally made till long after Todar Mal's time.

It will be noticed that in the Ain the word قلعه *kila'ah* 'a fort' occurs very frequently. It must not, however, be inferred from this that the whole of Orissa bristled with strong castles or fortresses. The *kila'ah* was generally a much humbler affair. It as for the most part merely the house of a zamindar with the adjacent village surrounded by an earthen rampart or breastwork, and occasionally a rude moat, the whole girdled by a thick belt of bamboo and rattan jungle, forming an impenetrable barrier to the cavalry of which the Moghul armies chiefly consisted. Several of these so-called forts are still in existence, as, for instance, at Al; but the number of stone forts is not large and most of

those which existed in the sixteenth century have since disappeared. They can, however, often be traced by the word Gar (fort) prefixed to the names of villages which still stand on their ancient sites though no longer fortified.

The materials for reconstructing this Subah are Grant's "Analysis," the lists of parganahs in the appendices in vol. ii of Hunter's "Orissa," Stirling's account of Orissa in the Asiatic Researches, and the two I.O. MSS. mentioned in my article on Bengal. The notes which I supplied to the late Professor Blochmann in 1870 were unfortunately lost with his other collections after his death, but I have some notes in MS. still, and having been officially connected with Orissa for nine years (1869-1878) and with Midnapore for five (1880-1885), I have been able to supply some suggestions from personal acquaintances with the localities. In the following notes the names of the parganahs will be given in the form adopted by Colonel Jarrett; the correct names, with the necessary remarks and explanations, being given opposite each. The same abbreviations are used as in my article on Bengal. The Persian words are transliterated on the usual Jonesian system, with the exception of such places as are well known under English corruptions, e.g. Jellasore (Jalesar), Cuttack (Katak), Midnapore (Mednipur), Balasore (Balesar).

SARKAR JALESAR (JELLASORE)

This very large Sarkar includes the whole of the Midnapore district, with the exception of a few scattered areas on the eastern border attached to Sarkar Madaran in Subah Bangalah. It also includes all northern Balasore as far as the Kansbans river, together with an indefinite extent of hill and jungle to the west.

Bansanda, commonly Haftchor. Should be "Banmundi, *alias* the Seven Chaurs." The MSS., which have all evidently copied from the same original, blindly repeat the mistake of writing *s* for *m*. Banmundi is still a large village on the right bank of the Subarnarekha, opposite Jellasore. The word *chaur* meaning a cleared space in a forest, is added to the names of many parganahs in this part of the country. There are fifteen of them at the present day, several of which, however, are of modern origin. The original seven are probably Bhelora, Napu, Kamarudah,

Darara, Dantun, Kaurdah, and Kankara, Chaurs. They will all be found in A. of I., sheets 114 and 115, lying in a circle round Jellasore. Banmundi, wrongly spelt Banmundi in A. of I., sheet 115, is in Bhelora Chaur.

The entry 'castes' means the caste of the Zamindars. For J.'s *Bhej* read *Bhanj*, a very common caste title in Orissa.

Bibli, read Pipli. Celebrated as the earliest English factory in Bengal, established in 1640, at the mouth of the Subarnarekha. It has now been completely washed away, and the river flows over its site. Shah Jahan named in the "Royal Port," Shah Bandar, and the parganah now bears that name.[2] The zamindar showed me, in 1872, the original farman of Shah Jahan conferring on his ancestors the port dues and fees, on condition of their supplying provisions to the ships. In it the port is called Pipli Shahbandar.

Balishahi. Now pronounced Balsahi. The latter part of the word is the Oriya sahi 'a village', mistaken by the Imperial scribes for the more familiar shahi 'royal.' The word means 'village in the sand', an appropriate name, as it lies among the sand-hills on the sea-shore.

Balkohsi. The name is written with many variants. Blochmann gives *kohi* and *khosi*. I.O. 6 has *kothi*, and I.O. 1114 *malkoi*! I have no doubt that the work meant is *Barah kosi* 'the twelve kos.' This was the name given to the much dreaded track, twelve kos, or twenty-four miles long, between the Subranarekha and Burhabalang. The old pilgrim road to the shrine of Jagannath passed through this country along the foot of densely wooded hills, and was infested by robbers and wild beasts. Pilgrims used to stop at Jellasore till a large crowd had assembled; then they subscribed and hired guides to take them through the dangerous part. In later times the name was extended as far south as the Kansbans, and it is in this wider sense that it is used in the Ain. Of the three forts, two can be identified—Sokrah as the place now known as Sohrob, a town and police-station half-way between Balasore and Bhadrakh; and Banhastali as Bhainsbati, on the Kansbans, six miles south-east of Sohroh.

Dadhpur I cannot identify.

Parbada. This is an unlikely name for a place in Orissa I.O. y has Barpada, which is an extremely common name of villages in that province. None of the numerous Barpadas, however, posses the features here noted. Seeing how commonly the *markaz*, or sloping stroke of ڭ , is omitted in MSS. of the Ain, I have no hesitation in concluding that the place meant is Garpada. It is exactly as described— a strong fort, partly on a hill, partly in jungle; though the fortifications have now almost ceased to be traceable. In the Middle Ages this place, half way between Jellasore and Balasore, commanding the pilgrim road, the only high road into Orissa, and the residence of influential zamindars, was a position of great importance. Here a battle was fought by Kala Pahar, and one of his captains who fell in it lies buried close by, and is worshipped as a martyr. (See my article on the "History of Northern Orissa," J.A.S.B., vol. lii, p. 231; also my facsimile and translation of a copper-plate grant in the possession of the Bhuyans of Garpada in *Indian Antiguary*, vol. i, p. 355, where I have erroneously spelt the word Garh-instead of Gar-.)

Bhograi. A parganah at the mouth of the Subarnarekha, on the north side, partly in Balasore, partly in Midnapore. I have not been able to find any traces of the "fortress of great strength." Possibly the river has washed it away.

Bugdi, now pronounced Bogri. It is a parganah in North Midnapore, lying on both sides of the Selai river. The town of Garbeta is in it.

Bazar. Now Dhenkia bazar, on the Kasai river, a little below Midnapore town.

Babbanbhum, a parganah in North Midnapore, now more correctly pronounced Brahmanbhum (not Brahman-*pur*, as stated by J.)

Taliya, with town of Jalesar. The first word is evidently incorrect; the MSS. offer every variety of reading I.O. 6 gives نلمه , with no dots to the third letter. I.O. 1114 has نلتر. Mr. Beveridges has kindly examined for me six MSS, at the British Museum, all of which have تلنه or تليه. He suggests that the word may be تکیه *takiya* 'the hermitage of a darwesh.' I do not, however, know of any *takiya* near Jellasore. On the other

hand, Jellasore has from ancient times been divided into two parts—the commercial town and the official station. The former has always been, and is still, known as *Patna* Jalesar; *patna* being, as is well known, a very common name for mercantile towns throughout India. It seems to me highly probable, indeed almost certain, that we should read *patnah ba kasbah* = 'the market town and citadel of Jalesar.' پطنه might easily be misread as تليه if the dots over the *t* got mixed with it by running of the ink or a slip of the pen, and still more so if the cerebral were indicated by a superscribed ط , as is often done. As Blochmann notices in the preface to his Persian text, the MSS. follow one another so slavishly that a mistake in the original one would be faithfully reproduced in all the copies.

Tanbulak. Read Tambulak, ن before ب in Persian being always pronounced *m*. The place meant is the famous ancient emporium of Tamralipti, now Tamluk, still a flourishing town on the Rupnarayan river in North-east Midnapore.

Tarkol. Should be Tarkua. The MSS. have apparently changed ا into ل. It is in South Midnapore, about ten miles north-east of Jellasore.

Dawar Shorbhum, commonly Barah. Read Parah; it means the tract of saliferous land otherwise known as Shorparah. This expressions applied to the extensive tract on the sea-coast of Midnapore, where salt is, or till recently used to be, made, stretching from the Subarnarekha to the Rasulpur river. In Shah Jahan's settlement it is entered as Gwalpara (Grant 532). and extended far inland In Todar Mal's list, however, only the immediate neighbourhood of the coast is apparently intended, as the parganahs lying further inland are separately entered.

Ramna. An ancient and still flourishing town, the name of which is now pronounced Remna or Remuna. It lies some six or seven miles north-west of Balasore town. From the mention of the Haveli it would appear to have been the headquarters of Balasore town. From the mention of the Haveli it would appear to have been the headquarters of some sort of political or fiscal division under the kings of Orissa, and under Shah

Jahan it again became the head of a Sarkar. There is some difficulty about the five forts, caused by the indistinctness of the MSS: In most MSS. of the Ain the details of the Subahs are given in tabular form, the page being divided by lines ruled in red ink both vertically and horizontally, forming small squares. These are often too small for the information which has to be given. To get it all in, the words are written very small and crowded together, and the dots being sprinkled carelessly about, after the manner of Persian scribes, it is often impossible to determine whether any particular dot belongs to the word above or below it. I have to thank Mr. Beveridge for a valuable note on the result of his careful inspection of the six MSS. at the British Museum. The quotations from these MSS. in the following remarks are taken from his note.

The first fort is clear enough. It is stated to be in the Haveli, and must, therefore, have been at Remna itself, where there are still traces of mounds and ditches.

The second fort is Ramchandrapur, still a well-known village, eight miles north-east of Remna.

The third fort is written رابکی in Blochmann, with no dots to the third letter. The B.M. MSS. have رامَمَا, which looks like رامکانو, *i.e.* Ramgaon, with the last two letters omitted. I.O. 6 has رابکی as in Blochmann. L.O. 1114 has. رازکا The local Kanungo and other well informed natives whom I consulted all insisted upon it that the place meant is Armala, a large village four miles south-west of Remna (shown as Urmullah on the A. of I., sheet 115). This is not impossible, for the *markaz* of the *kaf* is in these MSS. treated as capriciously at the dots, being often inserted where it ought not to be, and as often omitted where it ought to be. So also, ر and ا in Persian MSS. are often indistinguishable. Thus, ارملا might easily be written راملا, and by mistaking the ل for ی and supplying it with a *merkaz* the word would become .رامکا As there is not Ramgaon anywhere in this neighbourhood, the local tradition is at

least worthy of consideration.

The fourth fort is written دوت in Blochmann, and Dut in Jerrett. There is, however, no such place, and the reading itself is open to serious objection. One B.M. MS. has دوت, but the dots seem to belong to the word سیوم in the line above; another has دوت with no dots. But Blochmann has omitted some important words which occur in several of the B.M. as well as the I.O. MSS. Thus —

B.M. 7652 Addl/ has چهارم دو سلسله از سنگ or it may be read دوساسله.

B.M. 6546 Addl. has the same; here also مسلسله is not clear.

I.O. 6 چهارم دو ساسلاه از سنگ.

I.O. 1114 دوت سنم راسنگ; but the two dots over the *t* are quite at the right-hand corner of the letter, not over the centre as usual, and the *d* and *u* are joined together, so that they look like

The key to this mystery is, I think, supplied by the reading of I.O. 1114. سنم is apparently a mistake for صنم 'an image, and the word has been still further corrupted by the other copyists. In my opinion the full text originally ran —

چهارم دیول دوصنم از سنگ

i.e. the fourth Deul (has) two statues of stone.

The place meant is the ancient stone fort of Deulgaon, some thirty miles north of Remna, on the Balasore and Midnapore boundary. A description of this fort will be found in *Indian Antiquary,* vol. i, p. 76. In the centre of the fort are two colossal statues of men of horseback. These represent the two horsemen celebrated in Orissa legend. In A.D. 1490, as Raja Purushotam Dev was marching to attack Kanjivaram, two beautiful youths on horseback rode at the head of the army, and, like Macaulay's Great Twin Brethren, secuted victory to the Raja. They then vanished, after revealing themselves as Krishna and Balarama. These must, I think, be the 'two statues of stone' alluded to in the text. In their

efforts to get all this long note into the small space in the tabular form, the copyists have crushed it up into an unrecognizable muddle.

The fifth fort is given by Blochmann as سلده, which J. renders Saldah. This is, however, apparently a mistake derived from the reading ربوسلده of some MSS. Most of the B.M. MSS. have جدید ست پنجم 'the fifth is new. I.0 6 has صدا ست پنجم, where صد is a mistake for جدید. I.O. 1114 has پنجم جاب, with no dot to the last letter. There is a town called Sildah, but it seems too far off. It is eighty miles to the north of Remna, in the north-west corner of Midnapore. It is of course possible that all the wild jungle country of Western Midnapore and Morbhanj may have been included under Remna, but as the reading سلده is so doubtful it is perhaps safer to take the reading جدید, although this leaves us in ignorance of the locality of the fifth fort. I presume, however, that the 'new fort' was Chandrarekha Garh, about eight miles north-west of Deulgaon; the parganah is called Nayagaram, which seems to be indicated by the جدید of the Ain.

Rayn. The situation of this place "on the borders of Orissa" leaves no doubt that the correct reading is Raiban ریبن, or more strictly رایبن. It is now called Raibanian. The MSS. are here again incorrect. I.O. 6 has زین, and I.O. 1114 زاین. The "three forts" mentioned in the text appeared to me when I visited the place to be four. (See my article on the "Jungle Forts of Northern Orissa," in *Indian Antiquary*, vol. i, p. 33, where there is a description of Raibanian, with a map of the forts and several sketches.) It was at Raibanian, which is seven miles from Jellasore, on the opposite or western side of the Subarnarekha, that Mukund Dev the Telinga, the last independent sovereign of Orissa, made a determined but ineffectual stand against the Musulman invaders. The memory of this fact may have caused the entry "on the borders of Orissa," for the Subarnarekha was practically the northern boundary, though the power of Mukund had for a time extended to the Bhagirathi.

Raepur, a large city with a strong fortress. The only place of this name known to me is in South Bankurah, some forty miles north-west of Midnapore.

It is now a small town, but it is said to have been much larger in ancient times. IO. 1114 has ادی پور, probably to be read Udayapu, which is in Chutia Nagpur, 200 miles away.

Sabang. A parganah in Central Midnapore, some twenty miles south-east of the town.

Siyari. A parganah on the Subarnarekha, sixteen miles south-east of Jellasore.

Kasijora. A large parganah in East Midnapore.

Kharaksur. Should be Khargpur. The "strong fort in the wooded hills" seems to point to some other place, as there is neither fort nor hill in Khargpur, which is level country on the south of the Kasai river opposite Midnapore town.

Kedarkhand. A parganah in Central Midnapore.

Karai. This reading is doubtful. Many MSS. have کیری. I.O. 6 and 1114 both have کرای. The place meant is, I think, Kasiari, on the Subarnarekha, twenty miles south-west of Midnapore, an ancient and famous place.

Gagnapur. Probably the parganah now called Gagneswar. I.O. 114 has a word which may be read Gagnasapur. I.O. 6 has Kalnapur, which is evidently incorrect. Gagneswar adjoins Kasiari in South-west Midnapore.

Karohi. Some MSS. have کرولی, which should be read Kuruli. This seems correct; parganah Kurul Chaur in South Midnapore, fifteen miles from Jellasore, is apparently the place intended.

Malchatta. Should be Maljhatta. The is the name given to the tract on the sea-coast of Midnapore from the mouth of the Rasulpur river to the Rupnarayan. It included the well-known station of Hijli (*vulgo* Hidgellee): see Grant, 246, 527.

Mednipur. The large town and capital of a very extensive district, which is better known by the European corruption of Midnapore. Of the two forts, one is still partially extant. It has been enlarged and built upon to form the old district jail. This is probably the newer of the two forts mentioned in the Ain. The older one, is also, I believe, still traceable, but I have not seen it.

There is a sentence attached to this entry in some MSS. which seems

to have puzzled Blochmann, and is pronounced unintelligible by Jarrett. It varies considerably in different MSS., the copyists, according to their custom, having written carelessly whatever they did not understand.

In Blochmann's text the passage runs —

کندیت وبکسر خویش بکند ودیوانه

In a footnote he gives the variant —

وسیله خویش دیوانه میکند

Neither of these readings is intelligible.

Mr. Beveridge has pointed out that the words occur in the column headed "Zamindar," which gives the caste of the landed proprietors. By omitting this distinction, both Blochmann and Jarrett have obscured the meaning of these entries throughout the lists in the Ain.

Of the B.M. MSS. 7652 Addl. reads —

از قوم کهندیت وتلکنه خویش مکند دیوانه

MS. 16872 Addl. reads the same, substituting سلسله for تلکنه .

I.O. 6 has the same as the last but one, with this difference, that it inserts a و after مکند and omits the *markaz* of the ك in کهندیت . I.O. 1114 has بلبله , which is nonsense!

The difficulty seems to have been mainly caused by reading مکند, as if it were the Persian word *mi-kunad* 'he does,' and combining دیو with the following word into the Persian دیوانه 'insane.' As Mr. Beveridge now points out, and as I find I suggested to Prof. Blochmann years ago, what we have here is really the name of Mukund Dev, the last king of Orissa. The final word in the sentence is not انه, but اند 'they are.' The passage should therefore run —

از قوم کهندیت وتلنگه خویش مکند دیواند

i.e. "They (the Zamindars are of the castes of Khahdait and Telinge, kinsmen of Mukund Dev." Mukund Dev, as we know, was a Telinga, that is, he came from the Telinga, or Telugu, country, the land on the banks of the Godavari, which gave so many kings to Orissa, and what more

natural than that he should entrust the important frontier fortress of Midnapore to his own kinsmen, on whose fidelity he could rely? The Khandaits are not, strictly speaking, a caste, in the Hindu sense of that term. The word means 'swordsman' (from *khanda*, Skr. *khadga* a sword'), and they were the fyrde, landwehr, or militia of the kingdom, called out when war arose, going back to their fields in time of peace. In the present day large numbers of peasants call themselves Khandaits, either because the title is respectable or because some remote ancestor served in the fyrds, and so the word has become a quasicaste title. Mukund Dev's Telinga kinsmen appear to be called Khandaits because of the military duties they discharged in guarding the fort.

Mahakanghat, *alias* Kutbpur, a fortress of great strength. The village is now called Manighati, and the parganah Kutbpur. It lies about twenty-five miles north-west of Midnapore.

Narayanpur, *alias* Khandar. Two separate parganahs a few miles to the south of Midnapore. One is now known as Narayangarh, the other as Khandar.

SARKAR BHADRAK

This Sarkar, much smaller than Jalesar, comprises in general the country between the Kanabans and Baitarni rivers and a few tracts to the south of the latter river. The tracts on the sea-coast are, however, included in Sarkar Katak (Cuttack).

Barwa. Now called Birwa (spelt Beerooa in A. of I., sheet 115). It is a parganah lying between the Brahmini and Kharsua rivers in North Cuttack. The two strong forts are given as Bank and Riskoi; for the latter, I.O. 6 has Riskuri, I.O.1114 دین نوی with no dots to the fourth letter. The places meant are probably Bankashi on the Brahmini and Rispur (*i.e.* Rishipura) on the Kharsua.

Jaukajri. The proper name is Jogjuri. It is a large and well-known village on the southern slope of the Nilgiri hills in the tributary state of that name.

Haveli Bhadrak. A town on the river Salindi, headquarters of a subdivision. Dhamnagar is also an important place twelve miles south of Bhadrak, or Bhadrakh, as it should be written with final *kh*. It is said to be from

(Bala) bhadrakshetra, the field or tract sacred to Balabhadra. Dhamnagar is noticeable as containing a considerable settlement of Muhammadans, rather a rare thing is Orissa, but explained by the note in the Ain that it was the residence of a — presumably Muhammadan—governor.

Sahansu. Now called Sohso, an extensive parganah on the west frontier of Balasore, fifteen miles west of Bhadrakh.

Kaiman. Now divided into three parganahs called Kaima, Kismat Kaima, and Kila'a Kaima (in A. of I., Kymah), lying on both sides of the Baitarni below Jajpur. The name of the last retains a remembrance of a fort, though no traces of it now remain.

Kadsu. A variant is Garsu. No place with any name at all resembling either word is known to me. The names given for this Sarkar in the Ain do not cover the whole area, and there are probably many omissions, as large tracts of country remain unaccounted for. I am inclined to think that part of the name has dropped out by negligence of copyists, and that the place meant is Gar Sokindah, a large tributary estate in North-west Cuttack. In Oriya, Gar is used for a fort, not Garh.

Independent talukdars. Entered as Mazkurin; with three forts.

1. Pachhim Donk. I.O. 6 reads دونك. I.O. 1114 something illegible, of which the first two letters are; دو the others look like مل. I know of no Donk, but Pachhimkot, a large village in parganah Ragadi (Rugree in A. of I.) in North west Cuttack, near the Brahmini, is probably the place meant.

2. Khandait. This is not the name of a place. Khanditar on the Kharsua (not marked in A. of L.), ten miles west of Jaipur, where the Orissa Trunk Road crosses it, is probably the place meant.

3. Majori. Manjuri, as it is now called, is a parganah on the north bank of the Baitarni, four miles above Jajpur.

SARKAR KATAK (CUTTACK)

The spelling Cuttack, being more familiar to Europeans than Katak, will be used in the following remarks. The Sarkar includes the whole of the Cuttack

and Puri districts, with the exception of the tracts already mentioned under Bhadrakh. But here also many important places, which are known to have been in existence in Todar Mal's time, are omitted, proving that his lists must have been incomplete. Nearly all the places mentioned are easily recognizable.

Al (A. of I. Aul; the town is shown as Rajbari). A well-known town and parganah on the Kharsua in North-east Cuttack. The ancient fort and place is the residence of a Maharaja who is lineally descended from the kings of Orissa.

Asakah. Aska a town in the Ganjam district on the Rasakulia river, the extreme southern boundary of Orissa proper.

Athgarh. One of the tributary estates, on the north bank of the Mahanadi, about ten miles above Cuttack.

Purb Dikh. The latter word is evidently for Dig='quarter,' 'region,' which is the reading of I.O. 1114. The four forts on the eastern side of Orissa lying along the sea-coast are Kanika, Kujang, Harishpur, and Mirichpur. They lie in the above order from north to south, and the territory attached to each is extensive, as will be seen from the A. of I., sheet 115.

Pachchhim Dikh. 'Western quarter.' The list of forts on the western frontier of the Cuttack district is not given, but it must be meant to include the *kila'as* of Darpan, Madhupur (A. of I., Mudpoor !), Balrampur, and Chausatbpara between the Brahmini and Mahanadi, and probably also Dompara and Patia, south of the letter river.

Bahar. There is no place of this name in Cuttack. B.M. 7652. Addl. has بهاز. Babaz, so has I.O. 6, but this also in an unknown name. Mr. Beveridge points out a passage in Grant 528 in which he includes in the province of Orissa "a mountainous, unproductive region on the western frontier, making part of the wilds of Jharkund, or jungly country, *towards the velayt of Behar.*" The Muhammadans seem to have thought in their ignorance of the geography of these hitherto unconquered provinces that Orissa stretched back through the hills and jungle till it touched the southern frontier of Bihar; and Grant repeats this mistake. Probably by

the entry Bahar, with its large revenue of fifty-one lakhs, Todar Mal meant to designate all the extensive tract of country now knows as the Tributary Mahals, administered by a number of semi-independent Rajas who pay a small tribute to the British Government. But their country does not reach as far west as Bihar by a long way.

Basai Diwarmar. The copyists have got into great confusion over this name. Blochmann gives the variants بسائی پوربا and بسائی دیور پور: The B.M. MSS. have بسائی پوربا and بسائی دیور پور; The B. M. MSS Have دیور پور and دیورماری I.O. 6 has دیوربار ; and I.O. 1114 apparently دیورنا, though the letters are so jumbled together that it is difficult to decide in which order to take them. I conjecture that these variants are an attempt to represent the name Basudebpur Arang, *i.e.* the salterns of Basudebpur. This place was for long, and is still, one of the chief seats of the salt-making industry. The Oriya word for a saltern, or place where salt is made, is Arang. In crushing up the letters to get them into the small space allowed or them in the table, some have been omitted and others transposed. Basudebpur is in the Balasore district, about fourteen miles north-east of Bhadrakh, near the sea, in parganah Ankura.

Barang. No place of this name is known to me. But the description of the "nine forts in hill and jungle" corresponds precisely to the celebrated fortress of Sarang Gar, which, with its nine (or even more) subordinate forts, guards the entrance to Khurdha, the mountain fastness where the kings of Orissa sought refuge on the overthrow of their independence, and where they maintained themselves down to modern times. Sarang Gar lies some four miles south-west of the city of Cuttack, across the Katjori river. The Engineers of the Public Works Department — with their usual good taste and reverence for things ancient—have driven a road right through it, and pounded the stones to metal the road. The same enlightened officials sold me some exquisitely carved images of Buddha and some of Krishna as "stone ballast" at one rupee the running foot"! Sarang was too important a place to be omitted

from the Ain, but unless this is it, nowhere occurs. It is not shown in the A. of I., but a number of villages with the prefix Gar (A. of I., Gurr — Gar Darutang, Gar Andharua, and others—represent the nine forts of the Ain.)

Bhijnagar. Should be Bhanjnagar, which is the reading both of I.O. 6 and 1114, the old name of Gumsur, the capital of a state the semi-independent Rajas of which were of the Bhanj caste Upendro Bhanj, one of the Rajas of this place, is the most celebrated of the poets of Orissa.[3] Gumsur is in the Ganjam District, some twenty miles north of Aska.

Banju I.O. 1114 has . This must I think, be meant for Banchas in Central Puri. There is no other place, as far as I know, having any name resembling this.

Parsottam. Should be Purushottam; the full name of the town of Puri, where the celebrated temple of Jagannath is situated, is Purushottama Kshetra, the field or tract sacred to Vishnu, the Purushottama or Highest Being.[4] The note attached to this entry, which J. renders 'detailed in each Sarkar,' means that the revenue recorded against it is made up of lands lying in all parts of the province. Even in the present day there is hardly a single parganah, perhaps not even one, in which there are not revenue-free lands belonging to the great temple of Jagannath.

Chaubiskot, now called Chaubiskud, a large parganah living between the town of Puri and the Chilka lake. The four forts of great strength are now no longer traceable.

Jash, commonly called Tajpur. The last word is a misprint for Jajpur, which is distinctly the reading both in Blochmann's text and in all the MSS. The ancient, celebrated, and sacred city of Jajpur on the Baitarni has been a noted place of pilgrimage from remote antiquity. I.O. 1114 reads Jashpur urf Jaj. The form Jash should, I think, be read Jashn, and appears to be an attempt to reproduce the word Jajna, of the Sanskrit *yajnapura* 'city of sacrifice, the original name of this city.

Dakhan Dikh. For *dikh* we should read *dig*. The four forts of the southern region are Parikud, Malud, Bajrakot, and Andhari, all of which lie between the Chilka lake and the sea, and are shown in the A. of I.

Siran. Should be Sirain, a parganah in Central Puri, on the north-east shore of the Chilka lake.

Shergarh. A large parganah in the north-west corner of the Cuttack district.

Kotdes. A large parganah in the northern and central part of Puri. The entry against this parganah regarding the forts varies in the different MSS. I.O. 6 has دو inserted (erroneously, I thin) beforeI اصل.O. 6 has 1114 has قلعه اصل قصبه. The meaning apparently is that the original fort is a *kasbah* means a small town. The *The variant* قصبهkot or fort, from which the parganah received its name of Kotdes, or the 'country of the fort,' was, in fact, a fortified town, and not, as most of the Orissa forts were, merely a castle or fortified house.

Katak Banaras. The city of Cuttack, capital of the ancient kingdom and of the modern province. The name Banaras, so persistently attached to it by Muhammadan writers, has nothing to do with the famous sacred city on the Ganges, but is a mispronunciation of Biranasi (*Bira*=a kind of millet, and *nasi*=a headland) the name of a village a mile from the fort on a point jutting out into the river Katjori. The "stone fort of great strength," or so much of it as the Public Works Department has not sold at "one rupee the running foot," still stands to the north of the city. When yet uninjured, it must have been an imposing edifice, and covers a large area, surrounded by a broad most with strong stone walls. Nothing but a huge mound remains of the palace of Mukund Dev.

Khatra. I.O. 6 readsکهترہ , I.O. 1114کهنده , but the most probable reading is that given in a note by Blochmann,کهیره . The real word is, I think, Khetra, meaning the sacred area round the city of Puri, the revenues of which were devoted to the service of the temple of Jagannath.

Manikpatan. Manikpatan is at the point where the Chilka lake opens into the Bay of Bengal. There are still numerous salt-making stations round about it.

SARKAR KALING DANDPAT.

SARKAR RAJMAHINDRA

These two names cover the whole tract of country from the Rasakulia to

the Godavari. Though occasionally for short periods subject to the kings of Orissa, this country never really formed part of their kingdom, and was never at any time subject to the rule of Akbar or his successors. No details are given concerning it, and the entries regarding revenue and contingents of troops are purely imaginary.

This concludes the notice in the Ain concerning Orissa. It is worthy of note, as showing the incompleteness of the lists compiled by Todar Mal, that although many places both on the eastern and western frontiers are mentioned hardly a single name of any of the wide and fertile territories in the central plain of Cuttack occurs. This plain, the heart of the Mughalbandi, in the delta of the Mahanadi and Brahmini rivers, is the richest, most cultivated, and most populous part of the whole of Orissa.

Yet Asureswar. Kalamatia, Painda, Tisania, Hariharpur, Deogaon, Sailo, Saibir, and a dozen other large and productive parganahs are omitted from the list, and there is no one of the names in the list which can be stretched so as to cover them. The same remark applies to the Puri District, where Limbai, Kotrang, Antarud, and many other populous and well-cultivated areas, are entirely omitted. Kotdes, Chaubiskot, and Sirain can hardly have been so much larger than they are at present as to include all this territory.

It is true that under the head of Purb Dig or eastern quarter a revenue of 22,881,580 dams (=Rs. 572,014) is recorded, which is far more than can ever have been realized from the four jungly tracts on the sea-coast—Kanika, Kujang, and the two other kila'as. So also the territory of the Maharajas of Al is known to have been more extensive formerly than now, and the Dakhan Dig or southern quarter is recorded as assessed at 22,065,770 dams (=Rs. 526,644), which is much in excise of anything that can possibly have been levied from the four poor little kila'as between the Chilka and the sea. But even after making allowances for the area covered by these names extending over a far larger tract than at present, there must remain a great extent of country in the Cuttack and Puri Districts unaccounted for. The truth seems to be that Todar Mal's inquiries into the land revenue of Orissa were of a very superficial nature, and the province was not really surveyed, divided into parganahs, and assessed till the reign of Shah Jahan.

No. III *Subah Bihar*

As I have already published my reconstruction of this Subah in J.A.S.B., vol. liv, p. 162, it will suffice to refer to that article for the identification of the parganahs, all but a very few of which are still extant under the same names as those given in the Ain. and are shown, more or less disguised by incorrect spelling, in the Atlas of India.

It is not therefore necessary to collate and compare MSS., as in those Subhas (such as Bengal) where the old parganah names have fallen out of use and memory. The corrections necessary in Colonel Jarrett's spelling may be ascertained by reference to my article and the Atlas of India. It is not, on the whole, difficult to restore the spelling, by which that monumental work, the Atlas, is so often disfigured, to a scientific system.

With regard to the note 1 to Pandag (read Pundag) at p. 154 of J., my identification of the mysterious word جبر ده as چیروه *Cheroh*, the name of the widespread and powerful aboriginal tribe of Cheros, who for centuries held all that large area of hill-country bounding Bihar on the south, is supported by Blochmann's article in J.A.S.B., vol. xl,p. 111, which seems not to have been consulted by J.

For Jai Chanpa, in the same Sarkar, should be read Chai Champa, now two separate parganahs. 1.0. 6 reads جی چنپا. As both Chai and Champa are still inexistence, there can be no doubt as to the spelling.

Other corrections may be made from the article referred to above, and the situation of all the parganahs will be seen from the map accompanying it.

Footnote :

[1] For this date see the evidence in my article on "The History of Orissa", J.A.S.B., vol. lii, p.233, note

[2] He visited the place in 1621, when as Prince Khurram, he rebelled against his father, the Emperor Jahangir, (see my article on the "History of Northern Orissa" J.A.S.B. vol. lii p. 237). His grant to the zamindars was probably made in recognition of their support on that occasion.

[3] A long list of his poems will be found in Hunter's Orissa, vol II. p. 206. He lived in the sixteenth century.

[4] The word should therefore be written with short and; hot Pari 'city' so it is often erroneously written by Europeans.

MORE BUDDHIST REMAINS IN ORISSA

In continuation of the note on the Buddhist remains at Kopari recently contributed by me, I wish to record the existence of some more structures in other parts of Orissa, whose exact similarity to those at Kopari affords a confirmation of the theories suggested by that place.

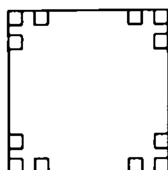
On my way back from Katak, where I had been to attend the Durbar, which was not held owing to the melancholy incident which has spread such a gloom over all India, I pitched my tents at the village of Chhatia (ছতিয়া) sixteen miles north of the town of Katak. In the evening as I was taking a stroll along a village road, west of the encampment, I came to a flat surface of laterite-closely resembling that at Kopari. At the foot of a small hill was a square platform, about 40 feet square, of hewn laterite stones, from which rose twelve pillars, octagonal and with rounded capitals, but much worn by the action of the elements, and covered with grey lichen. To the west of this was a rude square building composed of the same stones, roughly put together without mortar. This had evidently been constructed from the stones of the older structure, as there were pieces of mouldings, capitals of pillars and sculptured stones, some upside down, and all evidently out of place. Inside, smeared with vermillion and turmeric, were numerous portions of statues, heads, arms, a mutilated trunk or two, few of which bore any resemblance to the traditional figures of Hindu mythology.

The images unfortunately are so smeared with vermillion and oil, that it is difficult to make out all the details. There seems to be a serpent's hood over the head of one, but it is too much worn to admit of any certainty.

The next day the camp was at Dharmsala on the Brahmani river, 31 miles north of Katak. One mile to the west of the road, at the foot of a little hill, on a small promontory jutting out into the river, stands a temple of Siva, under the name of *Gokarnes wara Mahadeva*, or as the peasants call it, Gok'ns'r Mahadeb. This is one of the usual Siva temples of the melon or ninepin shape,

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so common in Orissa. It faces the east, and in front of it is a square platform of laterite stones, surrounded by pillars exactly similar in design to the Kopari ones; they are twelve in number, three at each corner of the platform thus :–



The Mahadeb temple has been built of stones taken from some part of this ancient structure, though the fact is concealed by its being entirely covered with a smooth coating of plaster. The Hindu statues of late date surrounding this temple are remarkable beauty and fineness. The principal figure is called by the people Saraswati, and represents a smiling woman with four arms holding a conch and lotus, with many female attendants with laughing faces grouped round the principal which is not in relief, but has the stone cut away at the back of the figure.

This image was found in the river some years ago, and the others were found in the jungle close by, or as the attendant Brahman states, suddenly appeared out of the rock, and ordered themselves to be worshipped!

THE JUNGLE FORTS OF NORTHERN ORISSA

NORTHERN ORISSA is, considering its situation within 150 miles of Calcutta, very isolated and little known. There is however a good historical reason for this. The Kings of Orissa fixed their capital always in the southern part of the province, and the long narrow strip of country between the hills and the sea was only at times, and never for long periods, under their sway. It was covered with dense jungle, which extended apparently with hardly any break to the banks of the Hooghly. The Kings of Bengal, on the other hand, held their court either at Gaur, or some other place far to the north, and the lower Gangetic delta was to them also almost a *terra incognita*. The English settlement of Calcutta pushed out feelers along the course of the Ganges, and the wave of conquest and commerce followed the same palh, leaving Midnapore and Balasore comparatively unheeded and unexplored. In the present day the great imperial high road from Calcutta to Madras has opened up a portion of this country, and is much frequented, especially by the thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims who annually visit the great shrine of Jagannath at Puri. But the line of traffic, and the road of invading armies in former times, did not follow the course of the present great avenue of communication, and it is not therefore along the Madras and Calcutta road that we must look for relics of past times. One hundred and fifteen miles S.W. of Calcutta, at the town of Jellasore (Jaleshwar) the road crosses the river Subanrekha (Suvarnarekha — "streak of gold") at a spot on the confines of British territory and the territory of the tributary Raja of Mohurbhunj (Mayurabhanj). The river here winds so as to run for about five miles nearly parallel to the road on the northern side. Crossing the river we come into the isolated pargana of Fattihabad, one of the so-called Jungle Mahals,which is now included in the district of Balasore (Baleshwar). Nine miles north of Jellasore, and about two from the right bank of the river, amidst dense grass and tree jungle, which is here and there in course of being brought into cultivation, stands the group of forts which I propose to describe. I hope

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the above details will enable the reader to form a clear idea of their actual position on the map of India, in case however the ordinary maps should not show the road, or the little town of Jellasore, I would add that the forts are distant from the sea at the mouth of the Subanrekha, twenty-six miles as the crow flies.

I propose first to describe the forts themselves, and secondly to endeavour to arrive at an approximation to the date of their foundation, and to collect such few facts respecting their past history as I can. This enquiry will, if successful, throw considerable light on the relations between the Kings of Orissa and their northern neighbours, as well as on the somewhat obscure subject of the Musalman invasions of the province, in addition to the more purely archaeological interest which it may present.

It will be seen from the annexed map(P. 282) that the forts are four in number, the two larger ones being close to the large village of Raihaniyan, and the two smaller ones at the village of Phulta, or more correctly Phulhatta. Of these two small forts nothing now remains save the outline of mud walls, with here and there a scattered mass of laterite stones.

The whole soil of this neighbourhood for many miles is composed of laterite, a dark brick-red stone full of holes like a sponge, but very hard. All these forts are built of this stone, though in many cases the stones have either, from having been originally loosely put together, or owing to some subsequent violence, become scattered or sunk in the soil. The stones are all hewn and of various sizes, the largest and most regularly shaped being found in the most important and probably most ancient portions of the work, the smaller and less carefully hewn in the walls and outworks. The largest stones are about 3 feet in length by a foot in depth, and the same in breadth; while in some of the pettier and more modern works, stones not bigger than ordinary bricks are found. Owing to the denseness of the jungle, and the great number of tigers and bears which find shelter there, it is very difficult to explore these forts thoroughly. In three visits which I have recently made to them, I obtained from the Zamindar some thirty or forty coolies armed with the useful little Sonthal axe, and these together with my own

Police and Chaukidars were occupied many hours every day in cutting a path through the thick tangle of underwood.

The most accessible and fortunately also the most interesting of the forts is that which I have marked as the " Mud fort" on the map, at the north-west angle of the Raibaniyan village. This fort is in shape an irregular pentagon, having the following dimensions :–

Eastern wall	1,650 English yards.
Northern	1,650 ,,
North-western	880 (about)
South-western	1,550 (about)
Southern	880

There seems to be some sort of order even in the irregularity as the eastern and northern walls are the same length, so also the northwestern, and southern. The north and southwestern, however, are so covered with jungle that it is impossible to arrive at more than an approximate measurement.

Though called the 'Mud fort,' the walls of this fort are not really of mud. The peasants of the neighbouring villages have made breaches through the walls in some places to enable them to get at their rice-fields in the inside, and in entering the fort by one of these breaches a sort of section is obtained which reveals the nature of the construction. The following section will explain how the wall is made. The centre or heart consists of layers of stone gradually diminishing to a point, and



AB, Base of the Wall. C, Moat. DD, Earth.

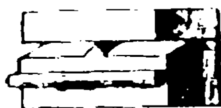
this is covered and entirely hidden with about four feet of earth closely rammed. The breadth at the base from A to B is by measurement 112 feet,

and the height we guessed to be about 50 feet.

The wall is surrounded by a deep and broad moat and a slight but continuous ridge, evidently artificial, runs parallel to the moat on its outer edge. Outside all this again, at a distance in some places of as much as half a mile runs a a *nalla* which by a little, dexterous cutting and deepening has been made into a very efficacious outer moat lined here and there with a wall of laterite.

The interior of the fort is a large plain covered with debris of stone buildings, tanks, and patches of jungle; a considerable portion of it is remains of a small indigo factory which was conducted by a European for some years, but has now long ago been abandoned.

The natives have a tradition that the northwestern corner contained the palace of the Raja, and this is partially confirmed by the greater height and strength of the works in that corner, and by the numerous remains of buildings still traceable. The principal of these I have called the " keep" on the map, as the natives assert that it was the highest and strongest part of the fort. It is a strong square tower of which about 20 feet only now remain ; the stones are carefully hewn and placed together, but without any traces of cement or mortar. A simple but graceful style of ornament is effected by a straight moulding running round the middle of each course, above which the top of each stone is sloped inwards with a small pine-apple shaped projection in the centre. The effect of this arrangement cannot be fully seen owing to the



jungle, but when perfectly visible, the broken light and shade produced by it must have lent a peculiar grace and elegance to the otherwise massive and sombre building. In spite of the native idea of its being a keep or citadel, I am disposed to think this building must have, been a Shiva-temple, as the architecture is precisely similar to the other ancient temples to that idol in other parts of Orissa, and the dimensions of the building, which is not more than 100 feet square, are too small for the purposes of a citadel. On the top,

half hidden by trees, are the capitals of some pillars of the dark ash-coloured stone known as *mungani patthar* or chlorite : none of the columns however remain. In the centre is a well or tank—similar to the square enclosure round the linga-stone in Shiva-temples: so that I imagine the stone walls must have formed a lofty platform surmounted by an open hull surrounded by pillars, in the centre of which was the linga in its sunken square enclosure. The capitals, though massive, are quite plain and without ornament.

At the foot of this building on the south side is a curious little hollow where the trees and jungle are perhaps more dense than in any other part. This is called the Jaychandi Ban or Jaychand's jungle. Who Jaychand was nobody knows. In the heart of this jungle, approached by a narrow winding path, is a small platform 2 feet high on which have been set up, in quite modern times, some beautiful pieces of sculpture which have probably fallen from the temple above. There is the lower half of a female figure bedecked with jewels, and the legs of a man running—both in high relief. There is also an exquisite piece of arabesque carving—probably the moulding or edge of the frame enclosing the *rilievi*. Though much defaced the general design is clearly traceable.[2] There is a freedom and graceful play of outline in the rounded foliage which is rare in ancient remains in this part of India. The rest of this moulding is probably hidden beneath the masses of laterite, stones, and debris of all kinds.



If I have an opportunity of visiting the spot at any future time, I may succeed in unearthing more of it. The people said they remembered in their youth having seen stones with inscriptions in the Nagari character, but unfortunately knew not where to find them. The Nagari character is not understood by any one, except a very few Pandits in this part of the country, and as far as I know was never used in inscriptions, which are all in a bad form of Kutila, but the difference between Kutila and Nagari would not

be appreciable by the natives here.

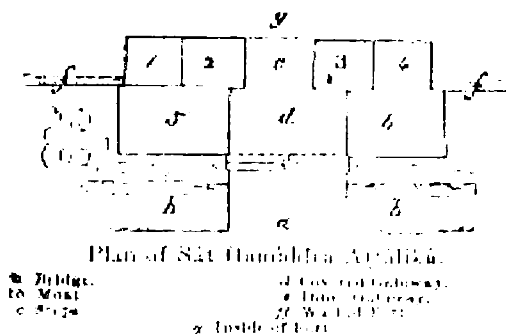
The idols and carvings in the Jayachandi Ban are still worshipped, and in consequence, are smeared all over with that mixture of oil and vermilion *(sendur),* which is so freely applied to all sacred buildings and trees. A small plot of rent-free land has been assigned to some Brahmans who carry on the worship at stated seasons, but do not seem able to specify what god the shrine is sacred to. This Jayachandi Ban is evidently a modern arrangement. Some one found these mutilated bits of sculpture and set them up and invited people to worship them, purely as a bit of Brahmanical speculation, and probably the speculator's name was Jayachand. This sort of thing goes on even at the present day : an Uriya will worship anything, especially if he does not know what it is, and a Brahman tells him it is a *debata.*

The western gate of the fort which is close to this Ban, was probably only a sort of postern, as it is only wide enough for one horseman at a time. The sketch below represents its present appearance. In the wall will be noticed the sockets of the hinges of the doors which at



one time stood there. Crossing the moat by a strong though narrow bridge, we come to a second doorway, precisely similar to the first. This is merely a gateway in a sort of *tete de pont,* protecting the bridge across the moat.

Moving round to the north wall of the fort, we come upon the largest and most perfect group of remains in the whole building. It is called the Sat Gambhira Attalika— literally "Palace of the seven deeps"; this name however is a mere modern corruption of *sat gumbaz* or 'the seven domes'.[3] The building consists of six large rooms which have evidently at one time been vaulted, and the passage through them or gateway counted as a seventh room,—which was probably covered in and vaulted like the others. The ground plan is—



Plan of Sat Gambhira Attalika.

As far as could be made out from the top of the wall at; but as a big black bear was sleeping at the foot of the wall in No. 3, and I had unfortunately no gun with me, having brought a sketch-book and measuring rod instead, it was not thought prudent to remain long in that neigbourhood. For the same reason there was not time to make more than a plan of the building, with a rough measurement. The covered gateway is about 40 feet wide and 25 feet deep, and rooms Nos. 5 and 6 though so encumbered with rubbish as to be quite inaccessible were judged to be about the same size. This approximation will enable the reader to judge the size of the other rooms. The rest of the palace was probably, as usual in Bengal,built of mud with thatched roofs,—which mode of construction would account for its total disappearance.

The last fort of the group is that which I have called the "Stone Fort," as its walls, as far as they could be seen, are built of hewn stone not covered, as in the other, with mud. It seems more modern than the mud fort, and may either have been originally a mere out-work to the other, which seems improbable

from its nearly equalling it in size, or was more likely—as I shall show presently—a comparatively modern erection, built when the old fort had become so far ruined as to be no longer tenable.

The eastern entrance is through a vast hall or yard, with walls of hewn stone in which are still to be seen the staples to which, in native tradition, the Raja's elephants were fastened. This gateway is called the *Hathi dwar* or *Hathi bandha dwar*, (elephant gate, or elephant-enclosure gate). The southern doorway,—of which only a crumbled heap of stones remains,—is called the *Sona mukhi*, or golden faced gate, the origin of which name I cannot trace; but so many places in northern Orissa are called Sonamukhi,—even bare salt-marshes washed by the sea, that the Appellation must be very ancient, and the allusion which it was meant to convey has become obscure. The only suggestion offered is—that it refers to the golden face of the idol Jagannath at Puri—miniature copies of which are to be seen in many parts of Orissa. Such an idol may have stood in or near this gateway.

The date of the building of these forts is, like that of every building in India which has no marked architectural features and contains no inscriptions, very uncertain. In the present case, however, the uncertainty is to some extent limited by considerations derived from their geographical position. If it be assumed that they were the work of kings of Orissa,—an assumption which I shall consider immediately,—then there are only two brief periods within which they could have been built—those, namely, in which the limits of the Oriya monarchy extended so far to the northward as the banks of the Subarnarekha river. The general absence of historical data in India prior to the coming of the Muhammadans is, in Orissa, relieved by the scanty and untrustworthy *panji* or daily record of occurrences kept in the national temple of Jagannath,—the omissions or inaccuracies of which may occasionally be corrected or supplied from the *panjis* and *Vansavalis* kept in the minor temples and monasteries throughout the province, and by one or two connected histories written on palm-leaf, which are in tho possession of private families.

The chief interest of Oriya history centres round the great cities of the Southern part of the province — Katak, Jajpur,and Puri. Northern Orissa is

seldom mentioned. Only twice in the annals of the country is it asserted that its boundaries extended beyond the Kansbans, a small stream near Sohroh at that point where tho hill-ranges trend eastward to the sea. The long narrow slip between tho Kunsbans and Subarnarekha appears to have been for centuries a forest. This supposition is confirmed by the frequency of names of places in which the word *ban* (Sansk: *vana)* occurs as Banchas i.e. "forest-tilth," Banahar, *i.e.* "forest-enclosure," Banpadda—, i. *e*., Ban-pad d a —" forest-clearing," Bankati—" forest-cutting," and the like.

In the reign of Gangeshwar Deb (A. D. 1151), the Orissan monarchy, is said to have extended from the Ganges to the Godavari. By the Ganges is here of course meant, as always in Oriya history, the branch which flows by Hugli. Whether this is merely an exaggeration or not we cannot tell ; it probably is so, as in the celebrated speech of his great-grandson Anang Bhim Deb, the most illustrious prince of the Gangabansi dynasty (A. D. 1196), recorded by Stirling, the king is reported to have said that he had extended the boundaries of his kingdom on the north from the Kansbans to the Datai Burhi river (the modern Buda Balang, which flows past the town of Balasor) The Ganga-bansis were great builders, and their temples, palaces and tanks still adorn the southern part of the province. I do not think it probable that they would have been contented with so comparatively clumsy and inartistic forts as those now under consideration. I shall show presently another reason for assigning those forts to a much later epoch.

In 1550 the throne of Orissa was occupied by a prince from the Telugu or Telinga country, celebrated under the name of Telinga Mukund Deb. He was the last independent sovereign of Orissa, and of him again it is recorded that his sway extended to Tribeni Ghat on the Hugli river, where he built a temple and bathing-steps. In his reign northern Orissa became for the first time important, for then the invasions of the Musalmans, hitherto few and far between, just began to be constant and successful. "Suliman Gurzani, the Afghan King of Bengal," waged a long war with Mukund Deb, who, to oppose him, built a strong fort in a commanding position in the northern frontier. This fort, or chain of forts, I apprehend to have been those we are now

discussing. No more commanding situation could well be found than Raibaniyan on its laterite ridge overlooking the passage of the Subarnarekha, and backed by the impenetrable forest. This position too is on the edge of the country inhabited by the Oriya-speaking race. The situation of the main entrance, and the much greater strength of the fortifications on the northern side, seem to show that it was from that direction that the danger came. Seven miles west of Raibaniyan is the fort of Deulgaon "temple-village" which—as will be seen from the appendix—is in still better preservation than Raibaniyan, and, as evidence of its date, contains the two stone horsemen so celebrated in Orissan legend. It is related that when Raja Purshottam Deb was marching (circa A.D. 1490) southwards to the conquest of Kanjiveram (Kanjikaveri), his army was preceded by two youths, one on a black and the other on a white horse, by whose auspicious aid he gained the victory. The youths then disappeared after declaring themselves to be Krishna and Baladeva.[4] The fort which contains these two images cannot well be older than the legend which they preserve.

Further, it may be urged that, in the early times of Gangeshwar Deb, there existed no necessity for strong forts on the northern frontier, which was then inhabited only by wild forest tribes, and whose possession seems to have been little cared for by the Rajas themselves. It was not till the encroachments of the Musalmans of Bengal rendered some resistance necessary that forts would be built and garrisoned so far away from the capital, nor in the earlier times had the Oriya race penetrated so far to the north as to have settlements on the banks of the Subarnarekha.

On the other hand, if we cannot place the date of the erection of those forts earlier than 1550, we cannot assign to them any later date. After the ravages of the terrible Kalapahar[5] Orissa sank into a condition of anarchy and disorganisation. Neither the invaders from Bengal nor the national rulers had any interest in keeping up forts at a place which was no longer important to either, and we find the Afghans immediately afterwards, and for a long period, firmly established at the strong post of Garhpadda, fifteen miles to the south of Raibaniyan.

An important result follows from the above considerations, namely, that

the Oriya language is not—as a certain party among the Bengalis would persuade us—an off shoot of their own tongue, but an independent variety of Aryan speech. We have every reason to believe that the march, or frontier between the two provinces, was occupied by a dense forest peopled by non-Aryan tribes, and that there was absolutely no communication between Orissa and Bengal in that direction; when the forest was penetrated and the communication opened, the Oriya language was already formed, and Upendra Bhanj and Din Krishna Das had written many of their still celebrated poems. Orissa had more intimate dealings with her southern neighbours,and one at least of her dynasties came from the banks of the San-Ganga or G o d a v a r i. Even to this day the course of trade from the ports of Orissa tends more towards Madras than Bengal.

APPENDIX.

After returning from Raibaniyan I received the following note from the Revd. J. Phillips, the well-known missionary to the Southals, whose settlement is at Santipur, two miles south of Raibaniyan :—

"*Camp Baladshiha, Dec.* 11, 1871.

"On the 2nd instant we were at Deulgaon, about 7 miles to the north-west of Santipur, where are the remains of an old stone fort. It is 75 paces long and 60 broad inside the walls. The walls are 12 feet in height composed of the common laterite, hewn as are the stones in Raibaniyan. The walls are perforated on all sides with loopholes near the top, and there were entrances on the four sides with bastions over the gateways. In one corner of the enclosure there is a small tank and a walled-up well in the opposite corner.

A large laterite stone was pointed out to me as containing inscriptions, but if such ever existed, it had become quite too much defaced to be at all legible. Two large stone images of horses with their riders, cut from solid block of the "Mugni" stone (chlorite), stand near the centre of the fort. When we were there two years ago these lay partially covered with rubbish, but have since been ex-humed, and now they receive some attention, though I dill not discover signs of their being worshipped. The natives told us that these were living animals in the *Satya Yug*, and engaged in battle, and pointed out scars

and bullet marks on their mutilated bodies. The fact of gunpowder being a modern invention seemed no obstacle to their theory as far as I saw."

Footnotes:

[1] In writing native names I follow Dr. Hunter's rule of using the received (although often incorrect) spelling for well-known places and the strictly correct Wilsonian system for those that are unknown to the general public.

[2] I have represented the broken and undecipherable portions by cross shading and dotted spaces

[3] The Uriyas, *more suo*, changed the comparatively little known Persian word *gumbaz* 'a dome,' into their own peculiar *gambhira*. The change was probably caused by their approaching the building from the top of the walls, as they took me; seen from this position the rooms look like deep vaults, and it was not till I had the jungle cleared from the northern face that I convinced them the rooms were not underground.

[4] The similarity of this legend to that of the appearance of "the great twin-brethren," Castor and Pollux, so vividly related in Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, must strike every classical reader.

[5] *Vide ante P.47*

THE ALTI HILLS IN CUTTACK

These hills are a perfect mine of archaeology, and one which has not yet been thoroughly explored. An article on them appeared in vol. XXXIX, of the Society's Journal (for 1870, P. 158), by Babu Chandra Sekhar Banerjea then Deputy Magistrate of the Jajpur subdivision, but his article is not intended to be exhaustive. It gives a very accurate and interesting general account of the hills and their treasures, but the learned author expressly states that his article is not to be considered as more than an outline of the subject. My attention has drawn to these hills by the article in question, and I had been for some time anxious to visit them. This cold weather my official duties fortunately admitted of my taking my camp close to them, and I am thus enabled to supply a further instalment of information.

Alti is unfortunately very inaccessible. The Parganah of that name, in which the hills are situated, is surrounded and intersected by rivers on the north-east flows the Kimiriya an offshoot of the Brahmani, on the south the Birupa, an arm of the Parganah and form a third river the Kelua, and the whole tract is further cut in two by the Ganguti, a stream which issues from the Birupa in the South-west and falls into the Kimiriya just above its junction with the Birupa. Thus a river has to be crossed in reaching the hills from any direction and as there are very few boats on the Orissa rivers, and those that do not exist are not suitable for crossing horses, it is a difficult business to reach them. The hills or rather hill, for it is only one lies between the Ganguti and the Birupa, about 30 miles north-east of the town of Cuttack. To the south of the Birupa, and about 3 miles from the main mass of Alti, lies the Nalti group, consisting of one long long-backed hill with a depression in the centre and a small knoll rather isolated on its southern side. The derivation of the name of this hill from لعنت ---- 'a curse' and the legend connected with it, seem to be a pure invention of some marvel-loving and ingenious muhammadan,. The name is not Nalti which would be the uriya inversion of la'nati, but Nalti with short a, and seems to correspond to Alti just as the two parganas of Awartak and Anawartak a little further to the South, where the prefix an (Sanskrit अणु)

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means "small", so that Nalti for Analti or Anvalti, would simply mean "little Alti". If the Hindus of Orissa had wished to designate the hill as cursed, they would not have used a little known Arabic word like la'nat, but their own ordinary word Srap nor is it likely that the very scanty and insignificant Musalman population would have been able to have affixed a name derived from an obscure legend on the hill and Hindu village. The legend is of itself extravagantly absurd; for it was not the Prophet Muhammad, as the Babu says, who cursed the hill, but the great king Solomon. It is not the prophet who is represented in Muslim legend as flying through the air, but King Sulaimañ-bin-Daud, whose magic ring have him power over the Jins, and who was in the habit of flying through the air on his magic prayer carpet. The Mosque on the Alti hill is called the "Takht i Sulaiman," and the custodian thereof as he told me the legend, attributed the curse to Sulaiman.

The antiquities noticed by the Babu on the Nalti hill are ruined temples too much dilapidated to yield any interesting results, with the exception of the temple. I made a sketch of this (P. 284). The five figures of Buddha stand in niches on the outer side of the walls of the cell. One of them from is visible on the right hand of the sketch. They are executed in bold relief on large slabs of granitic gneiss, but the inscriptions are not visible, being concealed by the walls. The temple itself is now dedicated to Basuli Thakurani, who is represented by a rudely shaped clay model of a human face, covered with red paint and draped in coarse dhoties. The images of Buddha are all exactly alike and are fine pieces of sculpture. I give a sketch of one of them (P. 284). I had no time to explore the other recesses of this hill, but hope to do so on a future occasion.

The mosque of Takht i Sulaiman stands on the Southern face of the Alti hill, 2500 feet up. Its white walls form a conspicuous mark on the hill side which can be seen for many miles to the south. The ascent is from the east and consists of a steep road paved with rough stones, which still retain some semblance of steps. The mosque of which I made a sketch (P. 285) is a plain stone building standing on a small platform, and on its southern side on the edge of the preeipice is the sacred tank, a small shallow hole about 10 feet by 8 and 3 deep, cut in the rock. It is now dry, but the legend is, that it was

formerly a spring of water formed by sulaiman's striking the rock with his staff. The tank was full of water till shuja' uddin's time, so said my informant, when a soldier of his army having outraged a female pilgrim to the shrine, the 'lympha pudica" dried up and has never flowed since. The soldier and his unchaste companion, or his victim, for it is not clear whether the lady consented or not to the act, were burried at the foot of the hill. and every passer-by throws a stone on the grave, which has thus become a huge mound or cairn by the road side.

The following is the inscription on three slabs of chlorit one over each door of the mosque.

چون شجاع الدین محمد خان بساخت ، بقعهٔ کزوی بتابد نور دین
سال تاریخش بجستم از خرد ، تا شود سال بنایش ار مبین
دست بردار از سر جهد و بگو ، گفت هاتف رشک فردوس برین

"When Shuja-uddin Muhammad made this shrine, that from it might shine the light of religion.

"I sought from my heart the year of its tarikh, that the building of it might be made evident.

I'll cease from the endeavour, and say, "quoth the inspiration, "[It is] the envy of the highest paradise."

Date A. H. 1132, as given by the Babu, A. D. 1719-20. The hill on which this mosque stands is called by the Hindus Boro dihi, বড়দীহি, or 'great site', and was according to local tradition the seat of the palace of some great king; but who he was or when he lived, authorities are not agreed. The Birupa flows past the southern foot of the hill, and on its banks are two huge stones weighing several tons. My informant, an old Hindu of some respectability, mentioned that he had heard in his youth that the boundary of the two zamindaris of Alti and Alamgir was at one time disputed, and the disputants were coming to blows about it, when these two stones rolled from the top of the hill and fixed themselves where they now lie. Both parties agreed to recognise the occurance as a divine interposition and accepted the spot as the boundary line between their two estates; and the stones lie there to this day as the boundary mark; 'so it must be true' said the old man.

Passing on eastwards across a small valley we come to the Udaygiri, or Sunrise Hill, the first point in Orissa on which the sun's rays light every morning, in spite of the fifty miles of lowland between it and the Bay of Bengal. It is a conical peak with three long spurs stretching respectively north, north-east, and south-east; and clothed with dense vegetation, amongst which on the southern face are noticeable five or six immense Plumeria trees (gul-chini) with their naked fleshy branches and over poweringly fragrant white blossoms. In gardens I have never seen this tree more than 10 or 12 feet high, but below the mosque there is a group of them upwards of fifty feet in height, the flowers of which are dropped on to the pavement and offered by the mujawir in front of the kiblah.

In the bay formed between the South-eastern and north-eastern peaks of Udaygiri is a sloping plain of bare laterite rock, on the edge of which stands a statue of Buddha upwards of 8 feet high. I give a sketch of the profile of this figure (P. 283) to show the way in which it stands out from the slab on which it is carved. The nose as usual is broken, and the lower part of the figure mutilated and overgrown with lichen. All around lie numerous stone Samadhis, making the graves of Buddhist priests of by-gone times. There are several hundreds of these so closely resembling in shape large lingas, that I at first mistook them for such, till I noticed the small sitting figures of Buddha on the top. Passing from this over the broad stony plain, a small temple or "gumpa" is reached and close to it is the celebrated well. This is cut in the laterite rock and is well described by Babu Chandra Sekhar. The inscription is, however as I make it out, not as he read it, but as follows

बालक श्रोब्रजलागद्यरायो.

What it means is difficult to say, but it occurs twice over, each time in letters six on eight inches long, of the ordinary kutila type, and after looking at it a long time I am fairly certain of every letter. If it be a name Brajalala, then it is Singular that the second ल should have been omitted in both cases. This could hardly be an accident.

The great glory of Udaygiri is the gateway of which I give a sketch (P. 287). It is just beyond the well, and often I had the jungle cut, stood out well against the background of trees and shrubs.

It consists of two upright slabs of stone, supporting a third as lintel. The dimensions are as follows :

	ft.	in
Height of openings,	5	5
Breadth of ditto,	2	3½
Thickness of stone,	1	3½

The two side jambs are divided in to bands separated by grooves, ¾ of an inch wide and 2¾ inches deep. The panel or band nearest the doorway is carved with a continuous wavy creeper up which human figures are climbing in grotesque attitudes, from the excessively mitambini outlines they are probably intended for females. The next band has a columnar type, and the capitals are those given by the Babu; but I append a more accurate drawing of them. The plaster of the column is adorned with intricate arabesques and lion's heads. The next band is divided into tablets, each of which contains a beautifully carved group of a male and female figure engaged in what I may venture to call flirtation of an active kind. The beauty of these carvings is very striking, thought they are much worn and covered with lichen (plate : III), some indeed were so defaced that I could not make them out. The size of each tablet is 8 inches by 5. Just inside the gateway is the colossal Buddha, the size of which will be seen from the chokidar standing by. It is half buried in the earth in a damp gloomy pit and is noseless, as an Orissa statue ought to be who has heard the rattle of Kalapahar's kettle drum. (P. 287)

With the permission of Babu Ramgobind Jagdeb, the Zamindar of the estate. I am now engaged in having this beautiful gateway carefully removed by skilled workmen to Cuttack, where it will be erected in the public garden are taken care of. I hope to be able to get it photographed.

There are hundreds of statues and many temples on this hill, but owing to the limited time at my disposal and the denseness of the jungle I was unable to carry my explorations further. I hope to do so on a future occasion.

ON A COPPER-PLATE GRANT FROM BALASORE (A.D. 1483)

This plate (P. 286) is in the possession of the Bhuyans of Garhpada, an ancient and respectable family of zamindars. Their estate of Garhpada is situated on a rocky spur of the Moharbhanj hills about 15 miles north of the station of Balasore. The plate records the grant of the estate to their ancestor, Poteswar Bhat, a Brahman by Raja Purushottam Deb, King of Orissa. This monarch ascended the throne in A.D. 1478 and the 5th year of his reign, the date of the grant, would be therefore 1433. The Bhuyans however read it the 25th year of his reign which would make it 1503. This I shall show presently is incorrect. The text in Roman characters is as follows :

Obverse.

"Sri jaya durgayai namah / bira Sri gajapati gaureshwara nava koti karnatakala-vargeswara Sri purushottama deva maharajankar / poteswara bhatanka dana pata / e 5 anka mesha di 10 am somabara grahana-kale ganga-garbhe purushottampura sasana bhumi chaudasa ashtottara ba 408ti dana delun e bhumi yavachchandraka putra pautradi purushanhkrame bhoga karu thiba jalarama mikshepa sahit bhumi delun.

Reverse

Yavach chandrascha suryascha yavat tishthati medini /
Yavad dattamayhv esha sasya / yukta basundhara /
Swadattam paradattam va brahmavrittim haret yah/
Shashtir varshasaharani vishtayam jayate krimih /
Sri madanagopalah / saranam mama.

Translation

Reverence to Sri Jaya Durga. Of the hero, the illustrious Gajapati, lord of Gaur, lord of the tribes (of the country) of the nine forts, Karnata and Utkala Sri Purushottam Deb Maharaja to Poteswar Bhat a deed of gift of a sasan. In this fifth year of my reign the tenth day of Mesh, Monday, at the time of an eclipse, in the womb of Ganga, I have given Purushottampura Sasan land fourteen [hundred] and eight besides, ba 1408 tis, as a gift. This land as long as the moon and sun, grandson and the rest, generation after generation enjoying remain ! I have given the land together with its tanks and gardens.

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(The above is in Oriya; the rest is in Sanskrit)

Reverse

As long as the moon and the sun, as long as the earth shall stand, So long be the gift upheld of this rich grain bearing land;

Whose of his own or another's gift a Brahman shall deprive,

For sixty thousand years a worm in dung shall be born and live.

Sri Madangopal my protection.

The marks at the end are; first, the ankush or elephant goad, the special sign manual of the kings of Orissa, referring to their ancient title of Gajapati or lord of elephants; second, the *sankh* or the conch-shell of Vishnu (Jagannath), third and fourth the *Khanda* or straight sword, and the *katar* or dagger, both emblems of the warrior-caste, the khanda belonging especially to the hill-people, and the katar to those of the plains.

With regerd the wording of the deed one or two points may perhaps stand in need of explanation.

Gaureshwara or lord of Gaur *i.e.* Bengal is a constant empty boast of the kings of Orissa, who claimed to rule from the great to the little Ganga, *i.e.* from Ganga to Godavari. Their kingdom did frequently stretch as far as the latter river, and even beyond it; but only twice in all their annals did they reach the Ganges and then only for a brief period each time.

"Karnata kala" is a mistake of the engraver for karnatotkala "Karnata and Utkala". the form which occurs in all the deeds and descriptions of the monarchs of Orissa. This very Purushottam Deb conquered Kanjikaveri or Conjeveram and spent the greater part of his reign on the Godavery. The expression later on in this plate "Gangagarbhe" probably refers to that river the "Sanganga" or little Ganges of the Orissa as there is no record of this King's having ever visited the great Ganges.

"Sasan" in Orissa is a patch of rent-free land with a village inhabited and cultivated exclusively by Brahmnas, generally on behalf of some god, whose temple is in their village and whose worship they are theoretically bound to keep up. As a rule the poor *thakur* gets very little worship and the money goes into the Brahman's bellies or on to their backs. These Brahman's Sasans are scattered all over the country and are detected at once by the large comfort-

able home-steads, the groves of cocoa-palms and fruit trees and the generally superior style of cultivation. The cocoa-palm flourishes well in Orissa, but is not grown except by Brahmans owing to the popular superstition that if a man of another caste plants them, he or his children will die in a year and a day.

"e 5 anka". The letter which I read *e* 'this' was read by the Bhuyans as a 2 which it only very distantly resembles.

"Mesha" -- the sign Aries, and technical name for the month Baisakh (see my note at p. 64 *Indian Antiquary.*)

"Di10am" and ba1408ti. This is the Oriya fashion of writing figures, the name of the articles divided in two and the numbers written the between the above forms stand for 10 diam, and 1408 bati respectively. Thus they would write 10 rupees, ta10nka = 10 tanka; 5 maunds would be ma5na, 30 years ba30tsara, and so on.

"Chaudasa ashtottara" here again the engraver has omitted the letter *t* he should have written "Chauda sata" - fourteen hundred. As the grant is in Oriya and not in Sanskrit perhaps he meant the sa to do duty for sau, as the short vowel is pronounced o, and Oriyas often carelessly write so, no for sau, nau. The grant of so vast a tract of country to a single Brahman (1408 batis - 28,160 acres) seems to support the native tradition that Garhpada and the adjacent country was at that time uninhabitated, or at least only sparsely peopled, and this idea is further countenanced by the fact that the king gives his own name to the grant, calling it "Purushottampur Sasan".

The reverse contains merely the usual Sanskrit formula observed in all such grants.

The subsquent history of the Sasan is singular and interesting. Potesar Bhat obtained possession and he and his descendants held the estate for some generations. In the reign of the bigoted Emperor Aurangzeb, however, Sarbesar Bhat, the then proprietor, was ousted by the Raja of Moharbhanj whose territories adjoined the grant. The Bhat applied to the Subah of Bengal who sent a small force and drove away the Raja's troops. Before restoring the land however to the Brahman, he demanded payment of the expenses of the expedition. The Brahman in vain represented that having been dispossessed

of his land, he was unable to pay; the Subah refused restitution. Sarbesar then journeyed all the way to Agra where he laid his case before the Emperor. Aurangzeb was no lover of the Brahman and paid very little attention to him, and at last to get rid of him tauntingly told him he should have his land back and be let off paying the costs of the expedition if he would turn Musulman. The Brahman resisted for a long time, but finding that the Emperor was deaf to remonstrances, he eventually consented, embraced Islam and returned to Orissa with an order for his restitution to his estates. Since that time the family has been Muhammadan, and the present head of it, Ghulam Mustafa Khan, and his brothers are men with quite a Mughal type of countenance, probably derived from frequent intermarriages with Moghul and Pathan ladies.

The archaic form of the letters in this grant renders it very valuable as showing the gradual development of the modern Oriya alphabet from a southern variety of the Kutila type. I would call attention to the two forms of the र also to double ख and the त; The appended ह and ठ are also very antiquated and singular, showing especially the absence of all distinction between the long and short व and the gradual growth of the now somewhat abnormal छ.

THE RUINS AT KOPARI, BALASORE DISTRICT

Two years ago I found at Kopari a small image with an inscription of the back, a copy of which I sent to the Society. The people worshiped the image as Lakshmi, but Babu Rajendralal having pronounced it to be Maya Devi, the mother of Buddha, they have now come to the conclusion that the "deo" has gone out of it, and made no objections to my removing it, which I have done on the occasion of my recent visit to the place.

On this visit I have been able to make more minute inspection of the ruins and the surrounding country, and send you the following notes, with a few rough sketches and plans.

The place is interesting not only from its singular physical appearance, but as being the only place in northern Orisa where distinct traces of Buddhism are still observable. It is situated in lat 20°, 19′, long. 86° 30′; 42 miles southwest of the town of Balasore and close to the point where the three native tributary States of Moharbhanj, Nilgiri and Keonjhar meet. It is a level plain surrounded on three sides by low rocky hills. The soil is sterile and in many places consists of nothing but large slabs of laterite rock, as flat and regular as a London street pavement, having, however, the colour and general appearance of rusty iron boiler plates. This formation is not, of course, continuous; there occur large spaces where the laterite is covered with more or less depth of earth, and on such spots are rice fields, tanks and houses and large mango and pipal trees. The ruins stand on the north side of the village, the more important and better preserved portion is situated in the very middle of the flat laterite surface, but other parts are found in the softer soil among trees. The plan of them is given below.

Before proceeding to describe the details, it will be a well to made some introductory remarks. These ruins exhibit the traces of an ancient Buddhist temple, and *vihara* or monastery, with a pleasure ground or grove intervening. The Buddhist temple appears to have been destroyed

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and its materials used to erect a Brahmanical temple dedicated to Shiva, whose emblems in a later style of art, some in fact comparatively modern, are found in abundance. Later than these supervened the present Vishnu worship, now the prevailing type Hinduism in Orissa, so that a considerable amount of wilful, and some accidental, displacement and destruction has taken place.

The Shiva and Vishnu buildings are rude in the extreme, and are composed of stones evidently taken from some earlier fabric, as the architectural design and sculptures are entirely disconnected, a stone with a bold moulding being placed upon a perfectly plain one and *vice versa*, and one edifice in particular being crowned, 'Instead of a pinnacle or spire, by a capital exactly agreeing with those of the pillars still remaining *in situ* on the earlier building.

Of this earlier building I can give no plan. It stands about 200 yards to the east of the building marked A, and consists of a confused mass of laterite brown stones of very great size, but no outlines can be traced without digging, for which I had no time. I would hazard the conjecture, however, that it was a square of about 38 feet in length on each side. In what seems to have been the centre, is a huge square mass of laterite like an altar, about four feet high, and at each corner a small niche in one of which the image of Mayadevi above mentioned. One of the other niches has been removed to a distance of about half a mile, and set up on the edge of a tank, probably for purposes of Brahmanical worship; the other two niches are overgrown with trees, an ancient tamarind in one, and a still more ancient pipal in the other have twisted their roots and stems in and out of the stones so as to render restoration impossible. This building I suppose to have been the original Buddhist temple, and the altar probably sustained an image of Buddha of gigantic size, the mutilated remains of which have been set up in the village temple and are now worshiped as Baladeva. From this ruin stretches a grove of trees on a long ridge, formed evidently artificially, by heaping earth on the laterite rock to a height of four or five feet. On the northern edge of the grove in and old square

stone well known through the rock and lined with huge cut stones. In the middle of the grove is the building marked A, an oblong platform of known stone, with the capitals of some large pillars lying on and around it. Going still westwards over a space encumbered by half-buried debris, we come to B, the best preserved portion of the whole. I give a sketch of this building from the south.

It is a long narrow hall with a sort of propylaeum on the eastern side, surrounded by pillars, most of which are still standing, though battered and worn by rain so much that their original design is almost untraceable. It can be seen, however, that they were octagonal, with a capital consisting of a double round beaded fillet as in the marginal illustration.

To the north of this is a small nearly square tank with steps loading down to it, the whole hewn with immense labour through the solid rock to a depth of 6 feet, and always full of water even in the driest seasons. To the west of the hall just mentioned is a scarcely distinguishable small building marked C, whereon are a few fallen pillars and capitals.

The inscriptions on the back of the image of Mayadevi would refer the building in which it was found to the tenth century A. D., unless, as is highly probable, the image was dedicated after the erection of the temple. The huge size of the stones, some four feet long by two or three deep, and the general rudeness of the architecture, would incline me to place the date of its construction much earlier. The grove leading to A, B, and C, with its artificial soil and ancient well, was probably the garden, and the three buildings, themselves, the cells of the vihara, or monastery, for the use of whose inhabitants the tank was apparently dug.

Building A now presents the appearances of a ruined Siva temple, at *a* is a large *linga* of chlorite, still worshipped, a smaller *linga* lies close to it. At *a* is a large well-carved statue of Durga, and another of Nandi on the top of Durga's slab. Both are comparatively new and in good preservation. At *e* comes in the newer Vishnu worship in the shape of a statue which, though delaced, is considered by natives to be Lakshmi, though some considered it to be Bhavani. At *a* is a *rath* , which is still used on the Rath

Jatra. These last objects are quite modern and considered with Baladeva's temple in the village, to whom, in the opinion of the present inhabitants, the whole of the runes are sacred, in spite of the linga and statue of Durga.

At the foot of the hills close by are the remains of a large fort of mud, and on the hill side high up is a cave temple, called that of Bharua Debi, a name probably corrupted from Bhairava, as that of an adjoining cave, Basudi, is probably from Basuki. I could not visit these temple on account of the dense jungle, but the sculptures and statues which have been brought from them, to adorn the village shrine at the foot of the hills are a strange medley, comprising one or two Durgas, a Narsingha aavatar, and several minor idols.

THE INDIGENOUS LITERATURE OF ORISSA

THERE is a general impression abroad amongst scholars that the modern Indian vernaculars are mere jargons which suffice for the colloquial needs of imperfectly civilized races, but that they possess nothing which can fairly be called a literature. Even those who are better informed are prone to disparage the mediæval poems which are to be found in most, if not all of these languages, though in Panjabi and Sindhi they do not rise above the rank of ballads. Now, before a judgment is delivered on this class of books, it may fairly be demanded that they be read. I fancy very few European or Indian scholars have any practical acquaintance with the real middle-age literature of the Hindus. In fact the very names of the books themselves are hardly known. Three characteristics are common to them all, and deprive them of much of the interest that would otherwise attach to them. Firstly, they are all of inordinate length ; secondly, they are mere repetitions, more or less embellished, of the old fables of the Brahmanical religion,—*rechauffes* of the Puranas and Mahabharata; thirdly, they are all inverse. But with all these drawbacks they are often valuable for the light they throw on the growth of the languages in which they are written. They are in many cases still intensely popular in rural districts, and a study of them will often supply the key to curious and apparently inexplicable peculiarities of native thought and manners. Some few indeed possess higher merits, and may he read with pleasure for the beauty of their poetry, their stores of history and geography, or the purity and loftiness of their morality. Under the first head come such works as Tulsi Das's Ramayana, and the Satsai of Bihari Lal, under the second Chand and the other Rajput bards, under the third Kabir, Mamdeva, Tukaram, and occasionally Vidyapati and other writers of the Chaitanya school.

On the whole, then, it may be said that this literature is worth preserving It shows us the people as they are and were,—not as the English schoolmaster would have them be,—and possesses a value even in its faults, quite above and apart from the spurious unnatural literature composed of works written

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to order by Fort William pandits and mulavis; such as the Prem Sagar, a farrago of nonsense in equal parts of bad Hindi and disguised Gujarati.

What we want is, first to find out what books exist in the various languages; secondly, to have them read with a view to finding out which are worth preserving and printing; and thirdly, to get scholars to edit such as may be worth the trouble.

We should then be able to place in the hands of the student real genuine native works from which he could learn what the language he was studying really was, instead of, as at. present, misleading him by trash like the Bagh-o-Bahar or Baital Pachisi, composed in a language which no native ever speaks, and which he can with difficulty understand. The change which this would cause in, and the impetus it, would give to, the study of Indian languages would probably be comparable only to the new life which was imparted to the schools of Europe when Virgil and Cicero first began to supersede, as text books, the crabbed Latin of Cassiodorus and Erigena.

As a contribution to the above objects I here append a list of works known to exist in Oriya, and propose, as opportunity offers, to read the most celebrated, and see what they are worth, and to report my discoveries from time to time through the medium of the *Indian Antiquary.* I am aware that Oriya holds a low place in its group of languages, but this is owing chiefly to its obscurity. I consider it in many respects one of the most interesting languages of the Aryan group, especially because, owing to its long isolation from the rest, it has preserved words and forms which have perished from them, and exhibits at times very singular developments of its own. The following list is the result of much enquiry, and is believed to be nearly, if not quite, exhaustive. The RASAKALLOLA or "Waves of Delight" by Dinkrishna Das, a work of the early part of the sixteenth century, is the most celebrated Oriya poem, and is still well-known; its songs are even now frequently heard at village meetings, and most educated Oriyas know whole cantos by heart. I propose to give some notices of it at a future time.

List.

[N.B.—The following ancient Uriya works are known to be in existence, and copies of them written on talpatra or palm leaf, may probably be procured in different parts of the province. Those marked can be obtained in Balasor, but Puri and Katak are better places to search for them in, especially Puri.]

1°	Subhadra parinaya	An epic Poem
2°	Rasa manjari	do.
3°	Prem Sudha nidhi	A tale.
4°	Rasapanchak	do.
5*	Rasikbaravali	Poem
6°	Subarnorekha	do.
7	Shobhavati	do.
8	Chitrakavya	Alliterative poem.
9	Kamakautuk	Poem.
10°	Duppai	Couplets.
11°	Shappai	Verses
12°	Nappai	do
13*	Dhwani manjari	Rhetorical essay in verse.
14	Shabda mala	A set of dictionery
15	Shad ritu	Poem on the six seasons.
16°	Baidehisha bilasa	Epic Poem
17°	Labanyabati	do.
18*	Koti brahmanda sundari	do.
19	Kalakautuk	Poetry.
20	Subhadrasar	do.
21	Purushottam Mahatmya	Religious poem on Krishna
22	Trilokyamohini	Religious poem
23	Chitra lekha	do.
24	Hemamanjari	do.
25	Rasalekha	do.
26	Kamakala	do.
27	Premalata	do.
28	Bhababati	do.
29	Muktabati	do.
30	Gitabhidan	Dictionary

The above thirty works are by the celebrated Upendra Bhanj of Gumsar.

31°	Rasakallola	Poem on Krishna by Dinkishn Das	
32*	Anaugarekha	do.	
33*	Bhagabata	The well-known Purana by-Jagannath Das	
34*	Mahabharata	by Sarada Das	Version of the great Epic.
35*	do	kishn Das	
36*	do.	Chintamani	
37*	Bhagavadgita	Gundicha Debi	Version of the Sanskrit poem
38*	Harivansha	Narayan Das	do
39*	Ramayana	Balram Das	Version of the Sanskrit Epic.
40°	Padmapurana	Nilambar Das	Version of the Sanskrit.
41*	Karttika Mahatmya	Shib Das	Religiuous Poem
42*	Magha Mahatmya	Kishn Das	do
43°	Baisakha Mahatmya	Achat Das	do
44	Ekadhashi Mahatmya	Dibakar Das	do
45	Ganga Mahatmya	do.	do
46*	Bharataharivansha	Balaram Das	do
47	Aratdhvanshana	Nityananda Das	do

48	Yugalrasamrita	Surjyavarma	Religious poem.
49	Baunri and Chaunri	"	Poetical selections
50	Bidagdha Chintamani	Abhimana Samantasinha	Erotic poem.
51*	Bichitra Ramayana	Bishi	Epitome of the Sanskrit Epic.
52*	Aratatrana		Hymn to Jagannatha
53*	Gajastuti	Jagannath Das	Hymn to do.
54	Harinastuti	do	do
55	Dridha bhakti or Darata bhakti	Balaram Das	Poem on Hindu ceremonies.
56*	Gunasagara	do	do
57*	Mathura mangala	do	do
58*	Lakshmi Purana	do	Version of the Sanskrit
59	Kanchi Kaveri	Unknown	Story of the conquest of Conjevaram by the King of Orissa.
60	Brajabihari	do	Youth of Krishna
61	Raghunathabilasa	Dhananjaybhanj	History of Rama
62	Katakautuka	Ghan Bhanj	A Poem.
63	Amarakosha tika	Narayan Bhanj	Commentary on the Sanskrit work.
64	Chintamani	Unknown	Poems
65	Rasalata	do.	do
66	Darhyarasamrita	do.	Ceremonial Observances
67	Kapatapasha	do.	Extract from Mahabharata
68	Rasikamangal	do.	Poem
69	Alankarbuli	Dinkrishna Das	Poem on rhetoric.
70	Nābakeli	Unknown	Erotic poem.
71	Jayamunibharata	Nilambar Das	Epic poem
72	Saralastuti	Ram Nayak	Hymn to Durga
73	Rudrastuti	Nilambar Das	Hymn to Siva.
74	Dhrubastuti	Jagannath Das	Hymn to Krishna
75	Nāmaratnagita	Krishna Das	Hindu law.
76	Itihasa Purana	Jagannath Das	A Purana
77	Dwadashi Mahatmya	Madhab Das	Religious Work
78	Chaitanyacharitamrita	Kishna Das	Life of Chaitanya from the Bengali
79	Prempanchamrita	Bibhupati	Religious poem
80	Satkhandia Mahabharata	Achat Das	From the Sanskrit
81	Dārubrahmana		History of the idol of Jagannath
82	Gita gobinda	Dharanidhar	Version of the Sanskrit

ON THE RELATION OF THE URIYA TO THE OTHER MODERN ARYAN LANGUAGES

A book has recently been published by Babu Kantichandra Bhattacharyya, a Pandit in the Government School, at Balasore, under the title -- "ড়িয়া স্বতন্ত্র ভাষা নহে" "Uriya not an independent language." This little work, though profoundly destitute of philogical arguments, has created some stir among the natives on the province, who are somewhat disgusted at finding their native language treated as a mere corruption of Bengali. The local excitement on the subject, has led me to look into the question more closely than I had before, though in the course of reading for my "Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages" I had come upon many pecularities, both of phonetics and inflection, which had caused me long ago to make up my mind as to the right of the *Uriya* to be considered a language *per se*. It may not be uninteresting to other to see an attempt made to analyze the structure of this little known form of speech and at the risk anticipating statements which would give to any grammar an air of greater novelty, I venture to put down a very brief outline or my views.

At whatever period in the history of the world the Aryan race entered Orissa, it must be admitted as highly probable that those who did so, formed the vanguard of the immigration. Improbable as it seems to one who looks on the effeminate and apathetic Uriya of today, his ancestors must necessarily have been the pioneers of their race. In folk-wanderings, however, it is not the hardiest or most enterprizing race that moves first. On the contrary, when the ancestral home got too full of people to be able to support them all, and it became evident that some must go elsewhere, the difficulty would be to determine who should be the victims: and that difficulty would naturally be solved by kicking out the weakest first. They being pressed on from behind by continually fresh-issuing swarms from the parent hive, would in the end be driven further and further, till they reached the extreme limits of the habitable area at their disposal. This is the history of the Celts in Europe and the Uriyas

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in India. Having reached the head of the Bay of Bengal, and being driven on constantly by Bengalis in their rear, finding the eastern regions closed to them by fierce non-Aryan tribes, it must have been to them a great relief to find on the south that long narrow strip between the Hills and the Sea which they reached across the forests of Midnapore and Hijli. This land they named the "outlying strip" (CV out, कल a strip), or उत्कल. If the above suppositions be admitted, as I think they will readily be, it follows that the Uriyas could not have, as our Pandit assumes, borrowed their languages from Bengali, because at the time they passed through Bengal, it was uninhabited, at least by Aryans, and the Bengalis were behind them, and did not come into Bengal till the Uriyas had left it. It is certain that as early as the 8th century. Hemchandra knew the Utkali or Odra to be a separate form of Prakrit from the Gauri or Bengali, and we need not at present seek a higher antiquity that this to establish an independent language.

I am not, however, desirous of laying much stress on the historical side of the argument, that derived from the internal structure of the language seems to be conclusive.

In the first place to mention is to refute the argument that because in any modern printed work in Uriya sixty words out of a hundred are identical with Bengali, therefore they are not two, but one language. The same argument might with equal justice be applied to Marathi.

That unnecessary parade of learning which goes among us by the name of "pedantry", has never struck the Indian mind as offensive or objectionable. On the contrary, the more long and learned words an author can cram into his work, the greater his reputation. In the search for these *sesquipedalia verba,* the seven nations of the Aryans have divided into two camps. In the one camp are to be found those who draw from Sanskrit, in the other those who have recourse to Arabic and Persian. The former are the Bengali, Uriya and Marathi, the latter the Hindi, Punjabi and Sindhi. Gujarati hovers between the two. It is possible to construct a long sentence, nay to write a book even, in Hindi, Persian, Arabic and Turkish in which sixty percent of the words used should be identical, because borrowed from Arabic, yet no one would conclude that

these languages were connected. Similarly a book may be written in Bengali, Uriya and Marathi with the same proportion of identical words, and yet no argument could be thence derived for or against the connection of the languages.

The fact is that the Sanskrit words so largely employed by Pandits in Bengal and Orissa, are not living words at all, they are dead, dead ages ago, and only now galvanized into the semblance of life; they form no part of the real working stock of words of the language. When they died ages ago, their sons inherited their place, and now their grandsons or great grandsons hold it. In plain English, such Sanskrit words as were used by the Uriyas and Bengalis twenty-five centuries ago have since when undergone the usual fate of words, and have been corrupted, abraded, and distorted, till they often bear no resemblance at all to the original word. And it is these corrupted, or as they are called "Tadbhava" words, that are the real living words of the language, the words that have worn into their present shape by long use in the mouths of the people. These words our fastidious writers reject, and when by going back to the Sanskrit for their words, they have composed a work to their taste, lo! they say Uriya and Bengali are one language; for proof, read such and such work. I would suggest rather, let them take a *chasa* of Dacca and a *chasa* of Gumsar, and see how much they understand of one another's talk.

In the grammatical structure of the Uriya language, we see traces of a vary well defined Prakrit with features peculiar to itself, I begin with the verb as the simplest part of the language (in this case at least).

There is first a present participle in *u*, as *chalu*, and a part participle in *i*, as *chali*; by means of these two a whole string of compound tenses are formed, thus–

		achhi	I am going
I.	chalu	thili	I was going
		hebi	I shall be going
		achhi	I have gone
II.	chali	thili	I had gone
		hebi	I shall have gone

Then there is a series of three simple tenses (which ought perhaps to have been put first).

I.	Mu dekhi, etc.	I see
II.	Mu dekhili,	I saw
III.	Mu dekhibi,	I shall see

The habit of using the plural in speaking respectfully to others and of oneself, has become so inveterate that the original proper singular of the verb and pronoun has been rejected from the high polite style, and only holds its own among the common people, that is to say, the three millions of uneducated folk, who know better than to speak their mother tongue as they find it. In literary compositions the plural *amhe*, *tumhe*, *semane*, with the plural verbs as *karun, kara, karanti,* are used for both singular & plural and in the grammars hitherto published, these forms are given in the text, and the unfortunate singular *Karain, Karu, Karai* is banished to a note as "the inferior style!!". It is to be hoped that this truly pre-scientific treatment of the language will not be perpetuated in any future grammar.

The infinitive ends in *iba*, as *asiba* to come, and is declined like a noun just as the Hindi, and all other infinitives in the seven languages.

It has also a good strong form for the conditional. Thus –

Singular	**Plural**
Mu dekhi thanti	Amhe dekhi thantu
Tu dekhi thantu	Tumhe dekhi thanta
Se dekhi thanta	Semane dekhi thante

In which, as in the Bengali *dekhitam* we recognize the verb स्था, but in Uriya in a more perfect form than in the Bengali.

As another instance of the superiority of Uriya in the matter of preservation of the Prakrit and Sanskrit forms I will put side by side the simple present of the substantive verb.

	Uriya	**Bengali**
Sing.	Mu achhain (Vulgo achhi)	Mui achhi

Tu achhu	Tui achhis
Se achhai	Se achhe
Pl. Amhe achhun	Ami achhi
Tumhe achha	Tumi achha
Semane achhanti	Tini achhen

I suppose the Bengali Pandits will deny my right to put down the three forms *achi achhis* and *achhe* as real singulars but my time for fighting them on that points has not yet come; anyhow, it is easy to see that in *achhai, achhanti*, respectively we have pure Prakrita and Sanskrit forms in perfect preservation, whereas the Bengali has its *achhe* and *achhen* gone many steps further down the ladder of corruptions. In the Uriya forms *achhain achhun* we have better representatives and the quasi-Sanskrit forms *achhami* and *achhamah* (for the Classical *asmi* and *asmah*) than in the Bengali, which has only an illdefined feebly terminated *achhi* for both singular and plural. In fact, Bengali is singularly behind all the other six languages in its verbal terminations which are not sufficiently definite or clearly marked and rejoice in short indistinct vowels.

The Uriya verb in its general scheme approaches more closely to Hindi, and holds a respectable place, among its sister languages, not being too luxuriant like the Gujurati, nor too scanty like the Punjabi; and with a regular system of terminations, in which respect it is superior to the Marathi, and Sindhi in neither of which do any two tenses exactly harmonise, and in which the troublesome and unnecessary element of gender is introduced. As might be expected from the comparative peace that Orissa has enjoyed and its long immunity from foreign aggression, the verb has preserved tones and traces of much greater antiquity than any other language of the group.

This air of antiquity which is so striking and pleasing a feature of language is well illustrated by the pronouns which may be compared to advantage with any of the other. Thus *amhe* is pure Prakrita and retains *h* which has been dropped in Bengali. The Hindi here inverts the position of the *h* and drops the final *e*. Marathi, though retaining the *h*, lengthens the first vowel and charges the *e* to *i* giving *amhi*. Gujurati *ame* or *hame* is intermediate between Oriya and Hindi. Punjabi and Sindhi as in though older, inasmuch as they retain the सं of Skr. *asmah*, yet are less perfect, inasmuch as they drop the *m*.

Without going through the whole line of pronouns which would take too much space, I would here merely call attention to the fact that all these forms, Uriya is not more closely attached to Bengali than to any of the other sister languages; that the Uriya form is quite as genuine a descendant of the Sanskrit as any of them; and lastly that the Uriya form having retained elements which the Bengali has lost, it is absurd to say that the former is derived from the latter. I merely give the second person as an illustration without comment.

	n	g	acc	n	g	
Uriya Sing	tu	tor	tore etc.	Pl. tumhe	tumhar	&c.
Hindi	tu	tera	tujh etc.	Pl. tum	tumhara	&c.
Bengali	tui	tor	toke	Pl. tumi	tumar	&c.
Marathi	tun	tujha	tuj	Pl. tuhmi	tumeha	&c.
Punjabi	tun	tera	tainum	Pl. tusin	tusadha	&c.
Sindhi	tun	tunhujo	tokhe	Pl. tavain,	[3]tahvanjo	&c.
Gujurati	tun	taro	tune	Pl. tame	tamaro	&c.

In the noun we observe the usual transition from the synthetical to the analytical formation. Here too there is considerable approximation to Bengali in some respects, though it will be seen that there is equally close approximation to the other languages.

The acuisative proposition *ku* is nearer to Hindi *ko* than to Bengali *ke* and the likeness is strengthened by fact that as in Hindi *ku* does duty for the dative as well.

The instrumental exists only with a periphrastic form *dwara* and the system of *prayogas* or constructions has not here received that full and perplexing elaboration that constitutes the difficulty of Hindi and in a still greater degree of Marathi.

The ablative is formed by the postposition *tharu* (sthan ru) or simply *ru* "from" which is evidently connected with the sign of the locative *thare* or *re* "in"; and has nothing at all resembling it in the other tongues, unless we adduce the Bengali *re* of the dative, which however is probably a relic of the Sanskrit genitive *asya*, like the Marathi dative in as and dates from the Prakrita which has actually confuses the two cases. I think it probably that in the Uriya *ru*, we have the Sanskrit ablative *at* which becomes in Prakrita *udo* and *adu*. It appears to have been cerebralized into *adu*, whence *ru*. The locative *re* may be a corruption of the Prakrita termination सा, where the *s* has been changed to *r* as in Bengali, but this I do not feel sure about.

The genitive ends in *ar* after a consonant, or *r* after a vowel, and closely corresponds to the Bengali in this, its only truly inflectional case.

The plural is formed by the added syllable *man*, or *mane*, (i.e. "number"), just as in Hindi[4] *log* or in Bengali *gan*. Here, the genitive comes out in greater clearness as manager where the syllable *ang* (a with anuswara originally, though now written मानङ्कर) is the sign of the neuter a Prakrit from मान; this shows us that the sign of the genitive is properly *kar*. And this leads to a curious and unsuspected connection. In an article on the Bhojpuri dialect of Hindi*, I showed that there was reason to believe that the *ka* of the Hindi genitive was corrupted from a form कर, or perhaps क्र, that the loss of the र gave us the Marwari रा , र, री, and the Punjabi दा, दे, दी both the *k* and the *r* are found in the Bhojpuri pronominal genitive करा, as in *ekara okera* (iska, uska). Now here again we have from the other side of India, a genitive plural in *kar,* the *k* of which is rejected in the singular, but retained in the plural. We must thus again dissociate Uriya from its neighbour Bengali, and tighten the links which connect it with its western congeners, leaving Bengali till further research shall have been made, as the solitary instance of an infectional genitive.

There is thus on the whole very little in the declension of the noun in common between the Uriya and its fellows. It may be interesting to give here in one view all the seven declensions. It will then be seen that Uriya is a perfectly self contained and independent member of the family.

	Hindi	Punjabi	Sindhi	Gujuraji	Marathi	Uriya	Bengali
Genitive	Ka, Ke ki,	da, de, di, dian	jo, je, ja ji, je, ji ja, jun jyan, jini etc.	no, ni nun	cha, chi chen che, chya chin	ar	er r
Dative	Ko	nun	khe	(mate, arthe saru	-a, -as -ala -	ku	-ere -re
Accusative	Ko	nun	khe	ne	-	ku	-ke
Instrumental	ne	nai	-a	-e	nen, -en sin	dwara	-te
Ablative	se, par	-te	khan, te aun, etc.	thi, thaki	hun, -un	tharu ru	haite
Locative	men	vich	men	man	-an, -in	thare re	te

All the genitives, except Uriya and Bengali, are declined to agree with the

governed noun; in Sindhi, the number of forms arises from a desire to enable the governing noun to agree with each case and gender of the governed; which is not thought necessary in the other languages.

If we pass on to the question of the phonetics of the language, we find some more curious particulars.

Geographical position seems to have some influence here. While Punjabi and Sindhi in the extreme west exhibit a tendency to employ always short vowels and closed syllables, Bengali in the extreme east prefers long vowels and open syllables, while Hindi in the centre holds a middle place, neither too prone to lengthen nor to shorten; and this is a standard by which to measure the other languages. Marathi again, which lies due south of Hindi, and is also somewhat central, being neither very far to the west, nor to the east, exhibits the same centrality as Hindi with which it generally agrees in the quantity of its vowels. Gujurati is more prone to shorten than Marathi and less so than Sindhi. Thus we get in fact a regular gradation from west to east. The more westerly a language is in situation, the greater its tendency to short vowels and closed syllables, and as you go further east by degrees, the long vowel and the open syllable become more and more prominent, till they reach their extreme development in Bengali. Now in this scheme, Uriya holds exactly the the place we should expect. Lying in the same parallel of longitude as Behar, its phonetic system precisely corresponds with that of eastern Hindi, and is consequently less prone to long vowels than Bengali. North and South have no influence in this matter, it is only west and east that we have to consider, and Orissa though south is also entirely west of the Bengali area. A few examples may be given:

Skr. भद्र good, becomes in all the languages भल; as in H.PM. and S. भला. G भलो, लो,लु but B. भाल. Here U has भल as in H. and the rest. Skr. बुभूक्ष hungry. Here as compensation for the loss of the n, the H$ is aspirated to I, and the preceding vowel lengthened into *u* in all the languages except P. and S., which exhibit मुरवा and बुरवा respectively. Uriya here has a *guna* form भोक, concerning which I shall speak below.

Skr. दंश to sting. All the other languages retain the short vowel though

they celebralize the initial X. Bengali alone lengthens it to डाम. Uriya in वशन retains the vowel in its proper quantity.

Skr. सप्त, Prakr. सत्तो ; as compensation for rejecting one त the other languages lengthen the vowel and have सात P. and S. stick to the short vowel and have सत.

So in तम्बु a tent, the derivation of which is obscure, Bengali alone has ताम्बु. Uriya agrees with the others in retaining the short vowel.

तीक्ष्ण bitter, becomes in all तीखा except P. S. and G. which have तिक्या, तिखो and तिखु respectively.

In another point, Uriya is in different camp from Bengali. The three southern languages Gujarati, Marathi and Uriya delight in *guna* vowels in place where the other languages use the pure vowels.

Again the Uriya agrees with Marathi in preferring a dental to a cerebral, whereas the western languages and peculiarly Sindhi cerebralize the Sanskrit dental unnecessarily. This peculiarity rests upon very deep bases and would take a long time to work out. Thus U. G. and M. have ठण्डा, cold, where the other languages have ठण्डा, and Bengali as usual a ठाण्डा (the derivation is not certain, but it is probably from an old part. pass of स्थल to be firm, meaning congealed as ice or contracted by cold as the human body).

I have done here little more than point out the line of argument which should, in my opinion, be followed in cases of this sort. I wish particularly to urge that no researches into any one of the seven languages can be considered complete or satisfactory which do not embrace the whole seven, because they are so closely connected, and mutually shed such light on each other, that the reason for their development and for the forms they exhibit in modern times, depend upon laws, whose operation is universal, cannot be traced in one member only of the group.

Much more may, of course, be said on this subject; in fact a tolerably large book might be written on it. Unfortunately such a book could only be written by a resident of the province, as no respectable grammar or dictionary of the language has yet been published; and as there are few persons in Orissa who are competent to take up the enquiry and work it out fully, we cannot expect to see a good answer to Babu Kanti chandra's book yet a while.

Footnotes:

[1] In classical Sanskrit we have only कला fem, but the masculine must also have been in use, as is shown by numerous poems in the modern languages.

[2] I use the word Hindi advisedly, to signify that great language which, when borrowing largely from Arabic is called also Urdu, which some misguided people would wish to regard as a separate language.

[3] Also tahin, arhin, anin etc. The want of a good literacy standard of spelling is felt very strongly in all the seven languages, notably so in Sindhi.

[4] Journal R. A. S. Vol. III, P. 483.

ON ORIYA LANGUAGE, SCRIPT AND LITERATURE

Of the three classes (Tatsamas, Tadbhava, Desaja) in to which all the languages have been divided in the preceding section, Tatsamas are the least interesting to the student. This class consists of pure Sanskrit words which had long been dead and buried, so to speak, when in comparatively recent times they were resuscitated and brought into use by learned men, partly to supply real wants but still more to show of their own learning. They have not been current in the months of the people long enough since their new birth to have undergone any of those processes of change to which all really living words in every language are constantly subjected; and a great many of them, especially in Bengali and Oriya are not likely ever to be used colloquially. They ought certainly to be excluded from dictionaries. (13)

Oriya is in many respects more like Hindi than Bengali (33)

The excessive number of Tatsamas in Bengali and Oriya, so far from indicating a high standard of preservation, points rather to great poverty in language. These two forms of speech were in use in the two remotest provinces of the Indian empire (35)

In the remote marshes of Bengal and the isolated coast-line of Orissa, the Aryan pulse beat but feebly. Life was ruder and less civilized and non-Aryan tribes mustered in great force in the plains as well as in the Hills.

What the colloquial languages of Bengal and Orissa were like previous to the sixteenth century, we have no means of knowing. (36)

Of course, in the matter of languages, the great Brahmanical theory was, and among the orthodox still to a great extent is that Sanskrit, a divine invention, is the only true and correct Indian language, and that all deviations from Sanskrit observable in the conversation of the masses are corruptions arising from ignorance; and that to purify and improve the vernaculars – Bengali, for instance – every word should be restored to its original Shanskrit shape, and the stream be made to run upwards to its source. Unfortunately for them, but

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fortunately for the world at large this could not be done in the spoken language; but it might at least be done in books, especially in the numerous educational works which the English were then causing to be written. So completely did this idea prevail, that the honest old Tadbhavas were entirely banished from books and a host of Tatsamas dug up from their graves, and (37) resuscitated for daily use. That the Sanskrit, like every other language, was subject to the laws of development, and that Bengali, like every other language, was merely the natural result of those laws, never occurred to carey, Yates, and their brethren; and if such an idea had crossed their minds, it would have been banished as a heresy by the pundits. Orissa at a later date followed the lead of Bengal, and from the causes above mentioned it has resulted that in both provinces the national speech has been banished from books, and now lives only in the mouths of the people; and even they, as soon as they get a little learning, begin to ape their betters and come out with the Tatsamas with which both languages are now completely flooded[1]. (38)

It is enough to say that where Bengali, Oriya, Marathi have recourse to sanskrit, Hindi, Panjabi, Sindhi and Gujarati in a great measure recur to Arabic and Persian; but as the proportions of Hindu and Musulman population are more evenly balanced in the area occupied by Hindi than in that of any other language, the tendency to borrow from Arabic has not, as in the case of Sindhi and Panjabi, where the Musulman population is greatly in excess of the Hindu, quite superseded the preactice of borrowing from Sanskrit; nor on the other hand has the Hindu population, as in the case of Bengali and Oriya, where the Hindus largely preponderate, forced Sanskrit words in to the language, to the exclusion of Arabic (39)

In the extreme west we have Sindh and the Panjab with a great majority of Musalman inhabitants, and a large amount of Arabic words, contrasted with a very scanty allowance of Tatsamas. Going east we come into the great central Hindi area, where the balance between the two races is more even, the numerical Superiority of the Hindus being balanced by the greater intelligence of the Muhammadans, and here we find consequently the habit of borrowing from Persian kept up side by side with recurrence to Sanskrit,

such recurrence, however, being less frequent in consequence of the already existing abundance of Tadbhava words. Further east again, in Bengal and Orissa, there is immense majority of Hindus, and as a natural result a maximum of Tatsamas. (40)

In the Bengali noun we have a purely inflectional genitive, the legitimate descendant of the Sanskrit termination-asya. Bengali and Oriya are like overgrown children, always returning coming to suck the mother's breast, when they ought to be supporting themselves on other food. (53)

Oriya is the most neglected member of the group and retains some very archaic forms. The repulsive and difficult character in which it is written, the rugged and mountainous nature of the greater part of Orissa, and its comparative isolation from the world at large have combined to retard its development. In the noun the genitive and ablative are inflectional, and the locative is probably the same. Its verbal forms still require fuller analysis, but there is much that is inflectional apparent on the surface, though the universal participial system is also in use. In the indefinite present several of the forms retain their pure prakrit dress, as the third person singular in ai and plural anti.

Both in Bengali and Oriya the singular of the pronoun and verb has been banished from polite society and relegated to the vulgar, and the original plural has been adopted as the polite singular, and been supplied with a new plural. Thus in Oriya the singular *mu*, 'I', is considered vulgar, and *amhe,* the old plural, is now used as a singular, and fitted with a new plural *amhemane.* (54)

The Bengali is the most elegant and easiest to write of all the Indian alphabets. It is very little changed from the Kutila brought down from Kanauj by the Brahmans whom King Adisur invited to Bengal in the latter part of the eleventh century. Such slight differences as are perceptible arise from an attempt to form a running hand, in which it should be necessary to lift the pen from the paper in the middle of a word. xxxx (62)

The same praise cannot be awarded to the Oriya character, which is of all Indian characters the ugliest, clumsiest, and most cumbrous. Some of the

letters so closely resemble others that they can with difficulty be distinguished. Such for instance are the following ଚ *cha*, ର *ra*, where only the (62) slanting end-stroke distinguishes the letters, and to make it worse, the medial *e* – is often so written as to be precisely like the *ch*. Then again ତ *ta*, and ଢ *dha*, only differ by the size of the lower loop. ଉ *u*, and ଦ *da*, are also closely similar; ଗ *ga*, ଖ *kha*, ଚା *cha*, ରା *ra*, as also ଶ *s* (श), and ଣ *n* (ण), puzzle the reader by the slightness of their difference, which if troublesome in print, where all the proportions of loops and strokes are rigidly preserved, is still more so in manuscript, where no attention at all is paid to the subject; and a knowledge of the language is the only guide in determining which letter is meant.

The Oriya Characters in their present form present a marked similarity to those employed by the neighbouring non-Aryan nations whose alphabets have been borrowed from the sanskrit. I mean the Telugu, Malayalam, Tamil, Sinhalese, and Burmese, the chief peculiarity in the type of all these alphabets consists in their spreading out the ancient Indian letters into elaborate mazes of circular and curling form. This roundness is the prevailing mark of all, though it is more remarkable in the Burmese than in any other; Burmese letters being entirely globular, and having hardly such a thing as straight line among them. The straight angular letters which Asoka used are exhibited in the inscriptions found at Seoni on the Narmada (Nerbuda) in more than their pristine angularity, but adorned with great number of additional lines and squares, which render them almost as complicated as the Glagolitic alphabet of St. Cyril. The next modification of these letters occurs in the inscriptions found at Amravati on the Kistna, where the square boxes have been in many instances rounded off into semicircles. From this alphabet follow all the Dravidian and the Singhalese; probably also we may refer to this type the Burmese and even the Siamese and the beautiful character in use in Java, which is evidently of Aryan origin, as its system of pasangans, or separate forms for the second letter of a nexus (63) and sandangans, or vowel and diacritical signs, sufficiently testify.

Whether the Oriyas received the art of writing from Bengal or from Central India is a question still under dispute. The probabilities are strongly in favour

of the latter supposition. In the flourishing times of the monarchy of Orissa, the inter-course with Central and Southern India was frequent and intimate. Raja Churanga (or Savanga) Deva, the founder of the Gangavansa dynasty, which ruled from AD 1131 to 1451 came from the south, and was said in native legends to be a son of the lesser Ganges (Godavari). The Princes of that line extended their conquests far to the south, and their dominions at one time stretched from the Ganges to the Godavari, Kapilendra Deva (1451 - 1478) resided chiefly at Rajamahendri and died at Condapilly on the banks of the kistna, have been employed during the greater part of his reign in fighting over various part of the Telinga and Karnataka countries. This monarch also came into collision with the Musalmans of Behar. In fact, the early annals of Orissa are full of allusion to the central and southern Indian states, while Bengal is scarcely ever mentioned. Indeed, the Oriya monarchs at one time did not bear away beyond the Kansbans, a river to the South of Baleshwar (Balasore), and there was thus between them and Bengal a wide tract of hill and forest, inhabited in all probability as much as it is still by non-Aryan tribes. The changes and developments which have brought Oriya into such close connexion with Bengali appear in very many instances to be of comparatively recent origin.

Assuming then that the Oriyas got their alphabet from Central, rather than from Northern India, the reason of its being so round and curling has now to be explained. In all Probability in the case of Oriya, as in that of the other languages which I have mentioned above, the cause is to be found in the material used for writing. The Oriyas and all the (64) populations living on the coasts of Bay of Bengal write on the Talpatra, or leaf of the fan-palm or palmyra (*Borassus Flabelliformis*). The leaf of this tree is like a gigantic fan, and is split up into strips about two inches in breadth, or less, according to the size of the leaf; each strip being one naturally formed fold of the fan. On these leaves, when dried and cut into proper lengths, they



Palmyra Leaf

write with an iron style or Lakhani, having a very fine sharp point. Now, it is evident that if the long, straight horizontal Matra, or top line of the Devanagari alphabet, were used the Style in forming it would split the leaf, because, being palm it has a longitudinal fibre going from the stalk to the point. Moreover, the style being held in the right hand and the leaf in the left, the thumb of the left hand serves as a fulcrum on which the style moves, and thus naturally imparts circular form to the letters. Perhaps the above explanation may not seem very convincing to European readers ; but no one who has ever seen an Oriya working away with both hands at his Lakhani and Talapatra will question the accuracy of the assertion and though the fact may not be of much value. I may add that the native explanation of the origin of their alphabet agrees with this. With the greater extension of the use of paper, which has taken place since the establishment of our rule, especially in our courts of justice, the round top line is gradually dying out, and many contractions have been introduced, which it is to be hoped may be by degrees imported into the printed character.

The Oriya letters have departed, however, less from the early type than those of their neighbours, the Telingas. The vowels have much of the Kutila type, though the practice of carrying the style on from the bottom of the letter to the Matra has caused peculiar lateral curve which disguises the identity of (65) the letter. Let, however, ଉ be compared with उ (i.e. उ with out the matra), ଡ with ड ,and the connection will be at once visible.

Like the Bengalis, the Oriyas have adopted the custom of writing the top stroke of medial e̱ and o̱ before the letter to which it is attached, instead of above it, as Bengali কে ke কো ko. This practice is, however, found in some Devanagari MSS., and is some times used in Gujarati. Being also a high polite sanskrit sort of language in the eyes of its expounders Oriya has been duly provided with symbols for the grammarian's letters ऋ, ॠ, ऌ and ॡ and has also some very formidable snake-like coils to express the various forms of nexus. xxx without going through the whole alphabet letter by letter, it may suffice to say in general terms that the Oriya characters show signs of having arisen from a form of the Kutila characters prevalent in central India, and that

its love of circular forms common to it and the neighbouring nations, is due to the habit of writing on the Talpatra, Talipot, or Palm-leaf with an iron style. (66)

In some cases (up in Bengali) the অ pronounced as a short o, just as in English *not*, thus तावत् *tabat*, not *tavat;* तिरस्कार *tirosh* (not *tiras*) *kar*. Purists, however affect to pronounce it as in Sanskrit, and would read अनल *anal* not *anol.*

The same rule holds good in Oriya, but not to the same extent as in Bengali. In the former language there is much less fondness for open broad sounds than in the latter. In short syllables, especially when unaccented, the अ is sounded *a*; thus कदाच *Ka* (not *ko*) *dach*. Also in syllables where the *a* is long by position, as मण्डल *mandal*, चकला *chakla*. Before र or ड, however it is sounded o, but this o is not such a deep full sound as the Bengali; thus, बड़ is *boro* but often it sounds *bara*, the a here being an attempt to represent a sound half way between the short a in woman and the deep short o of the Bengali. (67)

The semivowels य and व have much in common. In the western languages, Sindhi, Gujarati and Marthi,ज is quite distinct from य. xxx Bengali and Oriya use the character य, but sound it ज *j* in nearly all cases. Thus, the sanskrit work योजना would be pronounced in M., G., and S. *yojan*. In P and H it would be written जोजन, and pronounced *jojan*. In O. and B. it would be written योजन, or even योयन, and pronounced *jojan*. So, completely has य acquired the sound of *j* in these last two languages that when य is intended to retain the sound of *y*, as in Tatsamas, a dot is placed under it to distinguish it. In Oriya ordinary writers even go So far as to write with the य words which have a ज in Sanskrit, as यन्तु for जन्तु।

Similarly with regard to व, xxx Bengali and Oriya have but one character for both sounds and people of those nations are unable to pronounce v or w. (74)

With regard to ल Bengali and Oriya again get into difficulties, often confounding this letter with न. Thus, at times they will write l and say n, and at others they will do the reverse. (75)

Oriya retains in its alphabet the three characters, but except in the so called high style, श and ष are not much used. Both in Orissa and Bengal the

inquirer is met with this difficulty that the learned classes persist in using Sanskrit words in their writings, without regard to the usage of the mass of their countrymen; xxx (76)

Some remarks on the literature of these languages may now be offered, though to give a full and complete review of this subject would occupy many volumes, and would be beyond the limits of my task. (82)

Oriya literature begins with Upendra Bhanj, who was a brother of the Raja of Gumsar, a petty hill-state in the south of Orissa, which even to the present day is celebrated as the home of the purest form of the language. This voluminous poet composed a great number of religious works, many of which are still highly esteemed. His date is not exactly known, but he is supposed to have lived about three hundred years ago. I have a list of thirty of his productions, two of which are rhyming dictionaries, the Sabdamala and Gitabhidano; the rest are episodes from the ancient Pauranic legends erotic poems, and panegyrics on various Gods. They are stated to be generally disfigured by gross indecency and childish quibblings about words, endless repetitions, and all sorts of far-fetched rhetorical puzzles. Dinkrishno Das, a poet of the same age, is the author of the Rasa Kallola, the most celebrated poem in the language; the versification of which is its chief merit, being fluent and graceful; the subject-matter, how ever, is obscene, and contains very little that is new or original. There are also numerous paraphrases of well-known Sanskrit works, such as the Bhagavad-gita, Ramayana, Padma Purana, and Lachhmi Purana.

A few lines are given from Dinkrishno Das's popular poem, the *Rasakollola*, as a specimen of his style —

କୃଷ୍ଣ କଥାରେ ଯାର ସ୍ନେହ ନାହିଁ ।
କାଳ ସଂଘାତକୁ ଦେଖଇ ସେହି ।
କାଳ ଦଣ୍ଡରେ ସେ ଘାତ ହୋଇବ ।
କଷ୍ଟ ସଂଘାତକୁ ସେହି ପାଇବ ।
କହଇ କୃଷ୍ଣ କୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କୁ କଥା ।
କେବେହିଁ ହୋଇବ ନାହିଁ ଅନ୍ୟଥା ।

Rasak., iv., 34. (88)

"He who takes no pleasure in the story of Krishna, beholds Fate close at hand[3]; he shall be smitten with the punishments of Fate, a dreadful death he shall obtain, (Din) Krishna relates the story of Krishna— never shall if be otherwise."

In modern times a few prose works have been composed of considerable merit, but no originality, being either translations or adaptations from the English and Bengali. The Oriyas are beginning to wake up, but none of them have yet received suffficient cultivation to make them really good authors. Nor is there much demand for vernacular literature – the Oriya seldom reads, and not one man in a hundred can write his native language without falling into the grossest errors of spelling and grammar at every turn. (89)

Passing from the Marathas to their ancient victims the Oriyas, a much more homogeneous language is found. In the north of Orissa, about the Subarnarekha river and along the Hijli Coast, and even to within a short distance of Midnapur (Medinipur), a corrupt form of Oriya is spoken, mixed with an equally corrupt form of Bengali. Even in this region, however, many among the peasants are found who speak pure Oriya, and other who speak fairly good Bengali. The position is parallel to that which I have noticed as existing in Ludiana and Amballa, where Hindi and Punjabi are mixed up, so that one is never sure in which of the two languages to address any man. From the Sabarnarekha all down the coast to Puri the ordinary Oriya is spoken with hardly any perceptible differences. The people of the hill-states, however, speak with a clear distinct utterance which contrasts pleasingly with the low muttering and indistinct articulation of the residents of the plains. It is said by the Oriyas themselves that the language is spoken in its greatest purity in the hill-state of Gumsar, the birthplace of the first national poet, Upendra Bhanj. As, however, Gumsar is very far to the south, closely adjoining areas peopled by Dravidians and Kols, this assertion seems rather doubtful. I notice no difference between the speech of those who live in. (105)

Balasore and those who come from the extreme south or Puri or Cuttack; nor do the natives of the province seem able to point out any such differences, though the Balasore people say that they of Cuttack and Puri laugh at them as

imperfect speakers. This may arise from the extraordinary and altogether unparalleled slovenliness of utterance in vogue here. A native of Balasore will not open his mouth or speak clearly and distinctly; a dull hoarse rumbling is all he is capable of. Some few Bengali forms have been naturalized here, as, for instance, kiso = "what", for Keono or Kono; Korite hebo = "it must be done", for Koribaku hebo, where the real Oriya form is so much longer and more unwieldy than the Bengali, that the people have readily thrown if aside for the shorter and simpler expression. (106)

In reviewing the whole question of Indian dialects, several important points attract attention. The first is, that as each of the seven languages, except Oriya, possesses many dialects, xx. (107)

An Oriya can generally understand what (108) is said to him in Bengali, and many Bengalis, for political purposes, insist upon regarding Oriya as merely a dialect of their language. A Bengali peasant from the south of Bengal would understand much, if not all, that was spoken in Oriya, but a native of Northern of Eastern Bengal would not. xxx Panjabis for the most part understand Hindi readily and very quickly learn to speak it correctly abandoning the pecularities of their own language as mere dialectic vagaries. The Hindustanis, from their superior cultivation, take high tone with the simple Punjabis, and laugh them out of their pronunciation, and local forms, insisting, as do certain Bengalis with regard to Orissa, that these latter are mere vulgarisms, to be shunned by correct speakers. (109)

Oriya is separated from Marathi by a long tract of wild hilly country, peopled by non-Aryan races. For fifty years, however, Orissa was under the sway of the Bhonslas of Nagpur,[4] and even after seventy years of British rule the country still bears traces of their rapacity and oppression. From all that I can learn of the traditions of these times, the two peoples found no difficulty in communicating with one another. Of course the Oriyas had to learn the language of their conquerors, and a few Marathi words have thus passed into their language; in the present day, however, they are widely sundered, and it is probable that if they came into contact, they would find it quite impossible to carry on any sustained conversation. (110)

Turning next to the eastern languages, Bengali and Oriya, there exists in the present day an active controversy between the literary heads of the two provinces. The Bengalis assert that Oriya is merely a dialect of Bengali, and has no claim to be considered an independent language, and they mix-up with this assertion a second to the effect that if it is not, it ought to be, mainly because they wish it was, and secondarily because the population of Orissa is so small as compared with that of Bengal that they think it useless to keep up a separate language and written character for so small a province. They further urge that the maintenance of a separate language prevents the Oriyas from learning Bengali and profiting by the vast stores of valuable literature which they consider the latter to contain. Much of this chain of arguments is purely (117) political, and may therefore be very briefly dismissed by the following remarks. If Oriya is to be suppressed because it is only spoken by a few millions of people, it might also be urged that Dutch, or Danish, or Portuguese, should be obliterated also. Basque should also be stamped out, and the same argument would apply to Romaic or Modern Greek, and would justify the Russians in trying to eradicate Polish or the Austrians in annihilating Czech. But when the case of Oriya comes to be considered, it must be remembered that it is spoken not only by five millions in the settled and civilized districts of the sea-coast, but by an uncounted and widely dispersed mass of wild tribes in the vast tract of mountains which covers hundreds of miles inland, and extends as far west as Nagpore and as far south as Telingana. In these regions it is rapidly supplanting the old non-Aryan dialects; and from its having absorbed into itself much of the non-Aryan element, it affords a far better medium of civilization than Bengali. Moreover, it is far beyond the power or the handful of English and Bengalis settled in Orissa to Stamp out the mother tongue of all these millions, and it may be added that any forcible measures of repression would be entirely foreign and repugnant to the spirit of our policy. The result of teaching Bengali in our schools, to the exclusion of the local vernacular, would only be that the small proportion of Oriya boys who attend those schools would know the former in addition to the latter, that they would learn to despise their mother-tongue, and that a gap would

be created between the mass of the peasantry and the small body of educated persons. This result is just what the Bengali would consider proper : from the earliest times in India there has been a chasm, studiously kept open and widened by every effort, between the higher and educated classes and the lower and uneducated – "this people that knoweth not the law is accused". Bengalis would like to maintain this, because it throws all influence into their hands, and delivers the (118) wretched peasant, bound hand and foot by the chains of ignorance, into the power of his oppressors. If we wish to see this huge seething mass of ignorance, vice, and superstition permeated by the light of truth and knowledge, we are bound to fight tooth and nail against the Bengali theory, and, by upholding the speech of the land-folk and helping them to purify and improve it, to render it impossible for interested persons to establish any barrier between the free intercourse of all classes of Society. Philology in this case has a vital and practical importance. Looked at from the purely linguistic side there is no doubt that Oriya has ample proof of its individuality. The poems of Upendro Bhanj and his contemporaries are written in a language which hardly differs in a single word or inflection from the vernacular of to-day, and every word of which is distinctly intelligible to the meanest labourer. These Poems written three hundred years ago, exhibit a perfectly settled modern language, partly analytical and partly synthetical, but the analytical element of which has been so long in use as to have already undergone modifications of a secondary and even tertiary character. It retains unchanged forms which are older than the oldest Bengali or Hindi and others which can only be compared with Bengali forms of three centuries ago, but which have long since died out from that language. Bidyapati, the contemporary of Upendro, writes, as we have seen, in a language more akin to Hindi than to modern Bengali. At a period when Oriya was already a fixed and settled language Bengali did not exist; the inhabitants of Bengal spoke a vast variety of corrupt forms of eastern Hindi. It is not till quite recent times that we find anything that can be with propriety called the Bengali language. (119)

In chronological sequence, therefore, we may place the Hindi with its subsidiary forms, Gujarati and Punjabi, first, xx second comes Marathi; xx and

third Oriya, which must have quite completed its transformations by the end of the fourteenth. Bengali was no separate independent language, but a maze of dialects with out a distinct national or provincial type, till the seventeenth, or beginning of the eighteenth century. (120)

It is difficult to prophesy the future of this group, so much depends upon political changes which no man can fore see. It may however with much probability be surmised that the immense extension of roads, railways, and other means of coomucation, will result in the extinction of Panjabi and the dialects of Rajputana and the consequent general adoption of one uniform language, the persianised form of Hindi from the Indus to Rajmahal and from the Himalayas to the Vindhyas. xxx Gujarati will probably be the first to be assimilated, xxx Sindhi on the West, Bengali on East, will resist absorption much longer: the former owing to its fundamental divergence of type; the latter by virtue of its high cultivation and extensive literature. xxx Oriya and Marathi may probably continue to hold their own to a more distant time, though in both provinces the number of persons even among the lowest classes, who are aquainted with Urdu is already considerable, and is daily increasing. (121)

Footnotes:

[1] Yates Bengali Grammar initiates the student into all the mysteries of Sandhi as though they were still in use, and his distress, when he is obliged to give a genuine vernacular from instead of some stilted Sanskritism, is quite ludicrous. Thus in introducing the common pronouns mui, tui, which are of course the real original pronouns of the language, he says, "It would be well for the first and second of these pronouns, and for the verbs that agree with them, to be expunged from the language" (!) One feels tempted to ask why he didnot try to expunge I and thou from English, and to substitute the much more elegant phrases, "your humble servant" and "your worship".

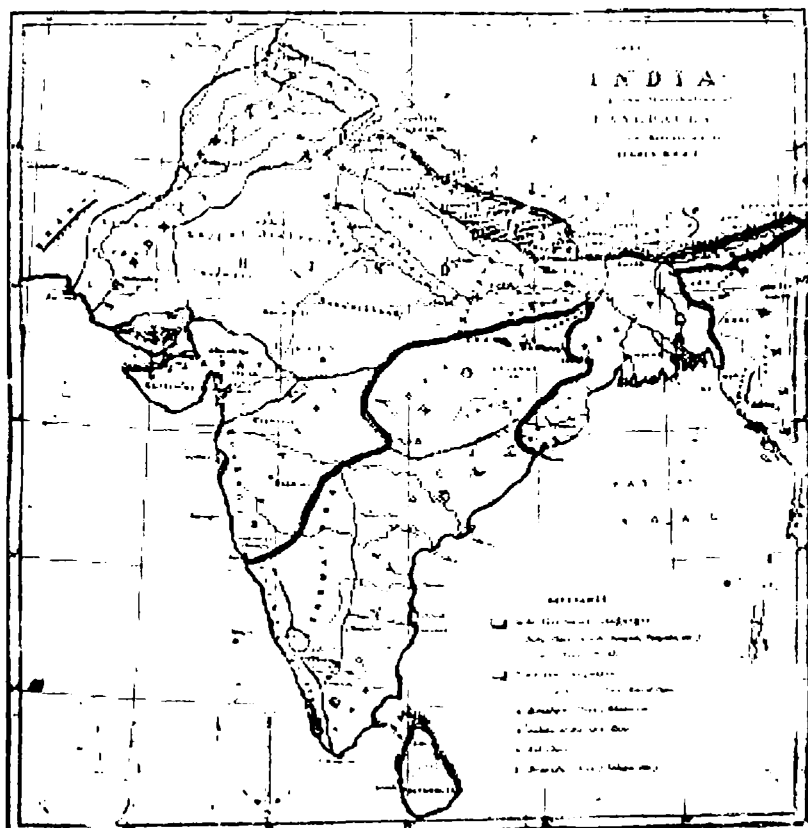
[2] These letters pronounced *ra, ru, lu, loo*, respectively, the common people often use them for ऋ, ॠ, ऌ and ॡ ; thus, we see *delun* "I gave" written देलु propperly *delrn*; and *rup* "form" ऋप properly *rip*

[3] Literally, "the association of Yama", considered as Fate; *sanghat* in the second line is used in the sense of association, or propinquity; in the fourth, in that of killing or death. This verge is almost identical with the modern spoken language; hoibo = hebo is the only archaism.

[4] It must be mentioned, however, in fairness to the Bhonslas, that they were very active in public works. Their tanks, roads, bridges, and dykes are still in existance, and were constructed on a princely scale, though, as they were not hampered with any sruples about paying their work-people, it was as easy for them to execute lordly designs as it is for the Khedive of Egypt in the present day. This little point should be remembered by those who reproach the English for the inferiority of their public works. What ever we do is paid for.

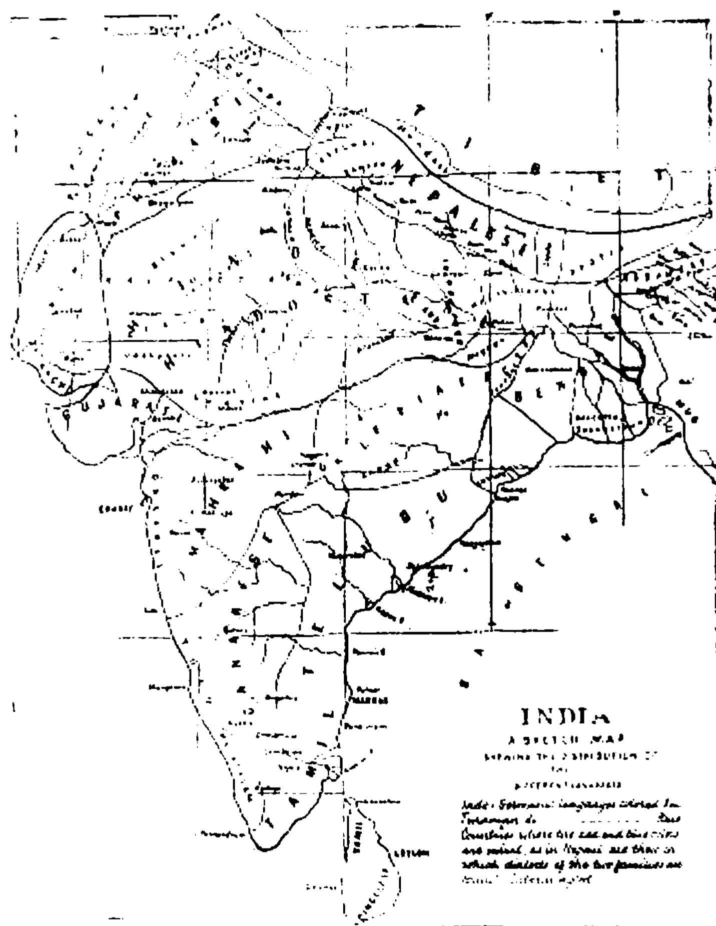
URIYA

Uriya extends along the seacoast from the Subanrekha to near Ganjam; landwards its boundary is uncertain, it melts gradually into the Khond and other rude hill dialects and co-exists with them. In Bastar and the neighbourhood, some classes speak Uriya and some Khond. I am informed that Hindustani and Bengali are much used as a means of intercourse between different classes. If this be true, it is only another instance of the strong tendency of Hindustani to supply the place of *lingua franca* in all parts of India. This language is spoken by nearly two millions of people.



Map appended in the 2nd edition of *Outlines of Indian Philology*, 1868 – K. P.

Beames' discussion on Uriya language, from his book *Outlines of Indian Philology*, 2nd edn. 1868, Page 15-16. The title 'Uriya' is given by me – K. P.



Map appended in the reprint of *Outlines of Indian Philology* entitled Outlines of India Philology and other philological papers, (1960). Interestingly, some bold lines and a good number of names of the languages, such as Oriya, are omitted here. – K. P.

FOLKLORE OF ORISSA

Owing to the isolation in which their country has remained for so many ages, the peasantry of Orissa have retained old world ideas and fancies to a greater extent than any other Aryan people of India. They are shy of imparting these ideas to strangers, and a man might live among them for years without finding out the singular views and original processes of reasoning on which many of their habits are based. This shyness arises, I suppose, from the gradual infiltration of modern ideas. The men are beginning to be ashamed of these antiquated fancies, and though in their hearts believing in them, would rather not talk about them and would prefer to pass for men of the world, blasé indifferent free-thinkers to whom all ideas of religion are childish inventions fit only to be smiled at. The women however are still bigotedly attached to the traditions of the past, and the ruder peasantry are in the same primitive stage of credulity.

I do not propose to classify these strange superstitions, but merely to string them together as I hear them, nothing here and there curious parallelisms between them and those of our own English peasantry. Students of comparative mythology may draw their own conclusions, but as I do not feel convinced that every one we read of ancient history represents the sun, nor that all heathen religions are "myths of the dawn," I do not wish to complicate my simple remarks by plunging into the misty regions of the early Aryans, or those of Baal, Bel, Belus and so forth. Human nonsense, like human sense, is very much the same everywhere, and it is only because in ruling men one must take their nonsense into consideration quite as earnestly as their sense, that these scraps of folk-lore are worth recording at all.

Witches abound in Orissa and are called danani, (Sanskr.डाकिण्णी or डोम्भणी) a word in use in all the Aryan languages of India. They have the power of leaving their bodies and going about invisibly, but if you can get a flower of the *pan*, or betel-leaf, and put it in your right ear, you will be able to see the witches, and talk to them with impunity. The pan however never flowers, or

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rather the witches always cause the flower to be invisible, so you are not likely to find it. This is like the English peasants belief in the virtues of fern-seed.

Witches congregate under banian or pipal trees (in Oriya the first is bor, **बड**, Skr. **बट**. —the second oshoth **भसथ**, Skr. **भश्वत्य**) which grow on the margin of a tank, and if you sit under such a tree in such a position at either of the dawns, that is in the grey of morning or at evening twilight, you will come to grief, especially if the day be Saturday, when the influence of the planet Saturn prevails, or Tuesday when that of Mars is strong. On those days the witches are most powerful, and you will be struck with sickness, or idiotcy, or suffer loss of property.

A favourite pastime of witches is to get inside the body of a person, who then becomes insensible. In this case you must repeat the following very powerful mantro or spell, and then ask the witch her name, which she will be obliged to tell you. You may then go to her house, where you will find her walking about as usual. After a severe beating she will be obliged to leave the body of her victim, who will then recover.

This is the mantro, but care must be taken never to speak it except when a witch has actually taken possession of a person, because if you repeat the spell to any one, all sorts of terrible things will happen; for this reason my informant *wrote* it out for me.[1] It looks quite harmless, not to say meaningless, to the uninitiated eye.

Mantro.

Take a handful of dust, and while reciting the following, drop it softly on the crown of the head of the person afflicted.

Bhaj nam keutoni ta puo nam Mahabira.
Hate gheni kati buli nisa bhagorati
Mo jala paila asi jojan ghoti
Mo dehoku peli pasu Mahadeb trisul sakti
Oila gunia basila mari
Swargoru dui angulo chhari
Ki Chahunlo kumaruni peti

Lakhe Sib hoile ubha
Mote chharo nobodwar,
Alo! danani raktokhai
Churang Raja mor bhai
Debi Parsuni mor mai
Swargoru aila dela pai
Loho loho jihba bhayangkor murti
To dekhi Hara Parbati
Jeinki pesibe teinki jibu
Amukai angore bhuto thau, peto thau, danani thau, chirkuni thau.
Gharodrushti, bahar drushti, mata pitadrushti, hatua batua drushti, ehi angore je kichhi thao chharo! chharo!
Na chharu boli kahar agya
Bir Churangor koti agya.

Then blow three times between the joined hands into the afflicted person's mouth and face.

Translation.

The Keut woman's name is Bhaj, her son's name is Mahabira,
Holding a dagger in his hand he walks at mid-night
My net when dipped extends eighty yojans.
The power of the trident of Mahadeb rushes into my body.
The exorciser has come, he sits crouching
Two fingers' breadths from heaven.
What wouldst thou, hag of a potter's wife?
Siva standing by beholds thee.
Leave me by the nine doors,
O blood-sucking witch!
Churang Raja is my brother,
Parsuni Debi is my mother;
She has come from heaven planting her foot.
With wagging tongue, of fearful shape
Hara and Parbati look at thee,
Wherever they shall send thee, there thou shalt go.
In so-and-so's (naming the person *afflicted*) body be there bhut, be there

pet, be there witch, be there chirkuni; glance in the house, glance outside, father and mother's glance, glance at market or road; in his body whatsoever there may be, Leave! Leave!

I won't leave, it says, whose order is it?

The myriad orders of Bir Churang.[2]

In building a house you must be careful to begin with the southern wall and build northwards, and it is very unlucky to add to a house on the south side. If you are obliged to do so you must leave a cubit and a quarter of clear space between the new house and the old.

There is a verse about this,

Pubo hans, pachim bans
Dakhin chore, uttar bere

That is –

East goose, west bamboo,
South left, north hedge.

Which may be thus interpreted : – on the east of the house there should be a tank, (hans is a goose, and geese swim in tanks), on the west a grove of bamboos, the south should be left open, and the north enclosed with a hedge. A rationalizing pandit of Balasor thus expounds: There should be a tank on the east side of the house so as to catch the morning sun, and make it comfortable while you sit and scrub your teeth with a stick, and wash yourself, and rinse your rice, and so on. There should be a grove of bamboos on the west to shelter the house from the hot afternoon sun, and the terrible dust-storms which come from that quarter. The south should be open to allow the delicious sea breeze to blow from the south, as it does all the hot weather, and the north should be fenced and planted with trees to keep off the nasty raw northwind which comes in the rains and gives every one fever and rheumatism. There is ingenious but *ex post facto*, because the same superstition prevails in upper India, where there are no tanks, and where the conditions of wind and seasons are very different; moreover, the rhyme is not in Oriya, but something which looks like bad Hindi of Behar.

You must take care never to call a man back when he is leaving the house,

or the business on which he was going will come to nought. His mother may call him back without harm. If you ask why his mother has this privilege, you are told it is because when Krishna was setting forth to kill Kans, his mother Jasoda called him back, and gave him some curds, and as he was successful on that occasion, as everbody knows, a mother's recall has been harmless ever since.

You must not leave empty water-jars about in the front of a house, or else any one who sees them when starting on a journey will suffer some accident.

If you knock your head against the lintel of the door when going out, you must sit down for a time before going on. This you might be inclined to do naturally, especially if you got a hard crack.

If you are hit by the pankha used to fan the fire, you must spit thrice, because he who is hit by the pankha dies within the year, unless he transfers the curse to the earth by spitting three times.

In the same way, if you hit yourself on the foot with the chanchuni, a broom made of palm leaves, while you are sweeping the house, you must break of a piece of the leaf, chew, and spit it out.

When a man sneezes, his male friends ought to say "Bhagwan rakhya karuntu," i.e. "May God preserve you!" but women say "Jiu," i.e. "live!" or "achmar ho," a phrase whose meaning is not certain, in consequence of which it is more used than the other.

The ceremonies and precautions necessary to be observed by and towards ladies when in an interesting condition are so numerous and complicated that they must be left for another article. I will merely, in conclusion, observe that rice when growing is also considered as a pregnant woman, and the same ceremonies are observed with regard to it, as in the case of human females.

NO. II

Witches object to be disturbed when in possession of a victim, and are apt to turn on the exerciser and revenge themselves on him. To prevent this it is advisable to repeat the following mantra before uttering that mentioned in

the last number:—

Bajra kilani bajra dwar
Chau kuli chan dwar
Dahane Dahanchandi bame khetropal
Age Narsingho, pachhe asto betal
Mo ange parila mahamudra bajrakapat
Koti aile goti na chharibu!
Kahar agya?
Kaunri Kamakhyar koti agya.

Thunder-bolt bar, thunder-bolt door
Four sides, four doors.
On the right Dahanchandi, on the left Balram,
In front Narsingh, behind eight demons.
The great seal, the thunder door, has fallen!
    on my body,
If a myriad come, do not allow one to enter!
By whose order?
The myriad come, do not allow one to enter!
By whose order?
The myriadorders of Kaunri Kamakhya.

I do not attempt to make sense of all this rubbish. It is sufficient to observe that there are human beings who believe in its efficacy.

Kaunri Kamakhya, Dahanchandi and some others are deities who specially preside over incantations, and have power over sprites, hobgoblins, demons, and witches. The first named is said to reside in Asam.

The following rather diffuse mantra is infallible as a cure for snake bites. It is not quite such nonsense as the others:—

Rajani parbatre Surjyo jyoti,
Kamal pushpa toli gole prabhu Dasaratha.
Kathau thoile Krushna Kadambari mule,
Sudre sudre pad barhaila Jamunar jale.
Jamuna jale thila ati nago maye murha,
Bharata janaila; sankat kikat kili;

Mailek toli bisho gola dwadasa anguli,
Ketek gardi jharila gunibar
Tebe na sulile prabhu chakradhar
Debtamane bicharo arambhile
Kahin achho ho! Gorur aso ho! bolile;
Ramyek dwipore Gorur charu thila
Khaibar aharo taku lagila ki pita.
Tahar charitra kohibi jagjita
Mu tote boloin ho! khago pakhibar,
Dhusai pasibu Himagiri parbatar;
Parbate thila amruto kundo goti
Berhi khanda sabal lakhe kandarpo jakhar thile.
Alpo kori Gorur dena bistarile
Dela amruto, uthile prabhu bhagwano.
Sadguru panoku sikhya kore ano
Debi Bisti Maku koti koti namaskaro

Light of the sun on the moutain at night,
The lord Dasaratha went holding a lotus.
Krishna put his sandals at the root of the
Kadambari tree,
Slowly slowly he advanced his feet in the Jamuna's water.
In the Jamuna's water was a snake foolish with illusions,
Bharata informed him; Sankat-kikat-kili;
He bit holding him the poison went twelve fingers deep,
The exorciser swept many incantations
Then the lord Chakradhar did not move.
The gods began to consult
Where art thou, ho! Gorur come ho! they said.
Gorur was feeding in the Ramyak island
His food tasted to him like poison.
His history I will tell, conqueror of the world!

I tell thee O lord of birds,
Rushing enter the Himalaya mountain;
In the mountain there was a pot of nectar
With swords and maces ten thousand kandarpas and Yakshas surround it.
Gorur spread his wings a little
He gave the nectar, the lord Bhagwan arose.
Student bring in thy hand a gift to the good guru.
I salute a myriad myriad times Debi Bisti Ma.

"Sankat, kikat, kili" are nonsense words, which though they are just translateable are stated to be here used in some mystic sense. Gorur is the Oriya pronunciation of Garuda, Debi Bisti is another of the goddesses who have power over demons. The short o is the equivalent of ଅ and is so pronounced in open unaccented syllables, though it sounds *a* in accented or closed ones.

Footnotes:

[1] Mantras must be written in red ink on the leaves of Bhojpatra.

[2] It is not to be expected that anything like connected sense should be made of this rhapsody : the translation is as literal as the corrupted and vulgar nature of the Oriya will permit.

Keotuni a female keot or fisherman's wife. This is the vulgar form of the Sanskrit Kaivartta. Peto, and fem. peti, or from Skr preta. Nobodwar – the nine doors, are the nine orifices of the body – eyes, ears, mouth &c.

Chirkuni is a little witch who lurks under bushes in lonely places and bewitches the cows as they come home in the evening.

Churang Raja is the celebrated King of Orissa, who founded the Gangabansi dynasty in A. D. 1181. He is supposed to have been the son of the San Ganga or little Ganges i. e. the Godavari river and was a celebrated magician in his life-time.

Glance, of course, refers to the evil eyes, the look by which the witch has done the mischief.

In the transliteration o stands for at or short a as the Oriyas pronounce it. This short a is only sounded as o in unaccented or final syllables. In all other respects the mantra is transliterated on the usual Jonesian system, but allowances must be made for many vulgarisms which would not be found in classical Oriya. n is the answara.

NOTES ON THE RASAKALLOLA
AN ANCIENT ORIYA POEM

The Rasakallola or "Waves of Delight" is the most popular poem in Orissa. Its songs are sung by the peasantry in every part of the country, many of its lines have passed into proverbs, and have become "household words" with all classes. It owes this great popularity in some measure to its comparative freedom from long Sanskrit words, being for the most part, except when the poet soars into the higher style, written in the purest and simplest Oriya vernacular.

The great religious revival in India in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with which the name of Chaitanya is inseparably connected throughout Orissa and Bengal, turned the current of popular thought in the direction of the worship of Vishnu, under his newly-invented, or perhaps I should say, recently popularized, manifestation of Krishna. It is to the Vaishnavas in all parts of India that we owe the earliest and most copious outpourings of poetic thoughts. In the majority of instances these poems are monotonous, childish, and indescribably indecent variations on the leading features of the Bhagavata Purana. The Rasakallola is one of this class, and superadds to the usual impurity of Indian poems on this subject, that special and peculiarly revolting obscenity which is the distinguishing characteristic of the Oriya mind.

Fortunately, however, the earlier parts of the poem, relating as they do to incidents in the childhood of Krishna are free from this objection, and from them we may be able to reproduce extracts which will exhibit the nature and style of this popular work without offending against propriety.

The author of the Rasakallola, Din Krishna Das, was a Vaishnava or quasi-religious idler at the great temple of Jagannath at Puri. He is popularly believed to be the son of the god. His mother was one of the female devotees who live in the temple, and are, theoretically, chaste and virtuous. The lady in question, however, one fine morning, was delivered of a son, to the great scandal of the highly virtuous society. Being asked how she came to do such a reprehensible

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thing, she related a long and somewhat confused story to the effect that one night as she was worshipping in the temple while all the others were asleep, the god himself descended from his shrine, and honoured her with his society. The story so effectually accounted for the birth of Din Krishna, and so ingeniously removed all scandal from the sacred community, that it was eagerly taken up and bruited abroad. The boy was brought up as a Vaishnava, and, as far as the Pandits of the present day know, spent the whole of his uneventful life at Puri, composing poetry and dawdling about the courtyards and gateways of the temple. His date is ascertained approximately by the fact that some verses of his in praise of the reigning sovereign Purushottam Deb (A. D. 1478-1503) are still extant. These verses must have been written after that monarch's celebrated expedition to Conjeveram, and we may therefore place Dinkrishna Das and his poem, the Rasakallola, at the close of the fifteenth century, that is a little less than four hundred years ago; three hundred years later than Chand the earliest Hindi poet. Dinkrishna is contemporary with the first Gujarati poet Narsingh Mehta of Junagadh, with Nanak Shah the Panjabi reformer, with Kabir and Keshab Das of Hindustan, and with Vidyapati of Bengal. Most of these authors were followers of the new Vaishnava doctrines, and though Vishnu, under his form of Jagannath, had long been worshipped in Orissa, yet the restoration of his temple, and we may suspect, his complete identification with Vishnu as the supreme being, only date from two hundred years earlier, if the annalists of the province may be believed. There is some doubt about the point, as many other signs seem to show that the ancient Siva worship was prevalent in Orissa till a much later date, in fact until Chaitanya himself, by his visit to the province, introduced his distinctive tenets.

Be this as it may, and the subject is one which cannot be entered into here, it is evident that in the poem before us we have the earliest fruit of the literary instincts which the Vaishnava creed awakened in Orissa, as it did in all other parts of Aryan India.

We now turn to the poem itself. It consists of 32 cantos (chhanda) varying in length from 50 to 150 lines. I have not counted the whole poem, nor in fact have I as yet finished reading it all through, but from a cursory examination, I

should estimate it to contain about four thousand lines. The meters are generally very light and graceful, and the poem was intended, as most of these poems are, to be sung. Indeed the Pandits strongly object to our English habit of reading poetry, and affirm that the full beauty of the meters cannot be appreciated unless they are sung, i.e. chanted through the nose in a dolorous minor key. To our ears this lugubrious whining, with the harsh voices which all Oriyas unfortunately possess, varied by an insane howl and accompanied by the dulcet tom-tom and the harmonious penny-whistle of the country, is not on the whole pleasing or enjoyable. Still *de gustibus*, &c. when read, the poem is certainly very pretty, and trips as lightly off the tongue as an Irish melody or a French chansonette.

The first canto is in a metre called Rag Gujari; and in reading poetry the final short *a* of Sanskrit words, which is usually dropped in prose or in speaking, must invariably be pronounced. It sounds however like a very short o. In this metre no account is taken of long or short syllables; each consonant with the vowel attached to it is regarded as an *instant* or unit of the verse (matra), at the eighth instant there must be a caesura (jati), and after the caesura five more instants, the whole verse (charan) thus consisting of thirteen instants, and the couplet (pada) of twenty-six. Thus in the two first lines we must scan thus (I mark of each instant by | and the caesura by | | —

Ka | ra | sa | dhu | ja | na | ma | ne[8] | | ma | na | ku | e | ka[5]
Ka | ra | dhi | re | dhya | na | ni | la[8] | | cha | la | na | ye | ka |

This first canto opens with an invitation to all good men to meditate on Krishna whose praises are then set forth. He is declared to be the supreme god, and even Siva and Brahma worship him. The last six lines invoke the protection of the god on the poet and his poem. They run thus:—

Karuna sagara sagaraja-nayaka,
Kara abhaya abhayabara-dayaka
Kashta-mahidhara mahidhara-kantaka
Kalusha-baranara barana-antaka
Kara agva kansa-nisudana! eteka
Kahu Dinakrishna Krishna katha aneka. Iti.

Ocean of mercy, lord of the ocean-born,
Make me fearless, O granter of the gift of boldness!
Thou art as lightning to the mountain of woe,
As a lion to the elephant of sin.
Give the order, O slayer of Kans! thus *saying*.
"Tell Dinkrishna, many a tale of Krishna."

This extract exemplifies the taste for playing on words so much cultivated by Indian poets. Thus in the first line sagaraja, a name of Lakshmi, is introduced to jingle with the preceding sagara; in the third mahidhara-kantaka or the "mountain-splitter" for lightning, and in the fourth barananta or the "destroyer of elephants," for the lion, —are considered great beauties of style.

The first canto, consisting chiefly of religious ideas and invocations, naturally bristles with Sanskrit words, but in the second canto we get to business, and drop a good deal of the high flown style. It begins by relating how the earth, oppressed by demons, sought assistance from Brahma, who in order to keep up the idea of his subordination to Vishnu, is made to intercede with the supreme being on behalf of the earth. The metre (Rag chaukhi) is one of the prettiest in the whole poem.

Kaunapa kulare bhari hoi dharani sundari,
Binaya kari Brahmanka age kahila,
"Kansa pratapare deha hoila ati duhsaha,
Ki karibi ebe kaha," boli boila
Kusaketu suni se katha,
Kahile Jagannathaku abani byatha.

Kamalamukhi Kamalakantha marakata mala
Agya dele *karuna* katakhye anai
Kichhi na bichara tumbhe Jadukule jai ambhe
Jata hebun Kansa-prana ghiniba pain
Kara tumbhe ebe gamana,
Karibaku gope keli ambhara mana.

Oppressed by the demon race, the beautiful earth Making supplication

before Brahma said —

"From the splendour of Kansa my body has become intolerable;

What shall I do? tell me now" speaking she said, Kusaketu (Brahma) hearing this speech,

Told to Jagannath the grief of the earth.

The lotus faced, *he who is* a sapphire necklace on the neck of Lakshmi

Looking with pitying glance, thus gave order –

"Take thou no care; going into the race of Jadu, I will be born in order to take the life of Kansa.

Go thou now away,

On sporting in Gop my mind is bent."

Then follows a description of the birth of Krishna and his transfer to the house of Nand. Durga, taking the shape of a female infant, is given to Basudeb, who brings her back from Nand's house to his own. Kans, warned by his guards, comes and demands the child from the father. Basudeb alleges that as it is a girl it can do him no harm, and begs to be allowed to keep it. Kans refuses to listen, and quotes from Indian mythology several instances in which Vishnu taking a female form has destroyed members of his own demon race. Here the poet indulges in a rather strikingly expressed remark on the character of bad men in general and Kans in particular.

Karpura chandana dei, rasuna ropile nei,
Kebehen chharai ki kutsita basana
Kutila dushta nastika mahapapi abibeki
Lokanka swabhaba ehi prakare sina;
Kokila bachana madhura
Kari birogi jana mana bidhura.

In planting garlic, though it be covered with camphor and sandal,
Will it ever lose its disgusting smell?
Of crafty, wicked, unbelieving, sinful, unreflecting
Persons the nature is exactly like this.
Even the sweet voice of the koil,

Disturbs the mind of a sick man.

Kans therefore takes the child and dashes it against a stone. As he does so it changes into the goddess Durga, flies up into the air, and vanishes having pronounced 'a curse on Kans. The rest of the canto is occupied by a description of how Nand took care of the child Krishna and his brother Balarama.

Every line in the poem begins with the letter क this is a favourite conceit in Oriya poetry, and is found in several other poems. It does not seem to hamper the poet at all, as a very large number of common words begins with that letter.

The language of this second canto is pure vernacular colloquial Oriya. It is only here and there that an antiquated or obsolete word occurs. This fact supplies an argument, which cannot be refuted, against the pretensions of the Bengalis, who claim the Oriya language as merely a dialect of their own, because at the time Dinkrishna wrote the Bengali language did not exist in its present form. In the writings of Dinkrishna's contemporary Bidyapati the language is far from being identical with modern Bengali; it is in fact merely a dialect of Eastern Hindi.

A noticeable feature in this poem is the readiness with which the poet's native language lends itself to the metres which he employs. Consequently there are very few of those arbitrary lengthenings and shortenings of vowels, elisions of case and tense-endings which in the oldest Hindi and Gujarati poems so much obscure the real language of the period. In reading the latter class of poems we are never sure that we are being presented with a real living picture of the language as it was actually spoken by the contemporaries of the author; we have to allow for so many licenses of form and construction that it is only by observing the shape taken by a particular word, in places where no *vis metri* occurs to change it, that we can feel even tolerably certain that we have at length lit upon its genuine colloquial guise. No such difficulty confronts us in Dinkrishna's flowing and facile verse. If we except an occasional dieresis such as परवेश for महेश, समरण for समरण and a few other easily recognized licenses, the language is the same as that in which the gentle and refined Oriya clodhopper of to-day fondly curses his wife or his bullocks, or grumbles over

his daily pill of adulterated opium.

In the third canto the Gopis hear that a son has been born to Nand and rush tumultuously to Nand's house to see the infant. Here occurs one of those absurd pieces of exaggeration which so frequently, to European taste, spoil the beauty of Indian poems. The Hindu never knows when to stop. Starting from the generally accepted opinion that the female form is most symmetrical and beautiful when the waist is slender and the parts immediately below it large and round, the poet proceeds to make the waists of the Gopis so absurdly thin and their continuations so enormously large that they become, instead of the ideals of loveliness he intends them to be, monsters of deformity. One charming creature who appears to have combined in her own person every possible disproportion, is thus addressed by the girdle round her waist—

Kaha katire Jaki kanchi mala
Kahu achhi, "dhire are abala!
Kama mada tu hoi matta, bhola
Karu majha thare ja ere hela
Ki! tu janu nahun e jere saru
Kucha jugala tora jere guru?
Karu achhu jaha drudha gamana
Kale ehaku heu achhi samana.
Ki to sahasa jayajiba praye,
Ki ba eha thare ere nirdaye?
Ki ki hoi e jebe jiba bhangi?
Kale tu hi maribu eha lagi

From the waist of one the girdle calling
Says, "gently, gently, O maiden!
Thou, intoxicated with the wine of love,
Forgettest thy waist of what sort *it is*.
What ! knowest thou not how slender it is
And thy twin breasts how heavy?
The swift pace which thou maintainest

Shortly will be its destruction.

What, is thy boldness like the spider's

Or why on this (the waist) art thou so pitiless?

What will happen when it shall break?

At that time thou too wilt die."

The poet seems rather proud of this tasteless trifling for he specially remarks that this is to be regarded as a metaphor, and is elegant and fanciful (adhyahara).

The Gopis crowd round the two infants, and examine them with every mark of delight. The sun, the moon, night, lotuses, the sea, and all sorts of plants and animals are called into comparison, and are pronounced inadequate to rival the beauty of Krishna's black skin, or Balarama's white one. The Gopis then go home looking back and lingering and loth to depart, and the canto ends.

The metre of the second canto, which I omitted to describe before, consists of four lines to the pada or stanza. The first and third are very long consisting of 29 matras each. There are caesuras at the eighth and sixteenth matras, the syllables of which generally rhyme with each other. The last syllable of the first line rhymes with that of the second. Owing to the great length of the lines it is customary to write the first sixteen matras as one line and the remaining thirteen as a second line. The third line has nine matras with caesura at the fourth, and the fourth line thirteen with caesura at the eighth matra; thus:

1. Ka | ra | a | he | sa | dhu | ja || na | ma | ne | ma | na | e | ka | ta | na |
   kar | na | de | i | ka | ma | la || na | ya | na | ka | tha | ku |
2. The same.
3. ka | la | ka | ra | an | dha | ra | pra | ye |
4. Krish | na | ka | tha | sra | va | na | re | du | ri | ta | *kha* | ye |

The rhyme-syllables are in italics.

The metre of the third canto is very simple. It is the *Rag kedar chakrakeli*, and consists of two charans to the pada, each containing nine matras with no caesura. The charans rhyme.

The fourth canto is in the Ahari metre with 12 matras to the charan and two rhyming charans to the pada. There is a caesura at the ninth matra.

Thus—

kar | na | de | i | su | na | a | he | sa | | dhu | ja | ne.
ku | ma | ran | ka | jan | mi | le | ke | | te | di | ne.

It relates how Krishna in his cradle destroyed various demons sent against him by Kans. In the description of the Nag Putana, who turned herself into a beautiful female, we see what sort of drèss and adornment was considered *chic* in Dinkrishna's time; for this reason it is worth quoting,—

Kala Kutila kuntale khosa khosi,
Kamaniya phula mala sachi misi;
Kapalare sindura mandala chita,
Katakshare mohu achi urdhvareta;
Karne tataka, bhramari, phula sohe;
Kanthe kantha-abharana mana mohe;
Kari tambula-bolare oshtha ranga,
Karu achhi purushanku dhairja bhanga;
Kanthi nasa-abharana nasapute,
Kajvala paripurita netra-tate;
Karne sari jae jai achhe lanji,
Kami dekhile hoibe kame ganji;
Kare tara, churi, kariali raje;
Kwana-kwana pahura padare baje;
Kantha-tate deunria-male bandhi
Kala-megha sarhi eka achhi pindhi.

Her black wavy hair knotting in a knot
A garland of lovely flowers she has mingled *in it*;
On her brow a round mark of vermilion;[1]
With her glance she is ravishing Siva;
In her ear the *tataka,*[2] *bhramari*[3] and flowers shine;
On her neck the necklace fascinates the mind;
Dyeing her lip with betelnut juice;
She is breaking down the composure of men;

In her nostril the *Kanthi*[4] and nose-jewel;
The lampblack completely surrounds her eye,
The streak of it extends as far as her ear,[5]
Amorous men seeing it would go mad with love;
On her hand shines the *tara*,[6] bracelet, and armlet;
"Twang twang" sounds the anklet on her foot;
On the pit of her neck she has bound a *deunria*[7]
A dark-blue sarhi she has put on.

It will be seen that then, as now, the wearing of gewgaws and ornaments was highly popular. In spite of all the profusion of jewellery, however, the lady's dress consists of nothing but a sarhi. The sarhi is a broad and long cloth would tightly round the waist in such a way as to expose the right leg half way up the thigh, the end is then brought round over the head. In the present instance, however, it must have been worn decorated with flowers. The wearing of the sarhi over the shoulders only is customary among the non-Aryan hill-tribes to this day, and may possibly have been the custom among the Aryan population also in former times. It is so worn also by the Telingas. As the connection of the Oriyas, until recent times was greater with their neighbours to the south than it was with those on the north, we may suppose that the habit of wearing the sarhi on the head is of late introduction from Bengal.

The fifth canto relates the childish sports of Krishna, and is itself very childishly and tedious. Krishna seems to have spent his time principally in stealing and devouring curds, cream, and butter, of which articles his diet appears to have chiefly consisted. He also makes jokes with the Gopis, and indulges in *double entendres* of a very ungodlike character. The sixth canto continues the same subject *ad nauseam*.

One or two passages a little more sensible than the rest may be quoted. Here is a description of Krishna's roguishness:

Kandhai hasae bina karane;
Ki pari chanhe se nayana kone,
Kila kinchita bhabaku barhai,

Kahun kahun motailaku pai,
Kalita ambha agare jata,
Kahun sikhila e ete charita?
Ke bole dine mu kahili dhire,
Kahinki gola kara gopapure?
Kipan mo puraku bije na kara?
Kete Khaiba dadhi, dudha, sara.
Kesaba suni boile hasi
Kete pani dudhe achhi misi;
(Gopi *loquitur*)
Having made me cry he makes me laugh for nothing
How he looks out of the corner of his eye!
He increases one's playful disposition,
From time to time meeting answering glances
Only yesterday he was born in our presence,
Whence has he learnt such conduct?
One says "one day I said softly,
'Why do you make such a disturbance in Gop?
Why do you not honour my house with a visit?
Hou much curds, milk, and cream you shall eat."
Kesaba hearing said laughing,
"How much water has been mixed in your milk?"

This last line is a *double entendre* whose second meaning may be left to be guessed.

A second passage represents the Gopis as indignant with Nand for sending Krishna to tend the cattle --

Keun sukha nahin Nanda ghare, ehi putra jae brindabana ku;
Karupa hridaya nuhanti nirdaya,
dhika ehankara dhanaku !
Keun bidhata kala emanta abichara
Koti lakshmi jaha sebaku banchanti
Se kare banaku sanchara,

What happiness is there not in Nand's house,
yet this boy goes to the cowpens;
they are not merciful in heart, but pitiless;
Fie on their wealth!
What god has made this mistake;
He whom a myriad Lachmis desire to worship
Tramps about the forest.

The meter is that of the Rag Kaushiki containing four lines to the stanza. The first two lines consists of twenty-one instants each with caesuras at the sixth, twelfth and eighteenth instants, the first two of which rhyme. The third line is fourteen instants with a single caesura at the fifth; the fourth line is the same as the two first except that the caesuras do not always rhyme.

In the matter of grammatical peculiarities it is noticeable that Dinkrishna uses frequently the old plural in *e* as *kumara*, a boy; pl. *kumare*. This is very seldom heard in modern Oriya, and never in the classical style. An old-fashioned peasant from the interior of the country may now and then use it. In the modern language the analytically formed plural by the addition of *mane* is always used as *raja*, pl. *rajamane*, - kings; in inanimate objects, however, the final *e* of the termination is dropped, as *kantha*, wall, *kathaman*, walls.

There occurs also the old universal Aryan locative in *e* as *gope*, in Gop; *pure*, in the town. The moderns affix *re* and would say *gopa-re* instead of *gope*; the affix *re* is already in use, as are also, *ku*, *ru*, and the *ar* or *ara* of the genitive in this poem.

With regard to the short final *a*, it must be remembered that it is necessary to express it in writing poetry for the sake of preserving the rhythm, but that in common conversation it is hardly ever heard, and when heard is a short of. Dinkrishna knows only the old forms of the personal pronouns which our high-dying modern writers condemn as vulgur. These are -

	I	*thou*
Nom.	*mu*	*tu*
Acc.	*mote*	*tote*
Gen.	*mor*	*tor*
	&c.	*&c.*

The plural of mu is amhi (pronounced ambhe) and that of *tu* is *tumhe (tumbhe)* but as the learned have taken *ambhe* and *tumbhe* into use as equivalents for I and thou, they have had to make fresh plurals *ambhemane, and tumbhemane*. Dinkrishna uses only the two first, and always in their proper ancient signification.

Footnotes :

[1] The vermilion on the forehead denotes a married woman, but is now generally sneared in a great patch across the patting of hair.

[2] तटक is a small earring worn in the outer edge of the ear; sometimes eight or ten of them or worn one below another all around the ear.

[3] भ्रमरी a large earring hanging from the lobe of the ear, so called from its resemblance to a bee (भ्रमर).

[4] कराठी worn suspended to the cartalage between the nostrils, the other kind is worn on the side of the nose.

[5] This is considered a great beauty.

[6] These are various kinds of rings and bracelets.

[7] डेउंरिभ small ornaments shaped like a flower and usually enamailed in various colours.

BALASORE
1869-1870

On arriving at Calcutta I found that I was appointed Magistrate and Collector 1st grade of Balasore. The salary of the 1st grade was in those days Rs 1,916 a month and the rupee'was still worth two shillings, though it began to fall very soon after that date.

I now entered upon my career of nine years in Orissa. This singular little province which has long dwelt apart has preserved a peculiar type of its own. It lies along the western coast of the Bay of Bengal at the northern or upper end, and consists of a narrowish strip of flat, fertile land backed by an extensive region of tangled hills extending far back into Central India. It is about two hundred miles long from north-east to south-west and about two hundred and fifty broad from the sea to the furthest inland frontier. The flat strip near the coast, which is under direct British rule is divided into three districts, Balasore in the north, cuttack in the centre and Pooree in the south.

Balasore I found was a small district a long, narrow strip of flat land between the sea and the hills. In one part it was only nine miles broad, though in another it was nearly fifty. The picturesque little town of Balasore lies huddled up on a high bank overhanging the River Burhabalang, about eight miles from the sea as the crow flies. It is a seaport. and strange grimy native craft ply thence to ports on the Madras coast laden with rice, the staple commodity of the district. West of the neat clean town with its tall white houses lies the civil station on an undulating plain. Here are the houses of the European officials, the cutcherries and other public buildings, and a settlement of Baptist missionaries from America who have a chapel with a high tower, and good houses.

My house was a fine, large, airy building surrounded by a good garden and close to it was the cutcherry. It was a very quiet little place and our life there was on the whole a very uneventful one. The first thing that happened was the birth of our second daughter, Edith, on the 31st May 1869 at 4.30 a.m.

Excepted from *Memoirs of a Bengal Civilian*

Our small society consisted of a Joint Magistrate, a doctor, a Superintendent of police, an engineer, a Harbour-master, and an Inspector of Telegraphs. There were also two police Assistants and a Depury Magistrate. All the above were English, and several of them were married. The Missionaries hailed from Dover, New Hampshire, U.S.A. and belonged to a sect called Free Will Baptists. There was, moreover, a Belgian Jesuit, Father Sapart, and three Carmelite nuns—a Scotch woman, a German and a Belgian. The Baptists and the Catholics had each charge of a small number of native children who had been left orphans in the terrible famine of 1866 and taken care of by the Government, which paid the Missionaries three rupees a head *per mensem* for them.

Some of these people were interesting as specimens of the curious beings one meets in India. There are large classes of people of all nations in that country of whose existence the good folk at home have no idea. Worthy Father Sapart, for instance, the Jesuit priest, was a very curious character. By race a Walloon from Louvain (or Loewen as he called it), son of a journeyman carpenter or bricklayer, he was a tall, lean, cadaverous creature with a long, sharp-pointed nose, deep-seated eyes, a long, flowing beard and brown, sun-tanned face. Honest, simple-minded and very imperfectly educated at some Jesuit seminary, he had but one idea, the spread of his religion, and if he went the wrong way to work he certainly was not wanting in earnestness or sincerity.

He arrived at Balasore about a year before us, on foot, with a mat, a tin pot and a breviary as his sole luggage. He sat down under a tree and soon contrived to have a small bamboo and grass shed erected in which he lived, eating rice like a native. Then he began to beg from the Europeans and Eurasians (most of the latter class were Roman Catholics) until he got together money enough to build a cottage with mud walls and a thatched roof. He then secured a long lease of a patch of ground, and as the orphan children were made over to him he housed them in the cottage and in company with them dug clay, moulded and finally burnt bricks. Then he set to work and drew on large sheets of paper a design for church, parsonage and school—all in one. Still begging persistently he scraped together money enough to pay for bricklayers, dug his foundations and began to build. In this slow way begging till he got a little money together, carrying on the work till he had spent it, and then going

begging again—all the while living or rice and inhabiting any corner of the building that was habitable—he toiled on till at the end of about six years he had constructed a singularly graceful little Gothic church with a fine airy crypt beneath, in which he held his school, and two large dormitories and rooms for the priest. The officers of the Public Works Department who inspected the building said it was an admirable piece of work. Then Sapart set to work and built a nunnery and chapel for the nuns. Whenever he had exhausted the liberality of the Europeans and Eurasians of Balasore he would start off, accompanied by a boy to carry his mat and cooking pot, and trudge four or five hundred miles to Cuttack, Sambalpur and other stations to beg for his church. I think he was altogether some seven or eight years at Balasore, building all the while. And as soon as he had finished his buildings and they were ready for use and had been consecrated by the Romish Archbishop of Calcutta, he was removed to a far distant station and never set eyes on his beloved church again! This is the Jesuit system. Poor, honest, simple-minded old Sapart was very fond of me and very much concerned at my being a heretic. He used to try to convert me, but as he only knew what he had been taught at his Belgian seminary he was not at all successful. He talked very fair English, but preferred, of course, to use French, and we always corresponded in that language.

Another curious character in this out-of-the-way nook was Captain Alfred Bond of the Indian Marine, whom we always spoke of as 'the Ancient Mariner'. He had been in India for upwards of sixty years and had never been to England once in all that time. His only tie to his native country was that he was related to the inventor of 'Bond's marking ink", which article he used always to recommend strongly to everybody he met. He was Harbourmaster, Superintendent of the Salt Warehouses and Commander of the brig *Orissa*. (She was a schooner in reality.) This vessel, a smart little craft, was a relic of a former state of things. In the early days of British rule when there were few roads, and those very bad, and when the British possessions extended only a little distance inland, the East India Company maintained a fleet of small vessels, generally armed, to keep up the communication between the settlements along the coast from Calcutta in the north to Madras in the south. These vessels

carried officers joining their appointments, also opium and stores of all sorts. They were occasionally also employed in attacking the mud fort of some refractory zamindar, and even, in company with English men-of-war, in fighting the French. Those days had long passed away, but the brigs and schooners were still kept up. They still occasionally brought opium, stamps and stationery, and other Government stores from Calcutta, or cruised about in pursuit of salt smugglers. For the most part, however, the little brig *Orissa* lay placidly in harbour being constantly painted, scrubbed and polished and (as we afterwards discovered) being quietly devoured internally by white ants. Occasionally she took a trip to air her sails, and on some of these occasions, having too rashly put to sea in bad weather, was unable to get back again, and had to beat about in the bay till all her provisions were consumed and the Ancient Mariner and his crew suffered the pangs of hunger. Though he had been so long in India the Ancient Mariner's knowledge of the Indian languages was confined to a very small stock of horribly mispronounced words in nautical Hindustani a curious jargon composed of Arabic, Persian, Malay, Tamil, Portuguese and Urdu. It is very generally spoken on board all the vessels of very various nationalities which navigate the Bay of Bengal from Singapore to Calcutta and from Calcutta to Colombo. This nautical life in the Bay of Bengal is very curious. It is a little world of its own. The ships are commanded and officered by Europeans, and the crews consist of 'lascars', i.e. men from Chittagong, the Madras, coast, ard Eastern Bengal But a description of this kind of life would take a book to itself. In my capacity of Collector of Customs—one of the multi-farious functions attached to my new post—I was brought into contact with it very constantly as I shall frequently have occasion to a mention hereafter.

Mrs Bridget Bond, wife and ruler of the Ancient Mariner, was a small shrivelled old lady who went about in a Bath chair and actively superintended the land affairs as her husband did the sea. She owned several houses and some land. Her special eminence, however, consisted in her being what her husband used to describe as 'a Plymouth Brethren. In this capacity she was wont to hold prayer meetings in her house to which the Ancient Mariner used to invite us, saying, 'You should come and hear Biddy pray; Biddy prays

beautiful I am sorry to say none of us ever went. Biddy was certainly a very clever old woman, and had evidently at some time or other been very well educated. She used to come and sit with us of an evening in our garden, and her conversation showed an amount of reading and acquaintance with various subjects which often surprised us. Who she was by birth, and how she had drifted into the arms of the Ancient Mariner and with him to the remote and obscure district of Balasore, was a mystery. They had a large family or sons and daughters all of whom, but one, were married and settled in various parts of Bengal in well-paid appointments. One unmarried daughter Alice, a shrewish, leathery virgin of forty or more lived with them and essayed her mature charms in vain on every young man that came to Balasore.

In this quiet place, among this strange society, we lived for four years. I quickly learnt Oriya, the language of Orissa, and assisted E. B. Hallam, one of the American Baptist Missionaries, in writing an Oriya Grammar. I also now began my *Comparative Grammar of the modern Aryan Languages of India,* and completed it in about eighteen months, working at it for two hours every morning before breakfast, from eight to ten. This was the only time I could spare from my official duties, which though not heavy were incessant. People came about this or that at all hours of the day, and sometimes even late at night. At this time I bought my dear old horse, 'Balaclava', who was my faithful servant for nine years and carried me over many hundreds of miles. He was not beautiful, being a large, big-boned chestnut waler[1] with four white stockings and a vicious eye. I had been reading Kinglake's *Crimea,* and had just come upon the description of Lord Cardigan's charger at the celebrated Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava when my new horse arrived. He resembled the charger I had been reading about so exactly that I named him accordingly. My wife had a handsome bay mare, and we had many a grand scamper across country together. Balaclava was a vicious animal and bucked dreadfully. He used to bite his syces and I always had a struggle with him at starting of a morning. But he knew me and we were great friends.

The Christmas of this year we spent at Cuttack, guests of Robert Alexander, the Judge, a large, genial old man, a great friend of ours, and the most extensive consumer of bottled beer I ever met. We marched down the Trunk

Road, living in tents and bungalows. All over Orissa—as in most parts of India—there are small bungalows by the roadside at distances of ten or fifteen miles apart. These are built and maintained by the Government principally for use of the officers of the Public Works Department when on duty inspecting roads and other works. They are, however, also available on payment of a small fee to other officers. They are simply furnished, with a few necessaries only, and every officer brings with him his bedding and food.

At Neulpur, a place about twenty-four miles from Cuttack, we found one of the small steamers of the Irrigation Department waiting for us on the canal, which had recently been completed up to this point. We were a merry company on board, twelve men and three or four ladies, with some children. We started early in the morning, and spent the day principally in eating, drinking, smoking, playing cards and singing, reaching Cuttack eventually, very tired, at eleven o'clock at night The delay was caused by our sticking on the numerous sandbanks in the Mahanadi River. I will not here describe beautiful Cuttack, because we got to know it much better in after days. The charm of it struck us on our first visit, the broad, shady roads, and green parade ground, the picturesque buildings, the two broad rivers with their background of lovely blue hills, make it one of the most picturesque stations in India.

On a large plain a mile or so from the town was the race-course and a grandstand. In the early morning there were races to which the Maharaja of Vizianagram sent some good horses, in charge of a diminutive English jockey, who beat all the amateur gentlemen riders by his skill in handling his horses. Then there were great dinners to which twenty or thirty persons sat down, and after the ladies had retired there was hot whisky and water, with singing till past midnight. A Madras Regiment is, or was in those days, stationed at Cuttack and there was a grand dinner at their Mess. On St John's night (27th December) the Masons had a great function followed by a banquet at the Lodge, at which some fifty brethren were present, and there was deep drinking and a good deal of noise, ending towards morning in much horseplay and practical jokes.

It was a very lively place in those days, being a very large station and a

centre of meeting for several smaller stations in the neighbourhood. It was one of the cheerfullest, healthiest, prettiest and most generally agreeable stations I have ever known—at least it was so in those days, i.e. from 1869 to 1878 when we knew it.

We returned to Balasore in the first week of the new year 1870. It seemed very small, quiet and dull after big, noisy Cuttack. The stream of pilgrims down the road was the busiest thing in it. The Orissa Trunk Road, a section of the great Imperial road between Calcutta and Madras, runs like a backbone down the whole length of the Balasore district for 120 miles. It is a work of almost Roman solidity, being raised fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the country across which it runs, visible from afar like a great dyke with its solid masonry bridges, long rows of shady trees and lines of telegraph posts and wires. The surface is metalled with laterite,[1] or iron-sandstone, a dark red stone found all over Orissa which makes admirable roads, bridges and other buildings. Along this noble road passes all the year round, but chiefly at the seasons of the great festivals—the Dol Jatra or Spring festival in January and the Rath Jatra or Car festival in June—an endless string of pilgrims from all parts of India; the poor limping wearily on foot, the rich in bullock carts or palkis, to the great temple of Jagannath at Puri. To protect these pilgrims from being robbed or maltreated there are regular patrols of police all along the road. There are also hospitals at several places where they receive medical assistance gratuitously if they fall ill from fatigue or disease on their way. Of course, large numbers of them fall ill and die, and they almost always bring fever and cholera with them on their return. The women, as usual, suffer most.

There is a class of Brahmans attached to the temple of Jagannath *(vulgo* Juggernaut) called Pandas, whose business it is to travel long distances all over India, extolling the virtues of pilgrimage to Jagannath, and inducing people to undertake it. The decaying zeal of the modern Hindu for pilgrimage is kept alive by these touters, who are naturally most successful with the women. It used to be a common sight to see a strong, stalwart Panda marching along the road, followed by a little troop of small, cowering Bengali women, each clad in her one scanty, clinging robe, her small wardrobe in a palm-leaf box on her head, with the lordly Panda's luggage on her

shoulders. At night they put up at one of the chatties or lodging-houses which are found all along the road. Here his lordship reposes while his female flock buy his food and cook it, spread his couch, serve his dinner, light his pipe, shampoo his limbs, and even, if he so desire, minister to his lust.

When at length they reach Jagannath the Panda leads his flock round to all the places of worship, sees them through all the ceremonies and, in collusion with the Pariharis, or temple priests, screws out of them all their money down to the last cowry, in fees and offerings. The ceremonies ended, he has done with them, and remorselessly turns them adrift to find their way home, a distance perhaps of many hundred miles, as best they may. So far from their homes from which they have in many cases started surreptitiously, purloining their husbands' hoard of money, these wretched women have to tramp wearily back through the rain, for it is mostly for the Rath Jatra, in the rainy season, that they come. What with exposure, fatigue and hunger they die in great numbers by the roadside. Those whose youth and strength enable them to survive the journey are often too much afraid of their husbands' anger to return home, and end by swelling the number of prostitutes in Calcutta. *Tanium religio potuit suadere malorum !*

Often journeying about the district and riding late along the road, we passed scores of white figures of Bengali women lying asleep on the damp ground muffled in their thin cotton saris, their only garment. We never knew how many of them were alive and how many were dead. Only every morning a band of 'sweepers of the dead' (murdah-farrash), as they were called, marched along with a cart to carry off and bury as many of the white-robed figures as had finished their mortal journey during the night. A large staff of these of official *croque-morts* had to be maintained all along the road.

About this time we received a visit from that vivacious but not very accurate writer. Dr W. W. Hunter, who during a stay of seven days subjected me to such an unceasing fire of questions that on his departure I solemnly forbade anyone to ask me any more questions for a month. He was then a small, lean, hatchet-faced man with a newspaper correspondent's gift of facile, flashy writing, and a passion for collecting facts and figures of which he made fearful and wonderful use afterwards. The light-hearted subalterns of the

regiment at Cuttack had amused themselves by inventing for his benefit wonderful yarns, all of which he duly entered in his note-book and reproduced in his book on Orissa. He was rather a troublesome guest as he was not contented with our simple food. We lived as well as most people in our station of life in the rural districts of India. Our 'chota haziri', or little breakfast, was at five-thirty to six and consisted of tea, eggs boiled or poached, toast and fruit. After this came our ride. Breakfast at eleven consisted of fried or broiled fish, a dish or two of meat—generally fowl cutlets, hashes and stews, or cold meat and salad followed by curry and rice and dessert. We drank either bottled beer—the universal Bass—or claret which we got good and cheap from Bordeaux through Pondicherry. Then followed a long day's work in office. Between four and five there was tea and cakes, after which we went for a drive or had a croquet party in our compound. Dinner at half past seven or eight consisted of soup, and entree, roast fowls or ducks, occasionally mutton, and in cold weather once or twice beef, an entremet of game or a savoury, and sweets. We drank either beer or claret. This seemed to us a fairly good diet, but *it* did not suit our guest who wanted champagne every night, *pate de foie gras* and other 'tinned' delicacies. We did not indulge much in 'tinned' things, believing them to be unwholesome and thinking them often very nasty. But by many people in India they are considered very great luxuries. We used often to be amused at our Eurasian friends saying, 'Oh you! you are so rich, you dine off tinned things every day of course!' They would not believe us when they were told that we lived on plain roast fowl and mutton like themselves.

Hunter's *Orissa* in two volumes was the result of his visit. It is a clever, brilliantly written work, though containing many inaccuracies. I supplied him with a mass of facts, and so did the Collectors of Cuttack and Puri, but he put all our contributions into an Appendix in small type and made very little use of them in the text of his work. In this year the English doctor attached to Balasore fell sick and had to go away. The Government, never having a sufficient staff of doctors, was obliged to send us in his place a Eurasian apothecary. This man, of humble origin and not much education, had entered the public service as a Hospital Assistant, in which capacity it was his duty to wait upon the surgeons

at operations, to clean the instruments, prepare bandages and perform other menial offices. In course of time he rose to be an apothecary and then had charge of the drugs, was entrusted with the task of making up prescriptions, and became at last a skilful compounder. After passing some sort of examination, he set to work to read books on medicine and surgery, and by living in hospitals and hearing the doctors talk picked up a smattering of medical knowledge. He was then lucky enough to be attached, in a subordinate capacity, to the office of the Viceroy's private surgeon and had the honour of compounding Lord Mayo's pills. He was also allowed to prescribe for the humbler members of the Viceregal household, the nurses, footmen and the like. This experience was eventually held to qualify him for the post of Civil Medical Officer of a district; the dearth of properly qualified surgeons compelled the Government to employ anyone with even the slightest pretence to medical knowledge. So he was sent to us.

He was a harmless if ignorant sort of creature at first, for if his medicines did no good, they at least did no harm. But as time went on, waxing bold with practice, he took to what he used to call 'exhibiting the pharmacopoeia'. This process consisted in administering one drug after another out of the work in question till he either killed or cured. He proceeded in alphabetical order. If the drugs under the letter A produced no result, he went on to B, and then to C, and so on. That he did not kill more than he cured was due to the sharpness of his patients, who, on hearing this peculiar phrase, understood that he did not know how to treat them and refrained from taking his medicines.

My wife felt that she could not trust herself to this man for her approaching confinement, and I was therefore obliged to take the long journey of 106 miles into Cuttack. There on the 16th December 1870 was born our third daughter and sixth child, Katharine. As soon as the event was over I started for my own district where I spent a lonely Christmas in camp at Noanand, a large Government estate in the desolate plains by the sea-shore. These are the plains where salt is made. I find the following descriptions of them in my letters to Elliot written in 1870.

The salt-lands are like a picture in the *Illustrated London News* I remember many years ago of "Bulgarian fishermen on the lower Danube", which I have

not seen for perhaps twenty years, but which now comes back to me vividly. Huge, sluggish stream,—"boom of the bittern" generally—dark evening—streak of light the horizon, and that sort of thing. The salt-lands are wild, grassy plains; sandhills by the sea-shore; foul creeks half salt, half fresh; alligators—black, shiny mud—melancholy great sea, roaring and tumbling far off across wet sands—somehow it seems always to be low water. In the opposite direction is the one redeeming feature, a beautiful little range—far off— of the bluest of blue hills behind which the sun is just setting.'

—'Got back from these dreary salt wastes, red with samphire, white with salt, brown with withered grass, with its boundary of stunted screw pines and the muddy, roaring sea beyond; no houses, no people, no nothing!

A land where no one comes
Or hath come since the making of the world.'

There was a good deal of hard work to do in this desolate place and I remained there till the end of the year 1870.

At the mouth of the Balasore River stood an old ruined bungalow called Balramgarhi. It had been one of the East India Company's factories in the old days, and it was to this place that the few English who survived the 'Black Hole' fled for refuge. It belonged in my time to a rich native merchant, who, at my request, repaired it and let it to me for the summer months. We used to go there during the hot weather to enjoy the cool sea-breezes which blew all day and all night and rendered punkahs unnecessary.

In February 1871 Sir William Grey retired and Sir George Campbell became Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and a time of spasmodic activity began for Bengal. Grey was a mild, rather slow sort of man whose whole career had been passed in the Secretariat and whose knowledge of the rural parts—ninety-nine hundredths—of the province was in consequence purely theoretical. He was fond of writing interminable minutes, but he made no very great mark and no excitement was felt when he retired. Campbell was a very different sort of man. A restless spirit and an insatiable desire for change, joined to a profound belief in himself, led him to upset everything. In justice to him, however, it must be admitted that sleepy, muddy, stagnant old Bengal wanted a great deal of stirring up, and his measures were beneficial in must cases, though his successors did not

carry them out in the spirit in which he conceived them. He did not reflect how short is the term of office of a Lieutenant-Governor—only five years and in his case even less—and it did not occur to him that he was likely to do more harm than good by commencing great reforms which would require more years of careful watching and guiding to bring them to a successful issue than he was likely to be able to give them. Much of what he did was good and has borne excellent fruit, but much, unfortunately, that went well so long as he was there to manage it, was subsequently spoilt by bad management on the part of his successors; and some of his protected reforms have even been entirely laid aside, much to the detriment of the country and the people.

Like most enthusiastic reformers he was quite indifferent to the feelings of those affected by his reforms. In his zeal for improvement, he rode rough-shod over the most cherished prejudices of the Bengalis, while at the same time he himself was extremely sensitive to public opinion. No amount of opposition or hostile criticism had power to turn him from a pet project, but he felt very much aggrieved at the attacks made upon him in both the English and Native newspapers, and showed his annoyance by issuing somewhat undignified circular orders in which he expressed himself with a freedom and homeliness of phrase very strikingly in contrast with the lofty decorum and stilted official circumlocution of his predecessors. Where another Lieutenant-Governor would have written, 'His Honour is constrained to express his dissatisfaction at . . .', Campbell would write, 'The Lieutenant-Governor abhors this kind of muddle and will punish severely anyone who behaves in this absurd way in future.' He afforded great fun to the comic papers by issuing a circular in which he solemnly informed all his liege subjects that he had been very much shocked at one station which he visited by meeting an Assistant Collector early one morning out for a walk engaged in training some 'puppy-dogs'. This he thought was a disgraceful waste of time. When the poor boy pleaded that he, thought he might amuse himself in his own way 'out of office hours', Campbell's indignation was unbounded. 'There are no such things as office hours,' he replied, 'an officer's services are at the disposal of the Government at all hours of the day and night.' Poor, witty, erratic Frank Bignold, my predecessor as Collector of Balasore, a brilliantly clever

man but so unpunctual and unmethodical as to be the ruin of any district that might be in his charge, wrote some clever lines on this pronouncement of the new Lieutenant-Governor. It was a longish poem and I only remember parts of it. The lines I refer to ran thus:

The model Magistrate, our rulers say,
Decides all night, investigates all day;
The crack Collector, man of equal might
Reports all day, and corresponds all night.

Campbell had never served in the Lower Provinces. He had, it is true, been for a time a judge of the High Court at Calcutta. in which capacity his eccentric ideas about law had made him rather notorious, but this was no introduction to the administrative work of Bengal. His service had been spent almost entirely in the North-West Provinces, and just before his appointment to Bengal he had been Chief Comissioner of the Central Provinces. He chose to assume that there was not, among the Civilians of Bengal, a single man fit to be his Secretary, and he therefore imported from the Central Provinces his favourite, C. E. Bernard.

Bernard, who had been my contemporary and rival at Haileybury was a nephew of Sir John Lawrence and owed his rapid promotion partly to that circumstance. He was, however, a man of very great ability; had he not been so, he could not have risen as he did, even with his powerful interest.

Solid, judicious, indefatigably laborious, clear-headed, quick to perceive the bearings of a matter, but without much originality or initiative power—Bernard was just the man for Secretary to so masterful and original a chief as Campbell. If a lucid exposition of a long and intricate subject were wanted, Bernard would wade through piles of papers, missing no important point, never led astray by digressions, nor bewildered by conflicting opinions, and would produce a masterly minute which brought order out of chaos, and shed light on dark places. His services to Sir George were invaluable, and though there might have been found in Bengal eight or ten men as good as he, still it was not unnatural that Campbell, having already such a man to his hand, and being totally unacquainted with most of the Bengal men, should prefer to have him as his Secretary and should refuse to consider how much injustice he

was doing to the Bengal men by giving one of the prize appointments to an outsider.

Sir George's activity was prodigious. He was never contented with the assurance often made to him by experienced officers, that this or that system had been in force for many years, had always been found to work well, and was well suited to the local peculiarities of the Province. He was full of theories which he had propounded years before in a book written when he was a very junior officer in Oudh. He attacked every department of the administration at once—police, criminal courts, judicial courts, jails, land revenue, collection of taxes, trial of rent suits, registration of assurances, public works, roads and ferries, education, vaccination, sanitation—('and everything else that ends in— "ation",' as Bignold remarked in one of his poems), municipalities, the excise on spirits and drugs, customs, salt—all felt his probing hand in turn. His plan was to issue a minute in which he stated that he was not satisfied with the working of this or that department, and therefore appointed a Committee consisting of Mr Bernard and some other officers to inquire and report on it. In due course there would appear an exhaustive report by Bernard, on which His Honour would base a series of rules often involving very sweeping changes. It is only fair to say that in many cases he effected marked improvements, though in some others he made very injudicious innovations. His general policy, it is scarcely necessary to add, was intensely distasteful to the natives on whose most cherished prejudices he tramped ruthlessly. Consequently he was very much disliked by them.

My official work at quiet, sleepy Balasore was not very heavy though varied. It had this advantage that owing to the smallness of the district I was able personally to supervise everything down to the minutest details. I was thus fortunately able to give satisfaction to Campbell by carrying out successfully many of his reforms. I might not approve of them all myself—and when I did not, I frankly said so—but as it was my duty to carry out orders I did so loyally, and Campbell was pleased at this. He also received very graciously a copy of the first volume of my *Comparative Grammar* which appeared about this time, and was good enough to say he did not at all object to officers occupying some part of their time in so useful a way. My *Grammar* was well

received in England and on the Continent, was very favourably reviewed, and gained me some little reputation as a philologist.

It was difficult to find time for linguistic work, not so much because official work was heavy, as because of the constant interruptions to which one in my position is subjected. Still, I managed to devote some time nearly every day to my *Grammar,* and to extend my slight knowledge of European languages. I used to take up one language at a time and stick to it for a month or two, after which I went on to another. One cold weather I read *Don Quixote* through in the original Spanish and a great part of Ercilla's long and rather tedious poem, *La Arancana,* with which, after the glowing description of it in Humboldt's *Cosmos,* I was rather disappointed. Another time I had a spell of Goethe, or Tasso, or Balzac, a strange farrago! I was, however, more in need of German, because in writing my *Comparative Grammar* it was necessary to consult so many German authorities. Much painful wading through Bopp, and Grimm and Pott had to be done. It was a relief to turn from them to the grand old Spanish ballads of Rey Don Sancho, or el Cid Campeador, though both had often to be laid aside to settle some knotty point about the collection of revenue or detection of crime. It was a curiously mixed life as regards the mind and its workings that I led in those days.

About this time I became a contributor to a weekly paper called the *Indian Observer,* got up by a small number of brilliant young men in the Civil and Military Services, aided by some educational men and barristers. Most of the writing was clever and sparkling and, of course, very sarcastic. The paper was extremely popular and successful for about a couple of years. It, however, incurred the grave displeasure of several high officials, on account of the biting satire with which it attacked the measures of Lord Mayo's Government, and especially his two most prominent advisers, Sir John Strachey and Sir Richard Temple. Although I did not write any of the political articles, yet my connexion with the paper did me much harm when Temple, some years later, came to be Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Free and temperate criticism of the measures of Government by officials was not permitted in 1872. The article on Finance and Foreign Policy in the *Observer* did not exceed the limits usually considered permissible in England, but in India our rulers are thin-

skinned, and by degrees made the writers in the *Observer* understand that it was not safe to write in it any longer. So they dropped off one by one. Poor Wilfred Heeley of our Service, then Inspector-General of Jails, was so persecuted that he died of a broken heart. I was cruelly persecuted also, and so were several others. I wrote a series of articles on the condition of the peasantry in Orissa, on the new Road Cess law, on the work and training of men in my own service and on various social questions. By degrees, however, the political element in the paper grew feebler and the purely literary element stronger. I then wrote them a long series of articles on the vernacular literature of India, giving a brief history of each of the principal medieval writers, with short versified extracts from their poems. I also wrote reviews of Morris's poem, 'Love is enough', and other work. The paper gradually declined and came to an end in 1873.

I have mentioned that some of my articles were about the Road Cess. This was a hotly debated question at the time, and much more trouble was anticipated from it than actually occurred. In fact, when the principle was once conceded, there was nothing more to fight about and the law having once taken its place on the Statute Book, was submitted to by the people with not more grumbling than the editors of native papers could manage to excite.

The point was this: the landholders of Bengal, having by the Permanent Settlement been secured in the possession of their estates (and so much of the estates of other persons as in scramble of 1793 they could manage to get hold of) at a rent fixed ever imagined, or were said by their advocates to imagine, that the State had thereby pledged itself not to demand from them any further contributions the expenses of the administration. They thought that they were exempt for ever from all taxes, imposts and cesses of all kinds. Money being wanted for the improvement of the roads in Bengal, and the finances not admitting, and not being likely to admit, of large sums being devoted to this purpose, further taxation was necessary. A bill was therefore introduced into the Council of the Lieutenant-Governor to provide for the levy of a cess. This cess was to be a rate upon the annual profits of estates, tenures, and holdings and was to be paid by landholders, by those who held tenures under them, and by the actual cultivators of the soil. Immediately a

cry was raised that the Government was infringing upon the compact made at the time of the Permanent Settlement, and the war of words rose high. I took no part in this as I was from the first clearly of the opinion that the cry was not only baseless, but opposed to the most obvious historical facts. The fact that a former Government had bound itself and its successors for all time not to increase the demand from the zemindars on one account, namely the land, was no bar to additional demands being made upon them on other accounts. But it was the method adopted for fixing the exact amount of cess payable by each person that gave colour to the objection. An attempt was to be made to ascertain the profit on each estate and the tax was to be levied on this profit. Zemindars were to be called upon to submit statements showing their profits, and it was hoped that the threat of a criminal prosecution for submitting false returns would suffice to secure their truthfulness. The zemindar was moreover to be permitted to collect the sums due from his tenants and ryots and pay them to the Collector, after deducting a small commission for his trouble.

The weak points in this scheme were numerous. No one who really knew the zemindars could expect them to send in correct returns. Many of them were careless and indolent, mere puppets in the hands of unscrupulous followers. Many more were crafty, dissembling money-grubbers. No reliance could be placed on their statements. The threat of criminal prosecution was mere *brutum fulmen,* because in order to secure a conviction it was necessary to prove first that the returns were false, and secondly that they were intentionally and wilfully misleading. We had no data whatsoever for- proving the first point, for there had never been any official check or control over the management by zemindars of their estates, and as to the second it was easy for the zemindar to bring half the countryside to bear witness that he was easy-going and careless and had never kept any accounts in his life, and had not the slightest idea as to what were his profits, so that the return submitted was mere guesswork and not intended to mislead. Then again, so great is the dependence of the ryots on the zemindar that to give the latter the right of collecting the cess would open a wide door to all sorts of exactions.

I set forth all these considerations in my articles in the *Indian Observer* in the form of an imaginary history of what took place on the estate of a typical

zemindar whom I created for the occasion. I also in several articles entered fully into the actual condition of the ryot and the relations between him and the zemindar. Sir George Campbell, as it afterwards turned out, knew that I was the writer of the articles, which made some stir at the time.

Nevertheless, though in my own mind I disapproved of the policy of the Government, it was my duty to carry out orders, and my small district of Balasore having been selected as the first into which the Road Cess should be introduced, I set to work actively and soon finished the assessment and reported my district as ready to pay the cess sooner than Government had anticipated. For this I was warmly thanked by the Lieutenant-Governor. I was frequently consulted by him and the Board of Revenue on points of detail and practical difficulties which arose in the course of the work, and my proceedings were handed round as a pattern for all other districts. This was One of the small triumphs which come now and then to encourage a lonely worker in a remote Indian district.

Footnotes:

[1]A cavalry horse imported into India from New South Wales.

[2] Laterite is a ferruginous clay of a dark red colour (so called from Latin *later* 'a brick' from its colour), it is porous and full of large found holes, Like a sponge or like Gruyere cheese. When cut from the quarry it is soft, but hardens on exposure to the air. All the ancient temples, forts, palaces and bridges in Orissa are built of it. Broken into gravel it is used for metalling roads. It is the all-pervading laterite that gives the sombre dark reddish, grey colour to towns and scenery generally in Orissa.

BALASORE
1871-1873

Some facts about our home life may now be chronicled. At the mouth of the Balasore River, sixteen miles from the town stood an old ruined house called Balramgarhi, famed as the site of the English factory to which the survivors of the 'Black Hole' had fled for refuge.

Although Balasore itself was so near the sea, yet there was a sensible difference between the climate of the station, and that of the sea-shore. For a long time the European residents had been in the habit of going for a few weeks in the hot weather to live in two small bungalows on the sandhills on the coast, at a place called Chandipore. But in my predecessor's time the bungalows had fallen into the hands of a doctor in Calcutta, who conceived the idea that he could make a popular sea-side resort out of it. So he published flaming descriptions of the poor little place, with fancy illustrations and scientific opinions as to its amazing healthiness and so on. But as there was no particular way of getting there from Calcutta, and no shops or supplies or drinkable water to be had when you did get there, the Calcutta public preferred to go to the hills, and the project fell through. Meanwhile, however, the doctor, by way of popularizing the place, took to lending the two bungalows to such of his Calcutta friends as a he could induce to go there, and they were consequently lost to the Europeans of Balasore. It occurred to me that the old factory at the mouth of the river might be utilized as a hot weather residence, and the owner, a wealthy zemindar, agreeing to this, put it into thorough repair and let it to me. As soon as the hot weather began we all migrated there.

The old house was raised on a plinth about three feet high; it had, as usual in Indian houses, only one storey and contained three large and five smaller rooms. All round the front ran a deep veranda with a broad platform in front facing the sea, from which a broad flight of steps led down to a small garden. Beyond was a wide stretch of waste covered with tall jungle grass and a few clumps of mango and palm trees, beside which the river ran out to sea. Half a

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mile in front stretched the grassy plain away to a solitary palmyra tree on a point where sea and river met. Across the river to the south was Chandipore, a mile off on a low line of grassy hills, and behind us to the west the picturesque line of the Nilgiri Hills. Our boat manned by eight rowers lay close by, and every morning we were rowed down to the mouth of the river and went for a long walk on the sands. In the evening as we sat on the veranda a fleet of native sloops and brigs would appear on the horizon in a cloud of white sail, round the point and drop anchor in the river. The fishermen rowed out with the ebb and back with the flood, laden with delicious fish of which we thus had a very abundant supply.

We found the Life here very pleasant. My wife and children lived there permanently and I rode into Balasore every morning to my work and back again in the evening. Provisions and drinking water had to be brought by boat from Balasore. Unfortunately the season that year — 1871 — was very unfavourable. Usually in March the south-west winds set in up the coast and round the headlands, turning to south up the rivers, so that as our house at Balramgarhi faced south we ordinarly had a sweet, cool breeze blowing right into it all day and all night. This wind blows over the flats into Balasore but of course loses much of its coolness and freshness by the time it reaches the station. The difference in the temperature between Balasore and the coast only eight miles off is very great. In the season we spent at Balramgarhi the course of nature was changed. The fresh sea-breeze was less regular. An abnormal land wind took its place, which, coming over the swamps to landward of us, brought with it malarious exhalations. Our native servants began to get fever and had to be sent into the station. At last we were also attacked and had to go back to Balasore and were ill for a long time afterwards. My poor wife suffered from malarial fever for a long time.

It was not merely the unusual season that made us ill. The circumstances had a good deal to do with it. When we first saw Balramgarhi, the old house was scarcely to be seen from the river owing to the dense jungle that had grown up all round it. All this was cleared away before the house could be got at to be repaired, but newly cleared land is always unhealthy in India, as

elsewhere, and it is probable that even had not the weather been so unpropitious we should have suffered all the same. The salt-makers, however, lived there for many months of the year without getting fever, but they were a peculiar race and were acclimatized.

Salt-making is, or was then (for great changes have taken place since those days) a very flourishing industry along the eastern coast of India. There were two ways of making it. One way employed all along the Madras coast and in southern Orissa is known as Karkach. In this method large, shallow pans are dug in the sand on the foreshore and sea-water is let into them by channels at high tide. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, leaving the pans thickly encrusted with crystals of salt. It is then scraped off and stored in warehouses. It is dirty, coarse stuff and not very strongly flavoured. The strict Hindu prefer it because, not having been touched by human hands, it is free from all suspicion of ceremonial impurity.

The other method, which is more complicated, is in use in northern Orissa and Bengal and is known as Panga. Channels are due from the sea to small reservoirs dug—not in the sand, but in the muddy soil beyond. Then a mound about two feet high is made of earth and grass mixed. On the top is placed a large earthen vessel pierced with holes. A layer of grass and twigs is placed in the vessel, and on this again a thick layer of mud from the surrounding soil, which is largely saturated with saline matter from being constantly submerged by the sea. Water from the reservoir is then poured in till the vessel is full. This sea-water filtering through the saline earth becomes more salt than it was before, and the strong brine thus made is drawn off through a bamboo pipe into a second vessel. Close by is a rude, dome-shaped furnace consisting of a hole in the ground surmounted by a cupola, formed by fixing together with mud a large number of egg-shaped jars with their mouths outwards. These are all filled to the brim with the brine. Then a fire is lighted inside and fed with the tall, dry grass which grows around, till all the water in the jars has been boiled away. The crystals of salt are then scraped out and piled on mats for transport to the gola.

The making of salt is a Government monopoly. In the early years of

British rule the salt was made by men hired by the Government, and a large staff of highly-paid officials was maintained to supervise the work. The 'Salt Agent', who lived in a huge palace at Contai on the Midnapore coast, was a senior member of the Covenanted Civil Service and drew a very large salary—Rs 4,000 or thereabouts a month. This system was, however, found to be expensive and inefficient. Fraud and peculation was rife, and smuggling on a large scale was winked at by the numerous and badly-watched native subordinates. Salt Daroghas, on a salary of forty or fifty rupees a month, bought large estates and built handsome houses and died worth large sums of money. The old system was swept away and a new one introduced. The Salt Agent and his army of Daroghas were abolished, and the long-suffering and over burdened Collector had the Salt department added to the already long list of his duties Government gave up making salt on its own account, and private persons were invited to engage in the manufacture.

"Enterprising merchants, contractors and others possessing a little capital readily embarked in this promising venture. Securing from the landowner the lease of a tract of land ten or fifteen miles square on the 'saliferous' region—a narrow strip of low land running along all the coast—the contractor applied for permission to make salt there. He had to fence his ground strongly, to build huts for the workmen and to hire them. He had also to deposit a sum of money with the Collector to meet the pay of a small guard of police and a 'Pass Officer' and weigh-men.

As in every occupation in India, so in this, the men who do the work belong to a special caste, called in Orissa—Mallangis, in Bengal—Nunias. Some of them engage in agriculture, but the most part live entirely by making (and smuggling) salt.

Work at the Arangs, as the salt enclosures are called, begins about December when the land has dried after the rains. The Malallangis clear the ground, build reed-huts, mounds and furnaces, dig canals to carry the salt water. They also cut great quantities of the tall, coarse grass that grows all about, which, with its thick stems and knotty roots, makes excellent and cheap fuel. At daybreak the fires are lit and the work goes on until an hour before sunset, when the

salt, still wet and warm, is put into baskets and carried to the enclosure, where it is weighed and the day's out-turn recorded by the Pass Officer. The salt is thrown into heaps which are carefully thatched with palm leaves. Later on it is conveyed either by land in bags carried by pack-bullocks, or by boat up the numerous muddy creeks to the Gola or warehouse near one of the large inland towns or markets.

Every step in the manufacture and sale of salt is surrounded with the most minute precautions on the part of Government, and there is a distinct and separate kind of fraud practised at each stage. As each fresh precaution is evolved by the Board of Revenue, the Board of Smugglers invents a means of circumventing it.

The area of the Arang is extensive; except where actually cleared it is covered with tall, coarse grass and scrub. In many places there are swamps and quicksands. The narrow, winding footpaths on which only one man can go are known only to the Mallangis. The staff of police put to guard the Arang consists usually of only four men and a Head Constable. The work is unpopular because of the unhealthiness of the place and the difficulty of procuring provisions. Consequently only the worst men in the force can be got to go there and the salt Arangs are used as a penal settlement. A policeman who does anything wrong is sent to a Salt Arang as a punishment. Add to this that the smugglers are liberal with their bribes, and that they are backed up by wealthy and influential men who have no scruple in getting up a false charge against an inconveniently honest policeman and supporting it by any number of paid false witnesses, it is not surprising under these circumstances that malpractices should flourish and the revenue should be considerably defrauded.

In carrying the salt from the furnaces to the weighing ground, the Mallangis deposit parcels of it in spots known only to themselves in the jungle, to be removed later on and sold privately to the adjacent villages. When the fires are (apparently) put out at sunset, they will leave the furnaces with the loads of salt, but will sneak back again in the course of the night, blow up the embers and make salt all night, hiding it before daylight in the jungle. The

police are supposed to patrol all night, and as the whole tract is as flat as a pancake it is only by mounting on the ruins of some deserted furnace of former years that they can see over the jungle and mark far off the light and smoke from some clandestine working. Then they have to steal upon the men silently and cautiously through the narrow, tortuous paths, taking their chance of meeting a leopard, or wild boar, or even an occasional wild buffalo. When they reach the spot, they often have a fierce hand-to-hand fight in which the smugglers, being numerically stronger, usually get the better of the police and escape into the darkness, where it would be useless to pursue them. Of course such courage and activity are not often displayed by the police. It is only when the Magistrate, angered by the increase of smuggling fulminates threats, that they are stirred up to such temporary efforts. But as soon as they have made an arrest or two they relapse into their former apathy and the smuggling goes on as merrily as before.

The salt itself by its nature plays into the hands of the smugglers. It is wet when first made, but dries by degrees and of course loses weight as it dries. It is weighed at the Arang before despatch and again at the Gola on arrival, and if the two weights do not agree the contractor is liable to a heavy fine. A certain allowance is made for dryage *en route a* common trick is to prick holes in the bags when they are taken off the bullocks at night, for the journey takes two or three days. A good deal of salt is abstracted in this way. Then the bullocks are driven through some muddy pool or ditch—as if by accident—so that the salt gets wet and increases in weight and the loss by abstraction is covered.

If the salt is sent by boat it is not put into bags, but thrown loose— 'in bulk' as the technical phrase is—into the hold of a large, undecked barge. The surface is then stamped all over with an 'adal' or large wooden seal bearing the name of the contractor, and on arrival at the Gola it is carefully inspected before being unloaded to make sure that the adal marks are intact.

Even from boats, however, smuggling takes place. One night a large, salt-laden barge was moored under a high, overhanging bank in a creek far from any inhabited place. The boatmen and police guard went up on to the bank,

made themselves a snug retreat with piles of scrub and grass covered with a tarpaulin, cooked and ate their rice and went to sleep. Then from the jungle there emerged in Indian file sixteen or eighteen men, all stark naked and oiled. They had a long rope and baskets. They let themselves down into the boat and while some filled the baskets with salt, others drew up the baskets by the rope. The salt was carried basket by basket to a boat hidden in a smaller creek dose by and when it was full they get in and shoved off. They were afraid to row lest the noise should attract attention. So they softly and silently poled out of the creek. By this time it was just daybreak and as they turned out of the creek into the river they came full into the police patrol boat which happened to be coming that way. The constables at once smelt a rat and, boarding the boat, saw that it was full of salt and tried to seize the offenders. They, however, slipped through their hands owing to their bodies being oiled, and flinging themselves into the water swam ashore and disappeared into the jungle where it was useless to pursue them.

The reason for all this smuggling is that there is a heavy tax of Rs 3-4 a maund (in English weights, approximately £8 a ton). This has to be paid by the contractor before he can get delivery of his salt from the Gola. The salt is then issued to him under a pass in which all sorts of particulars are entered, name, father's name, caste and residence of everyone concerned, name of Arang at which the salt was made, where it is now to be sent to and so on and so on. The contractor sells it to wholesale vendors, who (also under a pass) sell it again to retail dealers, and they (also under a pass) to their customers the public. From the moment that the salt crystallizes in the pan to the time when it passes into the possession of the consumer it is guarded and protected by passes, espionage, supervision, official interference and legal penalties. The Collector's life is made a burden to him by the ceaseless vigilance necessary to protect the Government revenue. The price of salt is unduly raised thereby and the villagers living on the edge of the saliferous tract are harassed by incessant police visits. Close to them lies the broad, flat salt plain; they have only to dig up a little of the briny earth, boil it in salt water out of the nearest creek, and they can obtain a plentiful supply of this necessary of life. But if

they do this they are liable to fine and imprisonment. The police, who are practically powerless against professional smugglers, used to display great keenness and energy in arresting some poor helpless widow whom they caught boiling a little brine in an earthen pot to make salt to eat with her rice. They dragged the wretched, frightened creature fifty or sixty miies into Balasore, and brought her before the Magistrate who was reluctantly compelled to fine her. The Board made matters worse by giving records to any policeman who discovered and arrested anyone having in his possession or making 'illicit' salt. But the way the thing was worked seemed to me and all the other magistrates so absurd and oppressive that I first refused to inflict any fines in such cases and next refused to give the police any reward for 'directing' them. Of course there was a great outcry, and I was angrily called on by the Board to say what I meant by such conduct. This gave me the opportunity I had been longing for. A lengthy correspondence ensued, and the matter ended by the Government conceding to the inhabitants of the saliferous tract and its neighbourhood permission to make small quantities of salt for their own use, but not for sale. This put a stop to the petty acts of oppression which fell so heavily, petty though they might seem to us, on the poorer classes of the rural population.

Very heavily oppressed they were, and it is wonderful how they contrived to exist at all under the numerous exactions to which they were subjected at the hands of their own countrymen. We did our best to protect them, but a mere handful of foreigners in so large a country cannot even hear of many of the things that are done behind their backs. The people are afraid to complain, knowing that if compelled by the English Magistrate to compensate their victims, the powerful oppressors will be able to find many opportunities for revenging themselves. It is only by accident that we find out many abuses, and it is necessary to practise the greatest caution in remedying them lest we should do more harm than good by our well-meant interference. Such a case occurred about this time, and caused much excitement. It was known as the 'Illegal Cess Agitation'.

One day my Assistant, Fiddian, in charge of the Bhadrakh sub-division which

comprised the whole southern side of the district, was out in camp on one of his usual tours of inspection. In a very remote corner of the district, where the people understood little or nothing about the principles of British administration, a ryot came up to him as he was riding alone through the fields and asked him, 'Is it ordered that we are to pay *tikkus?*'

'What do you mean by *tikkus?*' asked Fiddian.

'Many things,' replied the ryot. 'Our zemindar makes us pay what he calls *tikkus,* he says he has to pay it to the Sirkar, and we are to pay it to him, one rupee each house; then there is "tar", one rupee, also "mangan", one or two or even three rupees each whenever he has a son or a daughter married, or wants to give a feast to Brahmans on some religions festival day, or wants to go on pilgrimage to Jagannath, or to repair his house, or many other things.'

'No,' said Fiddian, 'you have to pay your rent and nothing else.' The man went away, apparently well pleased.

But this set him thinking, and he made elaborate inquiries from which he found out that the zemindars were in the habit of levying contributions from all their ryots on all sorts of pretexts. 'Tikkus' was their pronunciation of the English word 'tax'. The zemindars had to pay the newly introduced and extremely unpopular income tax, and recouped themselves and more than recouped themselves by levying a rupee per house from all their tenants.

When the telegraph line was set up all along the Trunk Road, although the zemindars had not to pay anything towards its construction, they pretended that they had, and made a levy from all their tenants. This was the 'tar', the telegraph being known as 'tar bijli' or 'lightning wire'. Many other things were made occasions for raising contributions, so that the wretched ryots were ground down to the dust and lived in the direst poverty. I took the matter up earnestly and made inquiries from which it appeared that the practice of levying these illegal cesses was common all over the District. I reported the matter to Ravenshaw, the Commissioner and he caused inquiries to be made in Cuttack and Puri, from which it came to light that the same practices were in vogue there also. He then reported it to Government.

Meanwhile the news that the Hakims had declared the 'tikkus' to be illegal spread all over the country and up into Bengal where it caused great commotion. In some districts it gave rise to rioting.

Various schemes were proposed for putting a stop to this, none of which were very effective. The Lieutenant-Governor then proposed legislation, and prepared a draft of a law declaring the practices illegal and laying down punishments for such offences. This was, however, stopped by the Government of India on the advice of Sir Richard Temple, then a member of Council, who knew absolutely nothing whatever about the matter or about Bengal, but who, as he afterwards told me, chose to consider it as a mere petty local agitation which it was not wise to encourage.

This was a great disappointment to us, but we did not give up the game. Seeing that the Government would not help us, we determined to help ourselves. We knew that the Government of Bengal was on our side though the far-off, ignorant 'India Government', as it is called, would not help us. So Fiddian and I commenced a series of tours into all parts of the District, in the course of which we assembled the ryots of each estate together with the zemindar himself, or if he were an absentee, his agent, found out by questioning the people and examining the zemindar's books what exactions he was in the habit of making, and explained to the people which of them was illegal. In this way we succeeded in opening their eyes, and stirring them up to resist illegal demands. For a time there was much confusion, underhand attempts at extortion by the zemindars, forcibly resisted by the peasants, in a few cases rioting and broken heads. But by degrees the strife ceased: most of the zemindars gave up their exactions finding they could not enforce them, and though with so timid a peasantry, so masterful a proprietary body, and so wily a crowd of agents, we could never be sure that extortions were not practised, we soon had abundant proof that they had everywhere very much diminished, and in most places entirely ceased. The result was, on the whole, considerable increase of material prosperity and comfort for the peasantry and a knowledge of their rights which would render a return to the old state of grinding extortion impracticable in the future. Had we been properly supported, the movement

would have grown into a great revolution which would have been fruitful of unspeakable good for the down-trodden agricultural population. However, we did what we could and for the results we were thankful.

It was a great surprise to us all in the cold weather of 1871-2 to be informed that the Viceroy, Lord Mayo, was going to visit our neglected and benighted province. No Viceroy had ever visited Orissa since the establishment of British rule in India. Great were the preparations for his reception, and great were the stirrings of heart among the 'Kings of the Amorites that dwell in the hills', as we used to call the great host of semi-independent Rajas who ruled each his little territory in the hill-country. Mayurbhanj, Keonjhar, Dhenkanal and the rest of the Maharajas far away in their hill-fortresses deep in the western jungles got out their 'barbaric pearl and gold', and started with long trains of nondescript retainers in strange costumes, from complete suits of rusty armour, coats of mail, helmets of brass and cloaks of tiger-skin to a simple girdle of leaves round the loins. They made pompous public entries into Cuttack, their long processions headed by discordant music of horn and drum, and each vied with the other in the number of his retainers and the splendour of his own costume. In Cuttack itself Durbar tents, fireworks, illuminations, decorations and loyal addresses were being got ready. Fiddian and I arrived with our contingents in due course and began at once to co-operate actively with Macpherson, the Collector of Cuttack, in carrying out the arrangements. Suddenly a telegram arrived with the news that Lord Mayo had been stabbed by a convict when visiting Mount Harriet, one of the convict stations of the Andaman Islands, and was dead!

Ravenshaw, the Commissioner, with a large party of distinguished officials had gone down to False Point, the harbour of Orissa—the only one in those days—to receive the Viceroy. When it was signalled that the Viceroy's steamer was in sight the Commissioner steamed out to meet it. As it came nearer something strange in the appearance of the vessel attracted their attention, and through their glasses they made out the ensign half-mast high! On coming alongside they found that it was the companion steamer with some of the

staff on board, the Viceroy's own steamer with his body and Lady Mayo had gone on to Calcutta. They then heard the sad news and were requested to hurry back to Cuttack and telegraph to Calcutta, so that the news might arrive before the steamer, which they did. All our grand preparations were stopped, the Kings returned to their hills and the great assemblage broke up amidst general grief and indignation. The assassin was an Afghan—of course— who had been sentenced to transportation for life for murder, as he thought unjustly, and had taken this opportunity of revenging himself. Lord Mayo was universally regretted. He was a tall, stately man of the most genial and affable manner, personally extremely popular, and officially an active, keen-witted, energetic ruler. It is needless to write more about this melancholy event; are not these things written in the chronicles of British India ?

After this we settled down quietly in our sleepy hollow of Balasore and resumed the even tenor of our way. On the 13th October 1872 was born our fourth daughter and seventh child. Gertrude. The child was sickly at first and caused us much anxiety but eventually, owing to the care of her nurse, a strange old Irishwoman named Doran (she was widely known as 'Mother D'), she grew up healthy and extremely pretty.

This year I wrote a Manual of the District of Balasore, its history, geography, land tenures, castes, industries and all sorts of other things. It cost me much time and labour, but for reasons which I shall mention hereafter it was never published. There *was*, however, published in this year the first volume of my *Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages of India*. It was published by Trubner, and immediately taken up by Oriental philologists both in England and on the Continent. It was very favourably reviewed in English and German papers and adopted as a textbook in many universities. It won me considerable reputation and fame.

I also contributed articles regularly to the *Indian Observer, Indian Antiquary* and *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society.* Balasore was such a dull little place, and the few European officers there so stupid and uninteresting, that I was forced to keep myself constantly occupied at one thing or another to prevent myself from perishing from ennui. Long rides with my dear wife every

morning, visits to the sea with boating and fishing, and reading such books as we could get were my chief amusements. My wife had her nursery and her garden, which was very lovely till the cyclone of this year swept it all away. She was a notable grower of roses and her garden was very much admired by our occasional visitors. Officials of various sorts passed through Balasore from time to time and enlivened our existence a little.

It came to an end very suddenly and unexpectedly by my being appointed in August 1873 to officiate as Commissioner of Orissa for three months while Ravenshaw went on leave. I visited Balasore once or twice afterwards, but our four years' residence there came to an end and we were very glad of it.

CUTTACK
1873

On arriving in Cuttack 12th August 1873 I took charge of the office of Commissioner of the Orissa Division. This includes the three districts of Balasore, Cuttack and Puri which are under direct British rule, and seventeen petty Tributary States each ruled by its own Raja under the general supervision of the Commissioner, who is also entitled Superintendent of the Tributary States. These States all lie in the tangled mass of hills, densely covered for the most part with virgin forests, to the west of the settled districts.

Ravenshaw had taken three months' 'privilege' leave, as it is called, and in order not to lose a single day he refused to sign the papers making over charge to me till he was just about to go on board the steamer. This necessitated my going down to False Point with him and his wife on board one of the small Government steamers, and staying there twenty-four hours while waiting for the British India Company's steamer from Calcutta, which touched at False Point on her way to Madras, whither Ravenshaw was bound. We had a merry time, as there was a large party at False Point waiting for the steamer. At last the steamer from Calcutta made its appearance, Ravenshaw departed and I was able to start for Cuttack. My absence had been very inconvenient, not only because work was accumulating there, but because our youngest child Gertrude had been taken ill on the journey from Balasore, and I had been obliged to leave my wife alone and in great anxiety about the child. So as soon as I was free to return I started in the steam launch with two other men who had also to get back to their work. We pushed on as fast as the little vessel could carry us, and reached Cuttack early the next morning. As we approached the landing place we saw old Wright, the Sub-Judge, pacing up and down in an agitated manner with a very white face. My heart sank, for I feared bad news about the baby. Bad news it was, but of a different kind. As soon as we got within hearing, he called out to us, 'Irvine is dead, Irvine was the Collector, and we had left him apparently in robust health three days before.

Excepted from *Memoirs of a Bengal Civilian*

Ever since the terrible Orissa famine in 1866, the work of the large and heavily-worked Cuttack Collectorate had fallen into confusion and immense arrears of business had accumulated, which successive Collectors bad toiled in vain to clear off. About a year before this time Irvine had been appointed Collector, a clever young Irishman, but utterly unmethodical. He made matters worse by a groundless suspicion of all his native subordinates, which led him to try and do himself much work which they were quite competent to do, and for which he had not time. Thus the arrears accumulated worse than ever. Not content with working every day from ten to six in his office, he used to take home with him at night quantities of papers and would sit up till two or three 'o' clock in the morning working at them. On the day of my arrival in Cuttack, as I was driving to Ravenshaw's house with him, we met Irvine returning from office in a mail-phaeton, the back part of which was crammed full of large bags. These he said contained papers at which he was going to work after dinner. The result of this excessive overwork on the health of a stout, full-blooded man who required a great deal of exercise to keep him well, was fatal. One night when he had sat over his papers till nearly daybreak, he went to take a bath preparatory to snatching a few hours' sleep. In his bath he had an apoplectic stroke and was taken up senseless and died in a few hours after, never having recovered consciousness.

I thus found everything in confusion. I had my own work as Commissioner to learn, and the indescribable muddle in the Cuttack Collectorate on top of it. J. F. Stevens, the Joint Magistrate, though clever, was young and inexperienced and naturally very nervous at the great and novel responsibility thrown on him, for in the event of the Collector's death all the work of the district devolved on the Joint Magistrate, as the second in command. I had not been home an hour before he drove up, white and trembling, with a large quantity of poor Irvine's large bags full of papers in his dog-cart. All the previous day the Judge, whose duty it was to take charge of the property of deceased Europeans, had been sending him bags of papers which he had found in Irvine's house, littering all the rooms and thrown about in the wildest confusion. Stevens's only idea was to carry out a suggestion of Irvine's and set officers to work to

sort, arrange and catalogue all these papers with a view to their being subsequently disposed of. But this seemed to me to be useless labour. The first thing to be done was to arrange for the charge of the district. It was essential to lose no time. I therefore telegraphed to the Government requesting that Stevens might at once be appointed to officiate as Collector. In a letter to Sir George Campbell I pointed out that much time would be lost by sending another officer from a distance. Stevens was rather afraid of undertaking so heavy a charge, though the promotion was great and unexpected, but on my promising to help him, he consented. His appointment came the same day by telegram, and the next morning he came to me early with his cargo of big bags but with a cheerful face. The bags were brought into my study and he then proceeded to unfold his notable scheme of having them Catalogued and arranged.

'But,' said I, 'why this unnecessary labour? In the time it would take to make these long lists, the letters themselves could be answered.' He stared at me with lack-lustre eyes. 'How?' said he. 'Empty your bags on that table,' said I, 'and I will show you how.' The bags were emptied on to a large dining-table and as Graves, a very smart young police-officer, came in at the moment I pressed him also into the work. I seated them both before me, pencils in their hands. The first paper I opened required no answer. 'Write "file" on it,' and they wrote and Stevens put his initials. The effect of this order was that the paper would be placed by a clerk in the file to which it referred. As each letter or paper was opened, I read it, threw it to one or other of them, and dictated an order which they wrote. In this way we worked for some three hours, by which time quite half of the formidable mass had been disposed of. All Stevens had to do was to hand the papers to his Head Clerk who, in a few hours, having got orders on them, would be able to do what was required. So Stevens went away happy. Every day for some time I used to go for some hours to his office and work with him, and then go on to my own office and spend the rest of the day at my own work. Stevens, being a man of great clearness of mind and quick perception, soon learnt how to do the work and was able to dispense with my assistance. Being both Commissioner and

Collector at the same time was rather hard work and I was not sorry when it was over.

But I had discovered one thing. The immense accumulation of arrears of work was due not merely to the disorder caused by the famine, nor to the unmethodical habits of the two last Collectors. It was due in a great degree to the slowness and dishonesty of the native ministerial staff. It would be impossible without going into technical details, which would not be intelligible to those who have not served in the Indian Civil Service, to explain the exact way in which these men act, and had acted in this case. The heads of the various departments were old men deeply rooted in old-fashioned ways and grooves, each of them had an army of dependants and filled all vacant posts with his relations. They all with one accord strenuously resisted improvements and changes of all sorts, and where they were unable to prevent their introduction laboured hard and successfully to render them inoperative when introduced. A strong hand, an inflexible will, and rigid method and punctuality were required to restore order to this large and important district. As soon, therefore, as I had set my own work as Commissioner in order, and had allowed Stevens time to clear off his arrears, I held my official inspection of the Cuttack Collectorate. I made it as close and searching as I knew how, with the result that I discovered countless abuses, a total want of system, and an organized confederacy among the native officials to resist all change or improvement. In order to break the neck of the opposition I resolved on drastic measures, dismissed the heads of all the departments or compelled them to retire on pension, filling their places with younger men of more advanced views, some of whom I brought from my old district of Balasore. When Ravenshaw returned from leave after three months' absence, he found all the principal officials of Cuttack changed, all the work reorganized and absolutely no arrears! He rubbed his eyes with astonishment and was not at all pleased!

But throughout the business I had been in correspondence with Sir George and had obtained his approval to every step I had taken. Such a thorough reformation of a sleepy, neglected, mismanaged office was quite to his taste.

He also fully approved of my introducing new blood into the office, and showed his approval by appointing me Collector of the Cuttack district and promoting me to the first grade of Collectors at a salary of Rs 2,250 a month.

During my short tenure of the Commissioner's office nothing very important occurred, and in November, on Ravenshaw's return I took up my duties as Collector of Cuttack. We took a beautiful but rather uncomfortable house at Chauliaganj, suburb of Cuttack, a broad canal open plain near the river with a race-course, a canal and a row of handsome houses in large compounds. It was the healthiest part of the station, though it had the inconvenience of lying rather a long way from the rest of the station and the Government offices. I had a drive of three miles to my cutcherry. Here we lived for four years, perhaps on the whole the busiest, brightest and happiest period of my service in India. Not only was the sphere of my activity much enlarged, but the station in which we lived was a big one. There was a regiment of Madras Infantry with six or seven officers and their wives, about a dozen engineers of the Public Works Department, six or seven Members of the Civil Service, besides missionaries and merchants and men in other departments. Numerous officers stationed in outlying parts of the province were constantly coming in on business or pleasure, so that on special occasions we could assemble over a hundred Europeans of both sexes, a large number for an Indian station. Nor were they only numerous; they were, for the most part, cheerful, gay and sociable folk. Cut off as Cuttack was to a great extent from the rest of the world by defective means of communication, its residents had to rely on themselves and their neighbours for help, society and amusement. Sir William Grey, the Lieutenant-Goverrnor, used to say that he could not get men to go to Cuttack, but once they had got there he could not get them to come away from it. Men did not like going there because it was so out of the way, but when they once got there they found it so pleasant they wished to stay.

Thomas Edward Ravenshaw, the Commissioner, was a little king in Orissa. He had his salute of eleven guns, his guards and elephants, and on state occasions appeared in uniform of dark blue covered with gold lace and embroidery, cocked hat and feather, and sword. He was a kindly, patriarchal sort

of old man, grey-headed and stout and quite free from any official stiffness or haughtiness. I had no great respect for his abilities, nor had anyone else, but he had much experience and knew his Orissa and his Oriyas thoroughly. They loved him as much as they are capable of loving a European. His very slowness and muddling, hesitating ways commended themselves to the sluggish Oriya mind. They touched some answering string in their souls. He was one of those men, a not uncommon type in India, who live for their work alone. He had no literary tastes or cultivation, was as ill-informed about most things as English public school boys of those days usually were, and except for half an hour's pottering in his garden and an occasional holiday at his turning lathe, spent all his time sitting before a table covered with official papers, with a cheroot in his mouth and a pen in his hand. But he governed efficiently, if not brilliantly, a country somewhat larger than Wales, was a first-rate shot, and a good judge of a horse—an average, unpretentious English gentleman, in fact. My wife used to say that I led him by the nose, and I certainly did stir him up to doing many things which he would not have done of his own accord. But he was very easily led by the orthodox Hindu faction, which was very powerful in Orissa—of whom more anon.

This great city of Cuttack, the capital of a large and isolated province, was a curious study. So many little worlds lived side by side, understanding each other very imperfectly, disliking each other often very heartily, and yet all dwelling peaceably on the whole under the strong hand of British law and order. Its situation was peculiar and, in many respects, inconvenient. The Mahanadi, an immense river more than two miles broad, issues from the hills and divides into two great streams, which in their turn divide lower down into several others, so that all this part of Central Orissa is, in fact, the delta of the Mahanadi, a triangle, each of whose sides is about a hundred miles in length. At the apex of this triangle, which points to the west, lies the city. The site was in fact chosen for purposes of defence by the King of Orissa in the sixteenth cerrury when his country was invaded by the Mahommedans. He left his former capital Chaudwar (Chaudwar = four gates), the ruins of which are still visible on the northern bank of the river, and pitched his 'camp' (in Sanskrit

and Oriya, Kataka) between the two sheltering arms of the mighty river. Here he built a great fortress called Barobati which still stands, though in ruins, and the rest of the apex was occupied by the houses of the townspeople.

The Marathas built a massive revetment, or wall of huge stones all round the two sides of the triangle which face the two rivers, and this lofty, reddish-grey wall with its bastions and ghats gives to the city, when seen from the south, the appearance of a fortified place. Of the two arms of the river, that which flows on the south of the city is called the Katjori. It is now dammed at its entrance by an 'anicut'. This is a strong wall of stone built right across the river, pounding up the water above it into an extensive lake, while the river-bed below is left a dry expanse of gleaming sand with a feeble thread of water trickling through it. In the rains, however, the river tops the dam and plunges in an enormous torrent through the bed below. The extent of its rise and the volume of the water may be judged from the fact that, while in the dry season the walls of the Maratha revetment tower sixty feet above the sand which stretches for more than a mile in width at its foot, in the rains the water laps the coping of the wall and covers the whole expanse of sand. Once or twice in recent times, in extraordinarily high floods, the water has even risen above the top of the wall and has only been prevented from bursting into the town below by the most strenuous exertions on the part of the engineers. A vast, turbid mass of water pours down the Katjori, bearing along whole forest trees torn from the banks higher up, which the townspeople amuse themselves by catching with an ingenious but simple contrivance. Two sticks, each a few inches long, are tied strongly in the shape of a cross, to which is fastened a coil of thin but very strong cord. They stand on the bank and hurl the cross, which flies through the air, unwinding the coil as it flies and, alighting on the floating tree, is entangled in its branches. Three or four men then haul on the cord, and so gradually pull the tree to shore, where it is cut up and sold for firewood. In this way the poorer townsfolk make a good deal of profit from the floods.

On the highest point of the revetment stands the Lal Bagh, the Commissioner's residence, a large and stately building in a park-like compound in which, in

our time, a herd of spotted deer used to roam. A long avenue of tall trees with dense foliage (a species of Uvaria) led to, the entrance gates, beyond which lay the native city.

The Collector's office (cutcherry) stood on the same revetment as the Lal Bagh, a little lower down. In its spacious, park-like grounds were numerous other public offices, including the College. The native city possessed no ancient or remarkable buildings. It was a large, busy place with many shops and some handsome streets, a market-place and a few old temples. To the north of it lay the lines of the Madras Regiment, a very wide, open plain used as a parade ground; lines of broad roads bordered by the houses of Europeans, a church, a Roman Catholic chapel, a Baptist chapel and finally the still imposing ruins of the old Fort of Barobati, within whose enclosure was the station club, a racquet court and other buildings. The whole inhabited space between the two rivers was about five miles long by two broad, and for a long distance down-stream to the south-east were struggling suburbs— Jobra with its extensive workshops, Chauliaganj with a race-course and a row of pleasant, spacious villas in large compounds, in one of which we lived for four years.

It seems unnecessary to enter into a detailed account of the work I had to do in Cuttack. It did not very much differ from what has already been described in previous districts, though it was heavier and more varied. In fact the great charm of the work of Civil officers in India is its variety. One has no fear of getting wearied by a monotonous routine, or by perpetually hammering away at one unchanging task. In the course of one day's work one has a dozen or more different things to do, each presenting some new feature of interest, so that if one goes to bed very tired at night, it is not the depressing weariness of sameness or drudgery, but the healthy fatigue of keeping mind and body on the stretch with a multitude of ever-varying calls on one's attention, and the joy than which I know no greater—and which I sigh for now in my unemployed old age) of feeling that one is working and ruling and making oneself useful in God's world. A brief outline of an ordinary day's work may be given once for all. We got up at five or thereabouts, drank a cup of tea while our horses were being brought, and went for a ride. If I had official work to do, I went alone,

but mostly my wife and I went together. On our ride we met friends and rode with them, or stopped to talk and rode on. Returning about six-thirty we had our regular chota haziri in the veranda; our little girls, who had been for a ride on their ponies played around us. Then we went round our beautiful garden and gave orders, or showed our roses and other plants to friends who dropped in. About seven the post came in and we read the paper, the *Englishman*—the leading journal in Bengal in those days—looked at our letters, discussed any matters requiring arrangement, and by eight I was settled in my study for two hours' work at my big book, my *Comparative Grammar.* At ten, bath and breakfast and off to cutcherry in my brougham, a drive of three miles, during which I read official letters or thought over the day's business. On reaching office about eleven, the first thing was to take the Faujdari or Magistrate's work. The public crowded into my large court-room and presented many petitions, each of which was read to me by a clerk and orders passed thereon. Most of them were plaints in criminal cases, which were made over to the various subordinate Magistrates for disposal. Then came the great police charge-book in which were entered all the criminal cases sent up that day from the various police stations in the district—murders, robberies, burglaries, thefts and the like. Some of these cases I took myself, but the greater part of them was made over to the Joint Magistrate and others. On this followed a large number of miscellaneous petitions and reports about all sorts of things—ferries, cattle-pounds, jail matters, recovery of fines and forfeitures, arrangement of records; also punishments, rewards and promotions of officials and other matters. By the time all these things were disposed of it would be about twelve-thirty, and if I had no criminal cases to try—and I could but seldom find time to try any—the Magisterial officials were sent away to issue the orders I had passed and carry out those which it fell to them to do. Now followed interviews with the Head Clerks of each department—Magistrate's Office, Excise, Stamps, Treasury, Customs, Salt, Road Cess, Municipal, Education, Registration, Land Revenue. Each man brought those papers on which orders were required, took his orders and departed. Of course, the whole of them did not come every day, but only those

who had something to report, or something which required orders. When they had gone I wrote replies to letters from the Commissioner, Board and other officials, and was usually a good deal hindered and interrupted by Deputy Collectors and other officers coming in to speak to me about this or that. Generally, however, by two o'clock the correspondence was finished. Whether it was or not, at two we had tiffin—and we wanted it. At this meal, served in a quiet room at the end of the terrace overlooking the broad river and the blue hills beyond, the Joint Magistrate, Stevens, and the District Superintendent of police joined me, and while we ate we talked shop and got through a good deal of business. At half past two 'I returned to my office and finished any correspondence that remained. At three the Collectorate officers came with a pile of reports and other business, sometimes with a case to try. A little before four I called for petitions on the Collectorate side; these were not so numerous as those on the Magisterial side, and while hearing them and passing orders on them, I was busy signing all the orders and letters I had issued during the day. By four 'o' clock that work was done and I went home, It was, of course, only by the utmost punctuality and strictness that so much work could be got through, but each clerk and official knew exactly what he had to do and at what hour he was to come to me for orders and reports. When once you establish a 'dastur' (a custom or fixed routine) with natives they are all right, there is nothing they love-so much as dastur; they make themselves into machines and work admirably. There were never any arrears in the Cuttack office during the four years of my incumbency, and this was due not to any superior merit or cleverness on my part but simply to the introduction of a regular routine of work.

When I got home I had a cup of tea, and then received any native Rajas or other gentlemen. This was a tedious and tiresome business, but before six I had generally got rid of them and drove with my wife. We had a pretty Victoria and pair of grey Arabs. Our drive generally ended at the club in the Fort, where we met nearly everyone in the station, both men and women. Here there were sports of many kinds; some played lawn-tennis, others billiards or whist, others — mostly the chiefs sat in the verandah round old

Ravenshaw and talked— a good deal of 'shop' I fear — but many other things besides. About seven-thirty, we drove home to dinner and were generally in bed and asleep soon after nine.

Then we had mornings at Jobra. Jobra was a suburb of Cuttack, a green, woody little village on the bank of the great river Mahanadi. Just above it the river was dammed by an anicut, a mighty wall of stone more than a mile in length, and at one end of it stood the great range of Canal workshops, under the management of George Faulkner. Faulkner was a man of a type perhaps little known in England, but far from uncommon in India; the Englishman to whom India has become a second mother-country, and who would be unhappy and totally misunderstood and out of place in England. Thoroughly English in manners and feelings, so much so that though he had been forty years in India he could not speak a dozen words of any Indian language, he had no wish to return to his native land, and though he spoke of it with pride and affection he preferred India as a place to live in.

A native of Manchester, bred up as a mechanical engineer in one of the big engineering works in Lancashire, he had come out to India at the age of twenty or thereabouts in the service of the Irrigation Company.[1] This company, formed for the purpose of making canals had constructed several on the Godavery river in the Madras presidency, and had then extended its operations to Orissa where it had constructed three canals, of which I shall have much to say hereafter. Eventually the Company was dissolved and its works, plant and employees taken over by Government. Thus Faulkner and a number of others became Government servants.

In person he was a tall, stout powerfully-built man with a ruddyface, a huge shock of flaxen hair turning white, and an immense white beard which hung down over his broad chest and floated all round his face. He looked like an old lion, a grand, jovial, coarse, hard-drinking old Viking full of songs and jokes and highly improper stories. Utterly reckless and wild about money matters, always in debt, always full of wild schemes, and yet this rough old creature had the most exquisitely delicate taste as a designer, and the greatest skill and fineness of touch as an artisan. He painted, he carved, he moulded; he designed

buildings, boats, bridges; he grew the most beautiful towers, planned and laid out the most lovely gardens, and could use a chisel or any other tool as well as his best workman. He had four stalwart sons, three of whom were engineers and the fourth a doctor, all of them artists and skilful men with their hand; And the strange thing was that all these big, coarse, athletic men, father as well as sons, were fond of reading, read extensively and remembered what they read; had a fine taste in literature, loved their Ruskin and could quote and argue and talk admirably. The boys had, of course, been born in Madras and sent home to be educated. There were also three handsome daughters who had been educated partly in England, partly in Paris, and were very accomplished; speaking French in particular with a pure Parisian accent and playing and singing well. They were, in fact, a very interesting family and we became great friends with them all. Old Mrs Faulkner, the wife of the Viking, as as such men wives generally are for some reason, a small, delicate, feeble-looking woman, very much better bred than her husband; but feeble as he looked, she had much determination and courage in her frail little body, and it was by her principally thai their brilliant, reckless:, rollicking family was kept going. She slaved for them and got then out of their scrapes and was always cheerful and helpful though she confessed to my wife that they were a sore burden to her.

Jobra was Faulkner's glory and the despair of the Public Works Department Both by nature and by his irregular training Faulkner was quite incapable of red-tape or of following a decorous official routine. He was perpetually harrowing the souls of his official superiors and the Heads of the Department in Calcutta by doing the most unheard of and irregular things. He ruled Jobra in a way of his own. and could by no means be brought to understand or follow the official way of doing things. But he was tolerated because they could not well do without him. Among other things he was a most ingenious inventor, and if ever in the extensive and complicated canal works that were going on all over Cuttack district any hitch occurred, Faulkner was safe to invent some machine or device which solved the difficulty. His shutters for the sluices, his valves, screws, self-acting locks and other contrivances would

have made the fortune of anyone else. He had a large number of Telugu artisans who had followed him from the Godavery. There were both men and women; the former were carpenters, smiths and the like, while the latter worked as coolies. Among these people, foreigners in Orissa crowded together in a small settlement near the workshops, there was at first much promiscuous intercourse and the chaplain complained to Faulkner, as a certain number of them were native Christians. So Faulkner assembled them all, Christians and heathens alike, and told them that he was not going to have any immorality in his works, and to stop it he ordered each man to select one woman as his wife. This being done he had the names entered in a book, made them a curious address in which scraps of the Church of England marriage service were mixed up, and then, to clinch the matter, made each man pay one rupee. Then he solemnly informed them that they were all married! Of course they did not understand much of what he said as he spoke in English, and did not wait to have it all translated to them. But the ceremony and especially the payments were clear enough to them. It was indeed suggested to Faulkner that some, probably most, of them were married already, but he said that didn't matter. He gave them all a big feast, and spent the money they had paid in relieving widows and orphans among them. This strange plan answered admirably. Each man henceforth kept strictly to his so-called wife, and new-comers were made to come before Faulkner to be solemnly married and have their names entered in the big book. Immorality ceased and the little settlement became peaceful and orderly. If any man went away, he divorced his wife by the simple process of having his name scratched out of the book, and she was promptly married to someone else. A school was established for the children who were taken on to the works when old enough.

A morning's stroll through the long lines of workshops at Jobra was very interesting. The great Nasmyth's steam hammer would be made to beat a huge mass of red-hot iron, or crack a nut, other machines shaved iron like so much soap, or sawed big logs into planks in a few seconds. Then Faulkner would make the most beautiful ivory and ebony croquet mallets for the ladies, or exhibit his portfolios of lovely designs, his fretwork brackets and screens,

stained-glass windows, designs in plaster or stone, a bewildering variety of beautiful things. He made for my wife two lovely screens of teak wood, perforated, which he had designed himself; I have them still. Many other things the old man made for us all, and he was always ready to put to rights anything in the way of machinery that went wrong in our houses. It used to be said with truth, 'Give old Faulkner a cheroot and a whisky peg[2] and there is nothing he cannot do.' Among other peculiarities of speech he totally ignored the letter 'h': saying, 'ead,' 'and,' 'igh,' 'eavy,' 'ot,' for 'head', 'hand', etc. He did not seem to be conscious of the omission. Some people said it was a characteristic of the Lancashire dialect. In other respects he spoke quite correct English.

Footnotes:

[1] On second thoughts I am not sure of this. I think h e came out to madras in some other employ and joined the Irrigation Company later. But his yarns and reminiscences were, as usual with such men, apt to be a little confused, especially alter dinner.

[2] 'Peg'. This is an expression universal in India. It means a big tumbler of brandy or whisky and soda water. It does not seem to be known in England.

CUTTACK
1874

The year 1874 passed happily and busily. In the cold weather we had many pleasant tours over new ground. The district is large and fertile and very populous. We enjoyed particularly the fine scenery and the spacious mango-groves where we pitched our tents. Under the influence of the scenery and the new places I took to my old amusement of water-colour painting again, stimulated also by other people in the station who sketched. I also worked hard at my *Comparative Grammar.*[1] Instigated moreover by the Civil Surgeon, Dr Stewart, an enthusiastic botanist, I took to that delightful science. On a large, sandy tract of land near one of the canals I laid out a public garden, which I stocked with many beautiful plants obtained from the Botanic Gardens at Calcutta. In it also I made a nursery of young trees which, when sufficiently grown, were planted by the sides of the public roads. In this way I made many avenues for miles along the roads. By this time—twenty-six years later—they must have grown into fine, shady trees and are, I hope, a blessing to the weary traveller.

The only incident of importance in this year was a famine in Bengal. Rice being the chief food of the Bengalis, there was great demand for it. At first the Government imported the rice from Burmah, but the people of Bengal for some reason did not like Burmese rice. To us Europeans all rice seems much the same, but to the Bengalis, who live entirely on it, great differences are perceptible in the various kinds. The Orissa peasantry recognize about one hundred and twenty kinds, each of which has its own name, and by much examination and comparison, aided by elaborate explanations by my native assistants, I was able to perceive many of the differences in size, shape, colour, and texture of the husked[2] rice. After the husk was removed, however, the difference was less perceptible.

The province of Orissa produces an immense quantity of rice, in fact it produces—or did in my time—nothing else, and the Cuttack and Balasore

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Excepted from *Memoirs of a Bengal Civilian*

merchants do a very large business in exporting rice, chiefly to Madras Many French ships, however, also come to False Point, the chief port of Orissa, for rice which they take to Mauritius, Bourbon and the adjacent islands for the use of the Indian coolies working on the sugar plantations. I made some very amusing acquaintances among the captains of these French ships— 'capitaines'- au long cours' as they wrote themselves. But to return to the famine. Some Bengali merchants settled in Cuttack came to me and represented that the rice supplied to the famine districts by the Government was not liked by the people, and that there was a good opening for doing a trade in Orissa rice, which was of the same kind as that grown in Bengal. I therefore telegraphed to the Secretary to the Government and offered to send Orissa rice. My offer was accepted and I immediately gave out contracts to various firms for supplying rice. The amount tendered for was five lakhs of maunds or in English weight, about 18,300 tons. The merchants offered to deliver the rice in Calcutta by their own vessels at a rate all included of two and a half rupees a maund or, in English money, about £125,000. The work began briskly; the merchants had begun to charter vessels and indeed had actually chartered several, and vast masses of rice were collected at the ports. Had they let us alone, in a month's time it would all have been safely delivered in Calcutta, but suddenly we were thrown into confusion by an order from the Government that we were not to ship the rice in private vessels, but were to wait for the steamers which the Government would send. I protested energetically and so did many of the contractors. We showed that this would involve heavy expense to the Government, as the merchants had already contracted to deliver the rice at their own cost. We knew also that the Government had not many steamers at its disposal and that there would be much delay. Our remonstrances, however, were unheeded. The rice lay for weeks on the jetties at the ports. The rainy season came on, and a good deal of it was damaged by wet before the slow process of carrying in three small steamers an amount sufficient to fill six or seven could be carried out. Owing to the delay and mismanagement of the Calcutta officials, not only was much of the rice damaged, but the cost of the undertaking eventually

amounted to a total sum of Rs 1,523,373 as against Rs 1,250,000, a loss of about £27,000.[3]

No one at the time could understand the reason of this action on the part of Government. It was generally regarded as only one more instance of the reckless waste of public money in this famine by Sir Richard Temple, by whom the famine campaign was then being conducted. Some years afterwards, in 1881, I found out the secret. A man who did not know that it was I who had conducted the Orissa rice contract, told me as a good joke how he, in partnership with some others, chief of whom was a scoundrel called K----(then an Assistant Secretary to the Government), had secured a contract from the Government for the supply of a large quantity of Burmah rice and how, before the contract was signed, they had been alarmed by the news that someone down in Orissa had offered to supply a very large quantity of rice at a cheaper rate, and that the famine officer in Calcutta. Toynbee, having served for many years in Orissa was trying to favour the Orissa merchants and induce Government to accept their offer. Then came the news that Toynbee had succeeded, principally owing to the dislike of Burmah rice by the Bengalis. K – my informant said, took advantage of his position to suggest to Government that it would not be safe to rely upon the Orissa contractors sending the rice in their own vessels, as they would not be able to find vessels enough. He thus procured the issue of the order which had so much amazed us, and had no difficulty in taking care that the Government steamers were delayed till he and his partners had brought all their Burmah rice to Calcutta and disposed of it to Government. Of course, if it had been known that K--as a Government official had any share in a private contract, he would have been severely punished, but he took good care that this should not be known. I received the thanks of the Government for my transaction of what turned out to be a difficult and onerous business. Mr K -- turned up again and mixed himself with my fortunes in a still more unpleasant manner some years later.

Now also Sir Richard Temple came into my life again, not to my advantage. I have told how he treated me at our first meeting in the Panjab, and from this

it may be understood that my memories of him were not very agreeable. When the famine in Bihar and Northern Bengal broke out in this year the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, sent Temple to manage it. This was not only entirely unnecessary but was a grave slight on Sir George Campbell, who was not only thoroughly capable of doing all that was required, but had already, with characteristic energy, made all the needful arrangements. But the terrible famine in Orissa in 1866, with its excessive loss of life, was fresh in the memory of the Government of India. In Orissa the loss of life had been principally due to the great difficulty of getting food into the province, there being at that time few roads—and those bad—and no safe ports. Much, however, was due to the supineness of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Cecil Beadon and the wrong-headedness of Mr R. B. Chapman, Member of the Board of Revenue, both of whom underrated the necessities of the case. Lord Northbrook seems to have thought that Sir George Campbell was about to repeat this error in 1874, and Temple came down with orders to spare no expense in importing grain to feed the people. He carried out these orders to the letter, and beyond it. Though he had absolutely no previous acquaintance with Bengal, and was quite incompetent to form a judgment as to the quantity and nature of the relief that was likely to be required, he set aside the opinions of Sir George Campbell and the Collectors of the afflicted districts and followed his own unaided judgment. In his usual theatrical way he rode at the rate of fifty or sixty miles a day through the districts, forming, as he said, an opinion on the condition of the people and the state of the crops. What kind of opinion or what kind of observation could be formed by riding at a gallop along a road, no one could make out. The result was, however, that he would sit down at night after one of these wild scampers and write a vainglorious minute, in which he stated that he had that day fully examined such and such tracts, and had come to the conclusion that so many thousand maunds of grain (generally from three to four times as much as was really wanted) would be required to feed the people thereof. If any Collector were honest enough to object that a much smaller quantity would suffice, and to support his view by careful statistics collected by himself and assistants in a patient village to village and

house to house inquiry, he was contemptuously told that he did not understand his business, and his name was put down in Temple's mental black book.

In disgust at this proceeding Campbell resigned, and Temple was made Lieutenant-Governor in April 1874, and the reign of trumpet-blowing (his own) began. The famine was relieved at the expense of some millions of pounds, and for a long time afterwards the Collectors were vainly endeavouring to dispose of the immense surplus quantities of grain which had been sent to their districts in defiance of their protests, and which the people did not want and would not buy. Much of it rotted away and was devoured by rats in the Government granaries. Several merchants and planters, both European and native, made their fortunes by taking contracts for the supply and carriage of this grain. The newspapers were full of complaints of this waste, of ridicule and satirical songs, but the great Temple abode in his accustomed halo of beatific self-admiration.

Meanwhile I was busy with improvements in the town of Cuttack. The old market strange, ill-arranged mass of low, dark, stone vaults, had fallen into the hands of a close corporation of Koyals, as they were called. The word means 'weighers', and their function, under the native Governments, had been to weigh all grain brought to market. No sales could take place unless the grain was weighed by these men, who levied a small fee for the service and paid a fee to the native ruler for the appointment. They acquired power by degrees, as in India such middlemen always do, and presumed to regulate the market rates and prices and in many ways interfere with business, tyrannize over the traders, demand heavy payments on various pretexts and in many ways oppress and defraud the people. When I proposed to rebuild their market they objected and produced an ancient document granting them the proprietary right in the building. It was impossible to say whether this document was genuine or not (probably not,) but when I consulted the law-officers, I was advised that there was no legal means of contesting it, as through the carelessness of former Collectors the Koyals had been allowed to remain in possession long enough to establish a prescriptive right to the buildings, as well as to the exclusive exercise of their functions. This market was built against the outer

side of the great wall surrounding the park in which the Lal Bagh – the Commissioners residence—stood. Attached to this ancient wall, and dating from the sixteenth century or earlier, there were several other half-ruined ancient buildings, empty and disused; strange, tall, gloomy structures of dark red stone. I at first thought of making use of these for an opposition market, but they were found to be too ruinous to be put into repair, and inconveniently shaped and situated. So I had to search elsewhere, and at length, at the eastern end of the town—the old market was at the western end—I found a large, neglected patch of ground grown over with jungle which was said to have been the site of the Maratha Governor's law-courts. It was the property of the Government, so I could do what I liked with it, On clearing the jungle and digging up the soil the workmen came upon six or seven beautifully carved capitals of pillars, and by degrees unearthed the drums of the pillars themselves, together with numerous finely carved fragments of sandstone and great quantities of laterite blocks, which had evidently been used for building. With these materials I set to work and designed a handsome market, which was built on this site. It was of laterite, a lofty hall with chambers for warehousing grain, and in front a long, wide portico supported by the pillars above-mentioned which were duly pieced together. A little on one side we found a deep, ancient tank lined with laterite and adorned with carvings of gods, goddesses, men and animals. All this we restored cleaned out the tank, rebuilt the ghats or steps and made a very handsome place of it. I put up an inscription over the front of the market-house and opened it as a public market free from all interference of the Koyals. In India one never remains long enough in any place to see the fruits of one's work. I do not know whether the new market was successful or not. It began well and was doing well as long as I remained in Cuttack.

Towards the close of the year we received information that the new Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Richard Temple, was about to pay us a visit of State, and great preparations were made for his reception. All the Rajas of the Tributary States were summoned to meet him at Cuttack as well as all the principal zemindars from all parts of Orissa. He came to False Point in a

Government steamer where Ravenshaw the Commissioner met him, and brought him and his suite up the canal in our two steam-launches, the *Pioneer* and *Olga*. He was to land at Jobra, and I arranged to have a handsome pavilion erected for the reception. Old Faulkner and his son George undertook this work and performed it with their usual skill and taste. With characteristic ingenuity they constructed out of old posts, telegraph poles, odds and ends of old iron and wood lying about the yards of the workshop, a graceful and spacious pavilion roofed with tarpaulins and bits of sacking, old tent flies and what not.

When finished it presented the appearance of a large hall with open arches and a vaulted roof, the old posts and poles had been painted and concealed by bright drapery and wreaths of foliage, the heterogeneous substance of the roof was also hidden by sheets of white, red and blue cloth festooned with wreaths of leaves and flowers. Long lines of Chinese lanterns hung from end to end. The floor was covered with scarlet cloth and rich carpets. Rows of chairs were set down both sides and a broad pathway down the middle was fenced off by a light railing. At one end some other steps went down to two large barges, draped, wreathed and carpeted, where the landing was to take place. At the other end a broad space was provided for the carriages, and beyond it the guard of honour from the Regiment. On both sides, both up and down the river bank, were set tall Venetian masts with flags; the masts were linked together by wreaths from which hung Chinese lanterns. As the arrival was to take place at night, it was considered advisable to light up the river bank as much as possible, so Faulkner placed at intervals along the anicut small heaps of wood surrounding some recondite chemical preparation known only to himself, which was to burn with a peculiarly bright light. The salute caused us some difficulty. A Lieutenant-Governor is entitled to a salute of fifteen guns, and there was not a gun in the place, except some old and useless cannon which had been sent to Jobra to be broken up and made into useful things such as hinges for lock-gates but which were so honey-combed it would have been dangerous to fire them. But we managed it beautifully. We got some very large bamboos in lengths of four feet or so. These were filled with gunpowder, rammed tight and tightly plugged. Then they were lashed

round with several layers of stout manilla and coir cables, a touch-hole was bored in one end and a slow fuse stuck in. Then the whole machine was half-buried in the sand of the river bank and fastened down by strong pegs. Fifteen of these were placed in a row a little above the pavilion, not too near lest there should be a stampede amongst the horses. A second similar battery was placed at Jagatpur, on the opposite side of the river where the canal joined it. The object of this was to let us know when they were coming.[4]

By six o' clock on the appointed evening all was ready. The pavilion was crowded with European officials and ladies, Rajas and big natives of sorts, gorgeous in cloth of gold and jewels. Outside were the long line of the native regiment and a bewildering mass of carriages of all sorts, police officers on horseback keeping order, and a vast sea of natives crowding every available foot of space. After a short period of waiting we heard the guns from Jagatpur, and suddenly, as if by enchantment, the whole river bank broke into a blaze. Faulkner had stationed men at every point with orders to light up as soon as they heard guns, and the order was carried out exactly. The people on the Lieutenant-Governor's steam-launch told us afterwards that the effect was beautiful, and all the more delightful because unexpected. I had not told Ravenshaw what we were going to do before he left for False Point. Beyond general instructions to have some sort of a reception he had given me no precise orders, nor had I contemplated any very great preparations. None of us liked Temple, nor did we feel inclined to put ourselves out for him. But the natives were eager to welcome their ruler on account of the position he held, not for himself, and they were anxious to show (like Todgers's) what Cuttack could do when it chose. The Faulkners also were delighted at having some artistic work to do, and so the thing grew. As the steamer emerged from the dark lock the party on board saw before them a wide lake—the river here is over a mile broad—on the further side of which lines and lines of lamps of all colours were seta reflected in the water. All along the anicut, at equal distances, blazed piles of dazzling light, and in the centre the great pavilion, with its numerous Chinese lanterns, torches and flags made a bright spot in the darkness. They were enchanted and amazed.

Soon the great man and has suite arrived at the pier and on landing were received by me. I presented the members of the Municipality of Cuttack who read an address to which the Lieutenant Governor responded.[5] The address was in the usual fulsome, turgid style. It expressed the deep and heart-felt joy of thr people of Orissa at having their revered, beloved and longed-for ruler among them in the flesh, told how they had watched with bated breath and speechless admiration his brilliant management of the Bengal famine, and how profoundly they were impressed by the conviction that under a ruler who so deeply sympathized with his people and sacrificed himself so unsparingly for their sakes, the Lower Provinces of Bengal must now at last enter on a career of unexampled prosperity etc. Your Bengali Babu can reel out this sort of stuff by the fathom from morn till dewy eve and then begin again.

Sir Richard Temple replied in the same style—he believed it all! no flattery was too gross for Dicky Temple! He admitted that he thought they were quite right in considering him the greatest man that had ever lived, and he quite understood how deeply interested they (and all mankind) must necessarily be in everything that concerned Him!!—and so on and so on. After which he went on a 'shake-hands' tour all round the pavilion. Then the troops presented arms, the guns fired, the people cheered and we all drove off in a long procession down three miles of streets all brilliantly illuminated, crowded with mobs who cheered frantically—they did not know why. Flags waved from every corner, rich rugs and clothes were hung from the balconies; torches, stars in oil-lamps, triumphal arches of bamboo and greenery across the streets, with coloured cloths bearing the word 'welcome' in several languages, met us at every turn, till at last, in the great square before the entrance gates of the Lal Bagh, a great crowd of wild paiks[6] from the hills, in their strange garb, with their tiger-skins, birds' feathers, long, glittering spears and lighted torches, closed the scene.

The great man was immensely delighted at his unexpectedly grand reception. The pomp and pageantry, the shouting crowds, the illuminations," arches and procession gratified his inmost soul. He was so deeply touched

that he even thanked me in a few curt words. He must have been moved to do that!

The week which followed was a whirl. People who do not know India well imagine that a great deal of good is done by these State tours of Viceroys, Governors and Lieutenant-Governors. But my own experience leads me to doubt this. It may be that the local authorities succeed now and then in securing sanction to the execution of some work of great importance to their locality by showing the Governor the actual spot and proving to him by actual eyesight its necessity or usefulness. They are thus sometimes able to do, in half-an-hour's walk round a town or river bank, what they have been unable to achieve by months of writing to an unwilling or unintelligent Secretariat. But the idea that by a hurried tour—and all tours in so vast a country as India must be more or less hurried, because there is so much ground to be got over in a limited time—a Governor can make himself really acquainted with a province as big as England is a delusion. The place does not look itself to begin with, because it is dressed up for his reception and looks as unlike itself as a workman in his Sunday clothes. All the natural every-day dirt and misery is bundled out of sight. 'Eyewash', as it is called in India, prevails everywhere, even if everyone does not go to the length attributed by a well-known story to the Collector who had the trunks of the trees on all the station-roads whitewashed. So the great man does not see the real place, and unless he is an exceptionally keen-sighted man he takes his superficial, hastily-formed impressions for real knowledge, which does more harm than good. Ever afterwards he is prone to refuse sanction to proposals submitted by the local officers, or to contradict their assertions, because of some erroneous impression he has imbibed on his hasty tour. Often, too, when he has promised on-the-spot sanction to some project which has been shown and explained to him, he will withdraw that sanction on his return to Calcutta, because his secretaries have persuaded him that the local officers have hoodwinked, or at any rate misinformed him.

If also we set against the problematical benefit of the great man's seeing things, or thinking he sees them, with his own eyes, the real and undoubted

mischief he does by disorganizing the whole administration for a week or more, closing the courts, delaying the disposal of cases, putting a stop to business of all sorts, leading Municipalities and other public bodies to spend more money than they can afford in decorations, fireworks, illuminations and triumphal arches, it will be seen that the net gain for these tours is infinite small, if not absolutely nil.

It certainly was so in this case. Temple promised freely all sorts of things while at Cuttack, but refused to sanction them when he got back to Calcutta. He upset all our work and left us with heavy arrears on his departure, and the Cuttack Municipality with a considerable deficit in their accounts owing to the expenses of the reception. He was an extraordinarily active man, and we were in attendance on him daily from five in the morning till late at night. He went everywhere, up all the canals in the small local steamers to see all the locks, irrigation works and other things. On the steamer as we went along he made us all sit round a table on deck and answer innumerable questions, writing down the answers in a note-book. But as he would put the wrong questions to the wrong men asking the Engineers questions about the land revenue, rents, rights of various classes in the soil—things which they knew nothing about—and asking Ravenshaw and me questions about cubic contents of reservoirs, discharge in gallons per second, working of various sluices, taps and machinery—things which we knew nothing about—and angrily stopping the right man when he attempted to answer—I fear the information he obtained was rather mixed. I think, too, he lost his note-book or left it behind in Cuttack. However, it did not much matter. It was always a weakness of his to think he knew all about everything, and in any case he would have been certain to believe and assert ever afterwards that he had visited Orissa and personally ascertained all about it, and in consequence override every suggestion or recommendation that did not agree with the strange jumble of confused recollections which he carried away with him.

Of course, there was a magnificent Durbar or State assemblage, at which all the Maharajas and Rajas of the Tributary States—'the Kings of the Amorites that dwell in the hills' as we called them—appeared in all their barbaric pearl

and gold, with hosts of wild retainers in ancient, rusty coats of mail, tiger-skins, spears and jangling chains and ornaments. One man brought six hundred of these wild followers with him, and was very angry with me because I insisted on his sending three-quarters of them away again. I could not allow six hundred Highland caterans to stalk about my peaceful city of Cuttack armed with dirk and sword, swaggering and brawling and snatching anything they took a fancy to from the shops without paying for it. The police had a hard time of it to keep these light-fingered gentry in order.

Then we had big lunch and dinner parties every night, ending up with a grand ball and reception at the Lal Bagh the last night. The splendid suite of lofty rooms in this stately old palace were brilliantly lighted and decorated for the occasion. All the Europeans came, and to gratify the vanity and pomposity of Temple there was a 'reception' to begin with. On a sofa at the end of the farthest room, in his Windsor uniform, glittering with gold lace, star on breast, his suite in full uniform behind him, sat the great man, a positive miracle of ugliness. Lady after lady was brought up and presented, made her curtsy and passed on. Then the men followed one by one. It was Like a levee or drawing-room at Court. Then the band struck up and the dancing began. At midnight there was a sumptuous supper in the long veranda It was about one hundred feet long by twenty wide; the pillars were hung with wreaths and the spaces between them closed in with tent-flies (kanats). After supper dancing was resumed and the great man retired to his rooms having, as he pompously announced, some official minutes to write! Many of the men, including myself, were no dancers and we remained in the supper-room smoking. We drew together round one end of the long table, called for more champagne, and installed old Faulkner in the Lieutenant-Governor's chair at the head. Songs were, of course, out of the question but, as we got merry, speeches began. Faulkner stood up and in a very amusing speech proposed my health as the future Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. This was received with applause, and I then did a foolish thing, the consequence of which I suffered from all the remainder of my service—twenty years. I got up and returned thanks in the character of Lieutenant-Governor, parodying the reply which Temple had

given on the night of his arrival to the address which the Municipality presented to him. I was perfectly sober—I do not think I was ever drunk in my life except once at Oxford. But of course I was excited, and the long pent-up feeling of disgust at the vanity and self-glorification of this windbag was irrepressible. I mimicked his manner, I satirized his past career, especially in respect to the famine; all sorts of smart things leapt to my lips. The audience roared with laughter and made so much noise that old Ravenshaw came in to see what we were up to. But one of the Lieutenant-Governor's staff—I will not mention the traitor's name—had been behind a curtain the whole time, and he at once went off and told Temple all I had said. One man who had seen this came and said to me, 'I suppose you will now take two years' furlough to England.' I said 'Why?' He laughed and went away. But as we drove home my wife told me all about it and I got a severe scolding from her.

Temple said nothing, but next morning he received me very sourly and was particularly disagreeable and offensive in his manner to me for the rest of his stay. I had written a Manual of the District of Balasore— history, statistics, and so forth—district officers had been invited to write manuals of their districts—and I brought the MS to Temple at his request. He glanced at a few pages, found some expressions he disliked, scratched them out with his pencil, and turned on me savagely, saying I thought myself so very superior to everyone else but that the book would not do. He told me to take it back and re-write it in a way he described to rne. I took it back, locked it in a drawer, and have it by me now. I never submitted it to the Government for acceptance again.

I learnt long afterwards that when he got back to Calcutta he told the story of my speech to his Chief Secretary, ending up with an expression of amazement, 'He actually mocked *Me*, mocked *Me*.' To think that anyone should dare to mock the great R. Temple!! From the same source I also learnt that he had written a very bad character against my name in the Black Book.[7] However, he sent us a letter after his departure thanking us for the grandeur of his reception, and adding that he considered the unanimous expression of loyalty and attachment to British rule a proof that the local officers did their work in

such a way as to win the affection of the people.

Then he went away and left us to pick up the pieces and catch up the arrears of work, after which I went into camp for the usual cold weather tour.

It was, of course, very foolish of me to make that speech. I had, however, no idea that any of the aides-de-camp were listening. The man's self-satisfied air irritated us all, and me more than anyone as I had not forgotten the injustice he did me at the beginning of my career. I had reminded him of the incident the first night he was in Cuttack, as I sat by him at the dinner at Ravenshaw's. He asked in a lofty tone, 'What was *I* then?' I answered, 'Commissioner of Lahore.' He replied, 'Ah yes! I was Commissioner, I think, about that time,' as who should say, 'I have occupied so many distinguished posts in my time I really cannot recollect one more than another." But my wife who was watching him keenly says she is sure from his manner and look that he remembered it perfectly.

I mention this visit of Temple's and the incident of the speech at greater length because I have always believed, and indeed have been told by many of my friends, that it was the real cause of my ill-success in the later part of my career. I had committed the old hereditary family crime of quarrelling with my official superior, selecting as usual for that purpose the most influential and popular of them. My grandfather with the Chancellor, Lord Eldon—my father with the Rector of St James's, Bishop Jackson—I with Sir Richard Temple—and now I hear that my eldest son David is quarrelling with his Colonel!

A little time before the Temple visit, my wife, one evening going down the steps of the veranda to the carriage for the usual drive, slipped and fell heavily. The result was a miscarriage; the child, a son, was born dead, and she remained weak and suffering for some time. In consequence of this she was unable to go with me into camp and I went by myself, being afterwards joined by Graves, the District Superintendent of police, and Atkinson, the Assistant Collector. I had a curious and difficult task to perform.

Along the Mahanadi River some ten miles above Cuttack lay a large estate called Dompara. It was about ten or twelve miles long by two broad, and was

for the most part low hills covered with dense forests, though it had also considerable tracts of flat land along the river which were fully cultivated. The owner of this estate, or 'kingdom' as he persisted in calling it, was a Raja. Now there were Rajas of three kinds in Orissa. When the English first took the province in 1804 from the Marathas, next to nothing was known about it. It was, however, soon perceived that there was a broad strip of cultivated level land down the middle called the Mughal bandi. This was cut up into the three districts of Balasore (north), Cuttack (centre), and Pooree (south), and settled in the usual way. Such of the zemindars as were Rajas in this territory paid land revenue assessed on their estates just like those in other parts of Bengal. But along the sea coast was dreary strip of country consisting of large estates held by certain Rajas who claimed a partial independence. There was hardly anything to assess in these wastes, so they were allowed to hold their lands on payment of a *peshkash*, or tribute, a small, fixed sum which had no relation to assets or income.

Similarly along the landward or western boundary of the three districts was a string of estates held by persons who called themselves Rajas, and who, on account of the wild and unproductive nature of their estates at the time of the conquest, had been .let off with a *peshkash*. Dompara was one of these. Beyond them, stretching far away into the Central Provinces, were the great Tributary States of which anon.

Poor little Dompara was a helpless fool, almost imbecile; unfortunately for himself not quite so. If he could have been pronounced insane and locked up he might perhaps have been cured in time, and meanwhile his estate would have been properly managed by the Collector. But as it was, he was just foolish enough to do endless mischief, and not foolish enough to be put under restraint. He had fallen into the hands of a clever, wily, unscrupulous man whom he had appointed as his Dewan or Prime Minister. This man was oppressing the tenantry, enriching himself and keeping the Raja and his family miserably poor. A large body of the ryots came to me and begged me to interfere; the poor little Raja also came and implored me to save him from his Dewan, whom, of course, he might have dismissed with a stroke of his pen, but

he feared him too much to do so.

I went to Dompara and pitched my tents in a lovely grove of dense trees by the river. Thither came a great crowd of the peasantry, the wily Dewan and his clerks and papers, and the feeble little Raja in a pitiful attempt at state, in an old, tawdry palanquin, a few ragged paiks and drummers, himself in cloth of gold and Cashmere shawls, old, frayed, tarnished and moth-eaten. Then for some days we held long palavers and went into the whole affair thoroughly. The difficulty was that, although the Dewan was utterly untrustworthy, he was the only man in the place with a head on his shoulders. There were of course lots of capable men in Curtack who would have been glad of the appointment, but the Dewan had a large following of devoted adherents as he had given leases of villages and farms to a crowd of his relations. With his intimate local knowledge and his numerous supporters, he had such a hold over the place that he would have rendered the position of any stranger whom I might introduce quite untenable. I had not the power of banishing him, and short of that nothing would have been of any use. So I revoked, in public meeting before the ryots, all the illegal and oppressive orders and arrangements he had made, issued a set of simple rules for management which I made known to the people, took away a number of farms from his adherents to whom he had illegally given them, bound him over to observe my rules in future, and after frightening his life almost out of him by awful threats of what I would do if he misbehaved in future, left him in his old situation as, I hoped, a wiser and a sadder man. It was a risky thing to do and I knew it, but it was the only course possible. The poor little Raja, however, was disappointed. After having for years blindly trusted the Dewan he had now taken a dislike to him, and with a weak mind like his, the dislike was as fierce and unreasonable as his former liking for him had been. I had a long talk with him in private. His huge and half-ruined palace, a mass of tumbledown brickwork overgrown with jungle and green with mildew, showing, however, traces of former elegance—a beautiful, carved gateway with great wooden doors half fallen from their rotting hinges—a mouldy temple with lovely statues all cracked and broken—was situated on a ridge half-way up a beautiful wooded

hill amidst the remains of a spacious, lordly garden laid out by his father. Here, amongst roses choked with jungle palms and tall trees matted with gorgeous flowering creepers, the poor idiot used to spend hours wandering up and down on a long, weed-covered pathway. I found him there, and pacing to and fro beside him I administered a severe lecture. I believe he profited by it for a time, and the affairs of Dompara went on fairly well as long as I could spare time to keep an eye on them. What happened after I left I do not know. One never does know in India. One can only do one's best while in a place and leave the future to one's successor, who as likely as not will take an entirely different view and upset all the arrangements one has made.

This, in fact, is one of the great problems of Indian administration, though it is one which people in England, and especially in Parliament, know nothing about though they talk so loud and lay down the law so very confidently. It cannot be too often repeated that the difficulty lies not in the laws and rules that are promulgated, but in getting them carried out. It is not always easy, I admit, to make a law which exactly meets the requirements of all the complicated systems of land revenue and other matters which occur. But the very greatest care is taken in making a law. Facts are collected with the most scrupulous and conscientious care, opinions are obtained from all those who know the subject (and from many who don't). The draft Bill is widely circulated for criticism and the criticisms carefully weighed, the Bill is then brought before Council, many eloquent and clever speeches are made, it is referred to a special Committee who cut and carve, add and strike out, argue for hours over every point and submit it as revised to Council again, where it is again speechified over and voted section by section. When it is finally passed the Governors, Secretaries, Councillors and Boards at headquarters sit down and fold their hands and say the affair is settled.

But it is not by any means settled. In fact the real difficulty now begins. This law so elaborately worded, these provisions the result of so much anxious deliberation, must now be enforced all over the country. The Act is printed and copies are sent to all the Collectors and other officers. Some of these are stupid, some are indolent and careless, some have been opposed to the measure

all along and do not mean it to be a success. Then there is the vast mass of the native population who are affected by it. The native lawyers are as sharp as needles and very soon tear the heart out of it. This section may be made to work in one way, that section in another. Two sections may be shown to contradict each other, while most of them can be interpreted in more ways than one. The rural masses, of course, neither know nor understand a word of it. So then cases are instituted in the courts, and appealed and appealed till they reach the High Court. That august tribunal always considers itself the legally constituted interpreter of all laws, and proceeds to put an interpretation of its own on section after section. These interpretations are embodied in the decisions of the Court, and these decisions are printed and published as 'rulings'. So that before long there are two laws, the actual Statute as passed by the legislative body, and the mass of rulings thereon as pronounced by the judicial body. The lawyers are very proud of this; they call the former 'substantive law', and the latter 'adjective law' and very much prefer the latter, as their own creation. Now inasmuch as in arriving at their decision the judges carefully avoid taking into consideration the circumstances which led to the making of the law, and examine not what the legislature meant to lay down but what the words of the Act really import, it not infrequently happens that their decisions turn out to be the very opposite of what the law was intended to mean. Then a new law has to be passed to rectify the error. Divested of technical language such an 'amending act' is simply a confession of a blunder. It says virtually, 'whereas in a former Act we ruled that two and two make four, but from the wording of the Act it appears as if we had ruled that two and two make five, now we hereby alter that wording and substitute the two following words which make it plain that henceforth two and two shall make four and not five.' It *has* happened within my experience that the High Court has sat upon the 'amended Act' and observed that 'the law as now amended implies that two and two make six'!

But however carefully both the legislative and judicial bodies work at establishing the law, there remains always a great deal of weakness and uncertainty in carrying it out in the country.

The vast extent of country, the very various views, temperaments and mental acumen of the persons charged with administering it naturally lead to its efficiency being very different in different parts of the country, and being more or less impaired in all. More especially is every law of importance hindered in its working by frequent changes of the district officers. The Secretariat mind favours frequent changes. It considers that if a man is left too long in a district he 'gets into a groove'. This means that if a man stays long enough in a district to acquire a real insight into the condition and wants of the people, he is able to see the vanity of the fine theoretical cobwebs which the Secretariat mind is so fond of spinning, and can administer inconvenient pricks to their wind-bags and prove by his extensive local knowledge their emptiness. So they like to have men new to the district who swallow all their nostrums. I shall mention later on one or two striking instances of this.

But to return from this long digression. After Dompara I visited Pattia, a neighbouring estate, still more picturesque and wild where the Raja was more sensible but more extravagant. Here there were family feuds. The Raja's mother had obtained a number of farms as her jointure, and being like all Hindu widows entirely under the thumb of the Brahmins was exploiting her farms for the benefit of those gentry. The Raja wanted money and was trying to take his mother's farms away from her. Hence a row royal in the palace and indescribable confusion in the villages, where the old Rani's men were going about collecting rent and giving receipts in her name, and the Raja's men were doing the same for him; the wretched ryots being thus made to pay twice over. This matter was also settled after endless talkee-talkee, by the old lady giving up some of the farms and being definitely confirmed in peaceful possession of the rest, while in both classes the ryots had their rents fixed and the double payments credited to future years. They could not be refunded because the Raja had spent the money as fast as he got it!

As I am writing about Rajas I may as well mention here a visit which we paid to another Raja, or rather Maharaja, somewhere about this time. He was one of the Rajas on the sea-coast, whom I have mentioned above, and claimed (rightly I believe) to be the lineal descendant and sole representative of the ancient line

of the native sovereigns of Orissa, the old Gajapatis, who were descended from the sun or the moon, I forget which. He lived at a small, dirty town called Al on one of the lower channels of the Brahmani River, in a huge, rambling palace, half ruinous, of course, surrounded by a moat and a thick belt of bamboos, so as to be as unhealthy, mouldy and mildewed as possible. The little, wizened old Maharaja received us in as much state as he could manage and sent his eldest son with my wife, her English nurse and the children into the Zenana to visit his queens. He took me through several tumbledown courtyards to a large brick platform on which stood, in rows, a lot of children. This, he explained, was his school. I asked whose the children were, for they were all so well dressed that I could not suppose they were children of the wretched inhabitants of the poverty-stricken town. He looked at them and ran his finger down inclines and then said, 'All these are my children—no, that one is the Prime Minister's and that one is the Treasurer's—but all the rest are mine.' I counted— there were seventy-five of them! I thought of the verse in Kings; 'Now Ahab had seventy sons in Samaria . . .' Then we went and sat in a large, pillared portico overlooking a large tank surrounded by a lovely but badly-kept garden. Here we talked till my wife came out from her interview, when the Maharaja sent in to the palace to order his wives to clear out of the reception rooms so that he might show me round. The rooms were numerous, rather small and dark, but highly decorated. The walls of his own private sitting and sleeping rooms were covered with paintings which he told me he had done himself. They represented subjects so grossly indecent that I shuddered at the thought of my wife having seen them. Luckily, as it turned out, she had been so amused by the ladies that it had not occurred to her to look at the walls. Luckily also the drawing was so grotesque that no one not accustomed to native art would have been able to make out what was meant.[8] It seems that when taken into these apartments my wife and her party were met by a portly old lady perfectly smothered in jewellery and costly robes. The young prince introduced her as the Head Queen (Patraru), his mother. Then followed one woman after another all nearly as much bedizened who, he explained, were the subordinate queens. She counted between sixty and

seventy of them. They all squatted on the floor in long rows and stared at her while she conversed, through the Prince as interpreter, with the Head Queen. The conversation was idle and banal, as usual, the only curious incident being that a rather poorly dressed girl threw herself at my wife's feet and poured out a string of words. This being interpreted was to the effect that she was the youngest queen and was only allowed silver ornaments and no silk garments or shawls, and she begged my wife to *order* the Maharaja to give her gold ornaments and silken robes like the others. She was at once ignominiously hustled away by the others and probably caught it hot afterwards. Then we took leave and returned to our camp. On making inquiries I learnt that there was an ancient custom, half religious and half traditional, by which the Maharajas of Al were required to marry a new wife every year on a certain festival. The present Maharaja, being nearly seventy and having begun life early, as they do in India, had by degrees amassed all these wives and had begotten all these children. What was to become of them all no one seemed to know or care. His estates were large but not very profitable, but living is cheap in India and the people generally seemed to think it was all right, so I suppose it was. He himself seemed very happy and rather proud of his large family.

Indian scholars will understand when I say that they represented the sata-sangama-prakarah from the Koka-sastra.

Footnotes:

[1] I sent home the MS of the second volume in 1875.

[2] I should write 'the rice in the husk' or 'unhusked'. 'Husked' rice is a term generally applied to the grain after the husk has been removed by pounding. The unhusked rice is called 'paddy'.

[3]

Actual cost	Rs. 1,523,373
Cost by any plan	Rs. 1,250,000
Loss	Rs. 273,373
Say	£27,000

[4] When the slow match catches the powder inside the whole thing explodes with a bang, quite as loud as a cannon. The tighter you tie them, and the more rope you put round, the louder is the noise. It can be heard several miles off.

[5] I had taken the precaution of obtaining a copy of the address the day before, and had sent it by special messenger across country to Revenshaw. It reached him at a point half-way up the canal and he at once handed it to Temple who was thus enabled to prepare a

speech in reply to it.

[6] Paikas are a sort of irregular police force, strange, wild creatures, a relic of old native rule.

[7] This is a book kept in the Bengal Secretariat in which the Lieutenant-Governors record their opinion of the characters of the officers. Whenever any officer obtains praise or incurs censure it is recorded in this book.

[8] Indian scholars will understand when I say that they represented the sata-sangama-prakarah from the Koka-sastra.

CUTTACK
1875-1877

WE had a Masonic Lodge in Cuttack, 'Lodge Star of Orissa'. It had a neat little building specially constructed for it and a fair attendance of members. Since belonging to 'Lodge Star of the East' in Calcutta under good Captain 'Enry 'Owe's guidance in 1858, I had not had any opportunity of belonging to a Lodge and had grown rather rusty. But at the earnest entreaty of Walker, Faulkner and others, I joined the Cuttack Lodge and in 1875-6 was made Master. The Lodge was a jovial, convivial institution. After work there was always a banquet, followed by much heavy drinking and singing of songs, at which old Faulkner presided gloriously. I was eventually obliged to retire-from this Lodge because a large number of the penniless, loafing ne'er-do-wells, half-caste clerks, *declasse* Europeans and the like who infest all large stations in India took to joining the Lodge, and then calling at my house incessantly to beg for help and for good appointments, pleading the sacred tie of Masonic brotherhood. This grew to be such an infliction that I was obliged, in self-defence, to withdraw from active participation in Masonry.

J. H. Walker, whom I ought to have mentioned before, was a leading member of our Cuttack society. He held the important post of Superintending Engineer, the Headship of the large and useful Irrigation Branch of the Public Works Department. Born at a place which he called 'Weendiwuls', but which on the map appeared as 'Windywalls', near Kelso, he was a typical lowland Scot, full of Border legends of Elliots and Armstrongs, a sturdy, determined, canny man with a strong literary and intellectual element in his mind, and an intense love of arguing on every conceivable subject. Many a happy day did I spend with him seated, cheroot in mouth, on one of the little steamers on some canal or river in the glowing sunshine, arguing and discussing on every imaginable topic. It was from him, or rather from a nickname of his,[1] that the station on False Point got its name.[2] When it was found necessary to establish a port for central Orissa, Ravenshaw, Walker and Macpherson the Collector, went down

Excepted from *Memoirs of a Bengal Civilian*

to False Point in one of the little steamers and with some difficulty found a suitable site lor the Harbourmaster and his Customs establishment. The site being uninhabited was also nameless, and they cast about for a name for it. Several were suggested and rejected. At last Macpherson said. Let us call it Hockey Tolah after old Hookey Walker.' The idea took and the place was solemnly named and a bottle of champagne was drunk by the company to christen it.[3] The native fishermen and boatmen who haunted those lonely swamps learnt the name readily and it was officially adopted, though of course the bigwigs in Calcutta had no idea of its derivation. Some years later the great W. W. Hunter in compiling his gazetteer found this name in use and, supposing it to be a native word, thought proper to write it according to the scientific method of spelling Indian names— Hukitola!!

False Point and its history deserve some mention. It is a long, sandy spit at the mouth of the Mahanadi River. The current in the Bay of Bengal sweeps strongly northwards all along the Indian Coast. Consequently every big river that empties itself into the Bay is encumbered by a bar of sand trending ever northwards. Year after year this bar increases till the river breaks through, cutting it up into islands and forming a new mouth further north. In 1866, when the great and terrible famine occurred in Orissa, much of the suffering was due to the absence of any proper landing-place or port where ships could unload cargoes. All this coast is very deficient in harbours. Pooree is merely an open roadstead, where it is not always safe or possible to unload or load cargo and the mouths of the rivers had not then been properly developed. But the Engineers had long had their eyes on False Point and the Dhamra as possible ports, and soon after the famine work was over they began work on False Point. A canal had been made from Cuttack for some fifty miles to Marsaghai, a place on the main stream of the Mahanadi. Thence the route followed the river for some ten miles, and then turned off down a creek into an immense, shallow bay or backwater some three or four miles broad, surrounded by islands of soft mud in which grew dense thickets of mangrove, bamboo cane and long, creeping lianes. Between this bay and the sea was a long, low island of sand, at the northern end of which was the entrance to

the harbour, if it could be called a harbour. It consisted of those parts of the bay, principally close under the island, which were deep enough for ships of average draught, say, sixteen feet to twenty. On this island stood the Harbourmaster's house and offices with a cluster of huts for coolies, boatmen and the like. In the centre was a lofty structure surmounted by a flagstaff used as a look-out —this imposing settlement was Hookey Tolah. Close into the shore was anchored a huge Flat (as they are called), an immense, flat-bottomed cargo boat with rows of cabins built on both sides of its spacious deck, with kitchens, bathrooms and other conveniences. It was called the *Ghazipore* and was used as a sort of floating hotel for passengers waiting for the British India steamers which called once a week. There were also generally three or four French ships loading with rice for Mauritius and a good many native vessels in the same trade. Some two miles off, on an island somewhat more solid than the rest, stood a great stone lighthouse built out of laterite stones taken from the Fort at Cuttack. It was in charge of a kind-hearted but low-bred Irish retired sea captain, Mr Geary (I used to tease my wife by calling him her cousin), who lived in that melancholy solitude with a wife and nine children. Around the lighthouse was an extensive grove of coconut palms which Captain Geary had planted. From the top of the lighthouse about sunset one could look down into the dense jungle that spread for miles, and frequently see tigers crawling across the open patches, on the look-out for Captain Geary's cows which he kept in a high-walled enclosure at night. Tigers had been known to leap over this wall and kill cattle—at least so he said, but sea captains are given to spinning yarns.[4] He added a little to his not too abundant means by selling butter to the ships in the harbour.

But *the* character of False Point was Captain Harris. He *was* False Point, and when he died False Point no longer seemed itself. He made it and fostered it and loved it. He was, like so many men in employ round the coast, an old skipper, who in his time had sailed the Indian seas from Suez and the Cape to Hong Kong and Batavia. The usual round, red-faced, loud-voiced skipper, clever with his hands, ready in any emergency, drinking like a fish, talkative and rather rough of speech, but a thoroughly good, useful, hard-working

man, admirably suited for the post. Under him was a watchful, taciturn old sea-dog named Black, and these two lived alone at the melancholy station of Hookey Tolah and spent their lives in trying to beautify and improve it.

My first introduction to Captain Harris was characteristic. It was on the occasion of my going to False Point with Ravenshaw when he went on leave. Our steamer arrived there at dusk, and anchored in the great, dreary lagoon. Not very far off was the flat *Ghazipore*, and on the deck under an awning sat a man at a table silhouetted against the dim light of a ship's lantern hung over his head. On the table was a water bottle and glass and under the table a small keg. With the regularity of a mechanical toy, the man stooped and turned the tap of the keg so that liquor ran into his glass, then he filled up the glass with water and drank it. After a short rest, during which he smoked a pipe, he repeated the process. We had just finished our dinner on the steamer, and as we smoked our cheroots we all sat on deck and watched with much amusement this solitary figure on the flat. Presently, out of the darkness a boat approached us, and a message was handed up to the effect that Captain Harris would like to see Mr Faulkner if he was on board. So old Faulkner went off in the boat. After a short time we saw him emerge from the darkness on to the deck of the flat where he took a chair opposite the solitary figure, and then *two* glasses were filled at the keg and regularly emptied. Perhaps they heard the roar of laughter from the steamer with which we greeted this new development, for a curtain was suddenly let down which hid them from our sight. Next morning Faulkner and Harris were up long before any of us—perhaps they sat up all night—went and had a dip in the sea and turned up at breakfast quite fresh and rosy.

But if he drank hard, he worked hard. Government in its usual way, having sanctioned the construction of a Port Office at False Point and appointed Harris and his staff, thought it had done all that was necessary and refused to sanction any further outlay. It was only by dint of very pressing representations often repeated that Ravenshaw was able after long delays to obtain a very small and utterly inadequate grant of money for the necessary buildings, jetties, buoys and other requisites. It was wonderful how much Harris did

with his limited means. He had recourse sometimes to expedients which nothing but the stinginess of Government could have justified. Once, an old cargo boat sent down from the Calcutta Port Establishment, because it was too old to be of any use there, managed to get ashore in a storm. Harris immediately reported it as wrecked, and at once broke it up and used the timber and iron-work in his jetty and in flooring his office. The occurrence was duly reported to Government, and some months later a reply was received directing that the wreck should be sold by auction and the proceeds credited to, the Customs Department, To this Harris was able to reply with perfect truth that she had gone to pieces, and that no remains of her could be found on the spot where she had been wrecked. He took advantage of the event to ask for a new cargo boat and a pinnace for his own use, and to our great surprise get them! A fine strong cargo boat and lovely green pinnace with handsome fittings and full supply of sailing and other gear arrived in a few days' time. She turned out to be a splendid and fast sailer and Harris spent almost all his time in her.

Some time after, meeting the head of the Customs department, I asked him why it was that there had been such difficulty in getting boats and other things for False Point at first, while they had responded so liberally to our request afterwards. He laughed and said that False Point being a new place was not down 'on the books' of the Department and no provision could consequently be made for it. The Government of India, a thousand miles off at Simla, had never heard of it and would not sanction any expenditure on it. But when once, with difficulty and after many explanations, they had grudgingly allowed some of the old and hardly usable stock to be sent there, the place got 'on to the books', and there was no difficulty in replacing anything that was worn out or lost by wreck, etc. 'I advise you,' he added, 'if you want anything for False Point, report something or other as worn out or lost and request that it may be replaced. You will get it at once, but it is no use asking for a new thing of a kind you have not had before.' I told this to Harris and he acted on it. He at once reported every old rusty bit of chain, every old anchor and worm-eaten plank about the place as worn out, and asked that they might be 'replaced'. By this means he before long got a very decent quantity of port requisites

which he could not have got otherwise. Once, requiring a row-boat to take letters and messages to the Post and Telegraph Office (which by the wisdom of the Postal Department had been located some four miles off across the lagoon), he bought for three or four rupees a very rotten old fishing boat from some natives and entered it on his stock account. Then he used it to go to the Post Office for a week, accompanied by another boat lest it should sink and the rowers be drowned. When he thought he had used it enough, he managed that it should one fine day mysteriously sink. On which he indented for a new boat to 'replace' it, and got it too—a fine, strong English-built captain's gig with a sail and lots of first-class tackle.

In this way we gradually got all we wanted. The Government had to be treated like a child which does not know what is good for it. Eventually, owing to the unwearied energy of Harris, the place was thoroughly equipped with all the requirements of a port, but no one knew how he managed to do it with such small crams of money as we could wring out of the Government. He got no thanks; on the contrary he was always being blamed for any shortcomings, but like so many Englishmen in India he worked on cheerfully and even enthusiastically, doing his best for the place committed to his charge, not expecting praise or reward. A few years later he was drowned in his own bay, in sight of his beloved station, and his name is probably by this time quite forgotten. He was a common type. The British Empire in India is like one of those large coral islands in the Pacific built up by millions of tiny insects, age after age. Men admire the beauty of the land and profit by its fertility, but who thinks of the insects who built it up?

This reminds me of another death which occurred about this time. A bright, clever, promising boy named Atkinson, one of my Assistants, was stationed at Kendrapara, a subdivision some thirty miles from Cuttack. He had been distinguished at a Public School (Harrow or Rugby, I forget which) and at Oxford, had passed high for the Civil Service, and during the short time he served under me had shown signs of great ability and high promise. He had fallen in love with Florrie Faulkner, one of old Faulkner's pretty daughters, and had arranged with her that on his next visit to Cuttack he should ask her

father's consent. Some festivity—ball or something of the kind such as we so frequently had—was to take place. I think it was on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, which we always made a public holiday with some celebrations. He asked me for leave to come in to Cuttack, which I granted. It was a blazing hot, sultry May day and he started early as usual and rode fast to get in before the heat began. At the very end of his ride, with the roofs and chimneys of Cuttack in sight, he had to cross the river which then was an expanse of dazzling sand about a mile broad, with a narrow stream of water trickling down the middle. The track across the sand was marked by deep ruts made by the cartwheels of the strings of carts that were constantly passing. This track wound up and down so as to cross the water at its shallowest, and Atkinson, anxious to get in, for the sun was already getting hot when he reached the river, seems to have tried to take a short cut. But the narrow thread of water was treacherous. Though in general not more than a foot or two deep, in places it formed deep pools, where some furious eddy during the rains had scooped out the sand. Right into one of these he rode. His horse in its mad plunging threw him off, struggled to the bank and galloped away, but he never rose again. The Faulkners had invited him to stay with them, and his servant had arrived with his luggage. They waited for him till one o'clock and then began to get anxious. Old Faulkner went to the door to look out and saw a policeman leading a riderless horse to the police lines. He stopped the man and recognized the horse as Atkinsons. The man said he had found the horse grazing by the road leading to the river, and was taking it, as unclaimed property, to the police station. When asked where the rider was, he stared after the manner of his kind and said he did not know. It had not occurred to him to consider the question. Faulkner came rushing over to my house which was close by, and I at once ordered out a strong body of police to go and search. On reaching the river bank the Inspector found numbers of men cutting grass for horses as usual. At that dry season the grass-cutters have to go long distances in search of green fodder and naturally seek it by the rivers. Questioned on the subject they all said cheerfully, Oh, yes! they had seen a sahib ride on to the sand from the other side and try to cross the river. They saw that he had left the track and was heading for a deep pool

and they saw him fall off his horse, and they saw the horse come out without him and gallop away. 'Where was the Sahib?' They did not know, perhaps he was in the water. 'Did they not shout to warn him of his danger?' No, it was no affair of theirs. 'What did they do when they saw him fall?' They? They cut grass for their horses![5] I Also there was a Kanungo[6] riding on his pony with his servant following him. He saw the whole scene—and rode on to his work! He was quite close to the Sahib and saw he was riding into danger, but it was no affair of his. (I promptly dismissed that Kanungo from the Government Service, at which all the natives, official and non-official, were very much surprised —and asked what he had done to be punished.)

We dragged the pool and found the poor boy's body. He was quite dead. He was buried that evening and Florrie wept. She married another man a year after.

The charm of our life in Cuttack lay not only in the friendliness and sociability of the European residents, but also in its variety. Totally new and unexpected events were always occurring. About this time, for instance, occurred the wreck of the *Velleda*. She was a French ship from Nantes. I have mentioned in a former page the French ships that used to call at False Point. There were a good many of them. They took a cargo of wines and spirits and other things from French ports to Batavia, thence they came in ballast to False Point where they shipped rice for the Indian coolies working at Mauritius. At this latter place they shipped sugar for France, thus making a regular round. One day one of these ships, the *Velleda*, was driven ashore in a storm. The sagacious police, for some reason best known to themselves—the workings of a native policeman's mind are dark and tortuous and hard to understand —arrested the captain and crew, and put a guard on the vessel as she lay on the beach at the mouth of the Daya River. The latter precaution was wise and saved the vessel from being plundered. The Magistrate of Pooree, an eccentric person, Joseph Armstrong, telegraphed to me for orders[7] as to what he was to do with the men. In reply I instructed him to supply them with food and anything else they might require, and to get carts and send them to Cuttack at once. After a few days they arrived, a hungry, dirty, ragged, dishevelled party of about a

dozen Frenchmen. We accommodated them in the Police Barracks, and gave them food and clothing and medical aid. The captain, named Semelin, was a merry, little, round Sancho Panza of a man and amused us very much while he remained at Cuttack.

But I had a dreadful task with him. Through all the terrors of the shipwreck he had kept his ship's papers and his 'Code Maritime', a little, fat, much-thumbed and dog-eared book, safe in a bag slung across him. These he now produced and read me many sections of the Code, declaring the steps he ought to take under the circumstances. First I had to record a *proces-verbal*, a very lengthy document reciting the whole story of the wreck and what led to it, including the depositions of the captain and the crew. Then I had to go through a long list of all the ship's gear, rigging, sails, cargo, and everything in fact except her hull. My French stood the test of the *proces-verbal* and the depositions pretty well, but when it came to such technicalities as ship's rigging and gear I was completely floored. So I sent for Tonnerre. He was a young Frenchman who had been appointed to the Bengal police and stationed at Cuttack, a charming, brilliant, high-spirited, clever young fellow. To my surprise he too was floored. He and Semelin, of course, chattered volubly together in their own language, but when it came to seafaring lingo he was as ignorant as I was. Eventually, with much gesticulating and pantomime between the two, aided by Spiers' dictionary, we got the list right and all the papers required by French law duly executed, and sent off to the French Consul-General at Calcutta, who in due course sent down a request to sell the ship and remit the money to him for transmission to the owners in France. This was done; a rich merchant in Cuttack bought her as she lay and broke her up and made a good deal, I was told, by selling the timbers and other things. Semelin being part-owner kept his share of the money and the rest was sent to the Consul. But he had on board a small stock of provisions for his own use, and these he got up from the coast (it was about fifty miles from Cuttack that the vessel was wrecked) and offered them for sale. Needless to say they were eagerly bought up—champagne, Sauterne, Burgundy wines, and the most delicious preserved fruits, fish, cheese and other provisions. My wife laid in a good stock and we fully enjoyed them. They

were very cheap too. Then poor little Sancho Panza Semelin fell ill, and the doctor said he had better be sent to Calcutta, where he would find a French doctor who could understand him. His disease was some internal ailment of an obscure nature. So I shipped him and his crew off to Calcutta, whence, as I was informed, they shipped on board various French vessels and so got home. Poor Semelin, however, died in the hospital at Calcutta, and I received a touching letter of thanks from the Consul-General for my kindness to him.

These French skippers entitled themselves 'capitaine au long cours', but Tonnerre called them 'vieux ours maritimes', old sea-bears. I always found them very amusing and I enjoyed talking French to them. False Point was a dreary place for them to lie at. No town, no drinking places, no amusements of any sort—only a great shallow lagoon, half of it bare, glistening mud at low water, bounded on all sides but one by low, swampy, mangrove jungle. On one occasion Ravenshaw and Walker and I were down there in the *Pioneer*, and Toppino, one of these captains, came to see us. Our table was being laid for breakfast on deck, and among other things there was a bowl full of fresh limes. Toppino's eyes glistened. 'Ah! vous avez des limons, des limons!' he cried. Knowing how good limes and other fruit are for sailors after a long voyage we let him fill his pockets. He went away rejoicing, and shortly after he sent us two bottles of claret, grown he assured us, on his own estate near Bordeaux, and known as *Gros Bonnet;* also a tin of delicious truffled sausages. When I got back to Cuttack, I ransacked the bazaar for fresh fruit and vegetables, and sent him down a boat-load of pumpkins, plantains, limes and such things as we could get. He wrote me a most gushingly grateful letter. The *Gros Bonnet*, when we drank it, turned out to be a very fine delicate wine of the Medoc type.

During the cold weather of this year I paid a visit to a curious place, Udayagiri i.e. the Sunrise Mountain. It lies between two of the great rivers of the delta of the Mahanadi, and is so called because it is the furthest spur to the eastward of the Orissa ranges. It is an isolated rocky peak of no great height with a mosque on the summit, small, modern and ugly. But in a great cleft nearly a

mile long on the eastern face, Faulkener who was with me on this occasion, and I found a strange place. At the head of the ravine we saw what looked like images, so we started to explore. The ravine was covered with a jungle of low, thorny bushes, but on setting coolies to work to clear this off, we first came upon a deep well of the kind called Baoli, a large, circular hole lined with stone masonry descends for about fifty feet. In one side of this wall is an archway, and a broad flight of stone steps leading down from another archway at the top. At the bottom of the steps is a platform of stone, in the middle of which is the mouth of the well. It was full of water and apparently very deep. On the sides of the wall going down the steps were rudely carved numerous names, apparently of pilgrims, in an archaic character, the so-called Kutila, which has not been used since about the ninth or tenth century. The inscriptions must thus be more than a thousand years old. Our coolies were half afraid of venturing into the gorge as it has the reputation of being haunted. It was only by liberal payment we could induce them to go on. Beyond the well was a pathway flagged with stone, and on either side, for the most part overturned and lying under the bushes, were great quantities of statues of Buddha of stone. These were of all sizes from a few inches to four feet high. We counted some hundreds of them. At the end of the pathway which was more than half a mile long and ascended gradually, we came upon a beautiful gateway of stone, the lintel and sideposts of which were covered by delicately-carved groups of figures illustrating events in the various Jatakas or former births of Buddha. Looking through this gateway we were startled to see, deep in the gloom of dense, overhanging trees, a colossal seated Buddha in the usual attitude of meditation. The image was buried up to the waist in debris and soil, but the huge upper half stood up so high that a tall man standing on the palm of its right hand could only just touch its shoulder.

The whole place had evidently in ancient times been a Buddhist monastery and place of pilgrimage. Here, as everywhere in Orissa, the noses of all the images had been broken off. It was the custom of the Mahommedans thus to disfigure all the statues of gods and others they found in any part of India. The local legend says that at the sound of the kettle-drums of Kalapahar[8] all the

noses of the gods in Orissa fell off.

I thought some at least of these carvings worthy of preservation. The colossal Buddha was too big to move, but Faulkner sent for boats and derrick and managed to remove the lovely gateway and half a dozen of the best statues, which he set up for me in the Public Garden which I had made close to the canal in Chauliaganj, the suburb of Cuttack city in which most of the Civil officials live. I presume they are there still. I should have been unwilling to disturb the ancient shrine on Udayagiri, but the images were lying neglected and buried under jungle and soil, the place was somewhat inaccessible and the Public Garden at Cuttack was a central situation where these rare and beautiful objects could be seen and studied as well as preserved. Therefore I acquitted myself of the charge of vandalism. I wrote a long and minute account of the place with copious illustrations, which was published in the *Journal* of the Bengal Asiatic Society.[9]

Orissa is full of ancient temples, forts and statues. Many of these visited, sketched, and wrote articles about for the Asiatic Society during the nine years I spent in that old-world province, now (or at least then) the home of the most bigoted, Brahmin-ridden Hindus in all India. But it would take up too much room to describe them in detail; besides—are they not written in the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal?

The year 1876 passed without any very memorable event. The work was incessant, varied, interesting, and I found time also for my linguistic studies. The third volume of my *Comparative Grammar* occupied most part of my spare time.

On the 24th April 1876 was born my youngest child. I was reading at that time a novel in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the heroine of which was named Angele, so I had the child christened Angela. As Tonnetrre said, 'C'est un nom tres gentil,' but the child herself, when she grew up, disliked it. It is perhaps an unusual name in England. My wife suffered a good deal over this her last confinement, and I was told she required a run home. Moreover, certain things had fallen out badly with regard to my three boys who were with my brother Pearson at Corfe, near Taunton, and there was urgent need for one of

us to go home and put things right. So by degrees the conviction grew on us that my wife must go home. My financial position would not allow of my going, and as Sir Richard Temple was about to leave Bengal I hoped that my prospects would improve. Ravenshaw talked of taking leave, and under a new Lieutenant-Governor I might have a chance of succeeding him. It would not do for me to be absent at such a time, even if I had been able to able to afford it. So during the cold weather of 1876-7 I made my arrangements. The little girls were also, the elder of them at any rate getting to age when they could no longer stay in India. All things combined to force us to separate. We felt it very keenly. We had never been parted for more than few days at a time for eighteen years. But it had to be done for my wife's health and for the sake of the children. But preparations and our sorrows were, as was so often the case with officials, interrupted by a great public event. On the 1st January 1877 Lord Lytton, the Viceroy, held a magnificent Assembly at Delhi, at which all the great feudatory nobles, princes and territorial magnates attended in great pomp and splendour, with gay clothing, masses of diamond and jewels, elephants and horses with gilded and jewelled trappings, and all the brilliancy that can be imagined. The Viceroy was attended by quantities of troops, councillors, heads of departments and others not to omit a vast cloud of newspaper reporters and globetrotters. There with solemn state Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.

In every part of India it was ordered that there should be a similar ceremony at the local capital. Cuttack, of course, was not going to be behind hand. So I was ordered to construct a tent big enough to hold all the people, great and small, who were to be invited. So we set to work and erected a big pavilion on the plain in front of the Fort. It was made of poles and a roof of canvas, covered with red, blue and white calico, and wreathed in wreaths of green leaves and palm branches. Large numbers of flags waved from the top. Inside was a dais and rows of chairs for the notables. The floor was covered with thick carpets, with a strip of scarlet cloth up the centre. Behind the dais was a gallery for the ladies. The Regiment supplied a guard of honour. Ravenshaw, in his blue and gold Windsor uniform, the Colonel in scarlet and gold, and this

humble writer in plain morning dress sat on the dais, and a brilliant line of native Maharajas, Rajas and zemindars blazing with jewels sat on one side, while on the other were all the European officials and behind, on both sides, a large crowd of natives.

Then the Queen's proclamation was read, first in English, then in Oriya, and a Royal Salute (or something as near as we could get) was fired. The native chiefs arose one by one and were led before the Commissioner to salute and be saluted. Then the servants went round with silver scent sprinklers and silver trays with betel nut in little packets, and every chief was duly sprinkled with attar of roses and presented with a packet of betel. Then the ceremony ended and all departed. The 'Kings of the Amontes who dwell in the hills' marched away surrounded by a small army of followers—we were obliged to limit each king to 100 followers, which gave some offence; Moyurbhanj had brought 600 with him—and a band discoursing barbaric, discordant music.

In the evening a social meeting was held in the same pavilion where the chief European officials and their wives met and did their best to be civil to the native chiefs, while nach girls danced before them and sang native songs through their noses. This lasted till long past midnight when they all departed apparently well-pleased.

As soon as this business was over and we had picked up the pieces I went off to Calcutta with my.wife and children—five girls—and saw them off on the steamer for England. Even at this distance of time I can recall the intense grief of that moment—I cannot dwell on it. A few days later I returned by sea to my empty home.

It was some compensation to me that a few weeks later Ravenshaw was appointed to officiate on the Board of Revenue, and I was appointed to act in his place as Commissioner of the Orissa Division. This promotion involved an increase of pay amounting to about £800 a year, making my total salary in round numbers £3,000 a year. But I had heavy debts to pay and the expense of a wife and eight children in England. The cost of the education of my three sons now began to weigh heavily. They had cost me up to that time £100 a year each, but they were now to cost a good deal more. In a very short time

they began to cost close upon £200 a year each. As Commissioner I was obliged to entertain a good deal, and was expected to subscribe more than others to all kinds of objects. So my income did not do more than meet the demands upon me.

The promotion, however, did me good by presenting to me a great variety of new kinds of work. In addition to the three districts of Balasore, Cuttack and Pooree, the Collectors of which were now under my orders, I was *ex-officio* Superintendent of the Tributary States in other words a sort of bear-leader to seventeen petty chieftains living in the half Country on the west of Orissa. I have not said much about these people as far as I remember, and a brief account of them may perhaps be interesting.

When the English conquered Orissa in 1803 with two regiments of native troops from Madras, the Marathas fled westwards through the hill country back to their own land. Our knowledge of the geography of Orissa was at that time so slight that Colonel Harcourt, who commanded the little force, did not venture to follow them. This did not much matter as they were caught by Sir Arthur Wellesley at Assaye where they arrived in time to share in the crushing defeat of their nation. In the course, however, of his inquiries Colonel Harcourt and the Chief Commissioner, Mr Melvill, learnt of the excellence of a number of independent or semi-independent chieftains, each ruling a small tract of territory in those wild hills. Not understanding the status of those men, and assuming them to be far more powerful than they really were, Harcourt and Melvill executed on behalf of the British Government treaties of alliance with each of them. By virtue of which they were to be confirmed in their possessions on payment of a *peshkash*, or small annual tribute. One cannot read without a smile in these treaties a solemn promise on the part of each of these microscopic potentates not to wage war against the British Government—as though a gnat should promise not to fight an elephant. In later times, when we knew all about these people, it was seen what a mistake we had made in treating them as independent potentates. A careful study of the records and documents subsequently discovered proved beyond a doubt that those hill chiefs had been from the earliest times feudal vassals of the Kings of Orissa, under whom they held their land chiefly on the tenure of military service. This

they themselves now frankly admit. They say we knew this all along, and everyone in Orissa knew it, but if Colonel Harcourt was good enough to grant us the position of independent rulers it was not our business to undeceive him. In spite of their treaties they willingly consented to be treated as vassals, provided their *peshkash* or tribute were not increased. They were then placed under the general management of the Commissioner of Orissa who was ordered, as Superintendent, to control them, guide them, elevate them and so forth.

At the same time he was not given any power over them. The Government, by the treaties, had cut itself off from exercising any power, and so could not delegate to the Commisioner what it did not possess itself. He was directed to keep them in the paths of virtue by his 'moral influence'. Here was a strange problem, and it is wonderful how it was solved. It is typical of the way we have managed to rule India. First a minute of instructions was drawn up and issued by the Government of India. The chiefs were not asked whether they approved of these rules or not. They were merely told that these rules would be enforced in future. How they were to be enforced was not stated, but by this time we had learnt how petty and powerless the chiefs were, and they had learnt how overwhelmingly powerful we were, so there was no necessity to enter into the question of how obedience was to be enforced. But the 'how' was illustrated by events which happened shortly after the promulgation of the rules. The Rajas of Angul and Banki, two of these chiefs, after a long course of gross tyranny and oppression of their subjects refused to obey the British Government. Angul even went so far as to get up a small armed force for the purpose of rebellion. Whereupon a handful of Sepoys was sent to Angul, the Raja was seized and deposited in the Cuttack jail where he soon afrerwards died, having, I learn, shown unmistakable signs of insanity. The territory of Angul was annexed and governed thenceforth by a British official. A similar fate befell Banki, which was also annexed.

With these object lessons before them the other chiefs have ever since been perfectly submissive.

The system in force in 1877 when I took charge was as follows. The Rajas were allowed the general administration of their territories, but any of their

subjects who felt himself aggrieved by any act of his Raja might appeal to the Commissioner, who asked for an explanation from the Raja, and finally decided what ought to be done and communicated his decision to the Raja. If the Raja had refused to obey, no one exactly knew what would have happened. But it was tacitly understood that he would not refuse and, as a matter of fact, he knew better than to do so. This is what is called 'moral influence'. When backed by bayonets it is a great power. Moreover each Raja had a minister. This is a very ancient native institution. Far back in dim antiquity, in the most ancient books of the sacred Hindu law, the institution of the Mantri[10] or Brahmin minister beside the Raja is found, and terrible are the spiritual punishments denounced against a Raja who refuses to follow the guidance of his Mantri. Ravenshaw and his predecessors had in a great number of cases induced the Rajas to appoint as Mantri persons of their own choosing, and by selecting men who were natives of British territory and had in many instances served in our courts and offices, they secured a partisan at every Raja's Court, and one, moreover, who could be relied on to keep his Raja straight. The power of sentencing men to death was withdrawn from the Chiefs, because it was found that their ideas on this subject were not in accordance with modern views. For instance, being all rigid Hindus by religion—though several of them were of non-Aryan or aboriginal descent—they considered the killing of a cow a heinous offence and one punishable by death. In several places also the practice of human sacrifices was still in force. All murder cases therefore had to be tried by the Commissioner, and if a sentence of hanging were pronounced it had to be sent up to Government to be confirmed.

A curious instance of the survival of human sacrifice occurred in Keonjhar, one of the largest of these petty states. It had been from ancient times the custom that the Raja, at a particular stage of the very long and intricate ceremony of coronation, should have a man brought before him, should draw his sword and slay the man. A grant of rent-free land was then given to the man's heirs as compensation. But on the first occasion of the accession of a Raja to the throne of Keonjhar after the issue of the rules above-mentioned, the Commissioner, who was present at the ceremony, forbade this part of it. Much discontent on the part of the young Raja and all his family and court was

caused, but of course the Commissioner stood firm. After long discussion it was arranged that the man should be brought before the Raja as usual, the Raja was then to draw his sword and make a cut at the man, who was to fall down as if dead, and to be at once carried off by the attendants. He was then to disappear from the Raja's territory, and to be carefully on his guard never thereafter to approach the Raja or be seen by him. He was in fact to be reckoned as dead. This compromise satisfied, or seemed to satisfy, all concerned.

There were in all seventeen of these Rajas; their territories varied in extent. Those of Moyurbhanj sometimes erroneously written Mohurb-hunge) and Keonjhar in the north of Orissa were very extensive, perhaps about 3,000 square miles in extent. Dhenkanal in the centre was about 2,000. The rest were much smaller. One or two of them in fact, such as Baramba and Tigaria, consisted of only about two dozen villages. In each, however, there was a large fortified residence (called a Garh = Fort) for the Raja, and from this cause they were collectively known as the Gurhjat, i.e. the Forts.

I had not been long in charge before a case occurred in one of these Gurhjat. The Raja of Daspala, one of the worst of the lot, took a fancy to a married woman, the wife of one of his subjects. He had her brought into his zenana, and when the husband complained he was banished from the ten square miles or so which constituted the Kingdom of Daspala, and threatened with death if he returned. So he wandered away homeless. His house and all it contained were confiscated by the Raja's retainers. But in his wanderings the wretched man came across people who were not afraid of His Majesty of Daspala, and advised him to return and boldly claim his wife and property, and if they were not given up to him to go to Cuttack and complain to the Bara Sahib. So he plucked up courage and went to Daspala. But as soon as he appeared he was arrested by the Raja's orders, taken into the Garh, stripped and branded all over the body with red-hot irons. He fainted and his insensible body was cast out on the sandy bank of the river. At night, however, some of his relations came secretly, put him into a boat and carried him to Cuttack where he was received inio the hospital and healed. Then he came to me

with his story, and showed his back and thighs covered with long black streaks where he had been branded.

This was a more outrageous case than ordinary. I therefore took strong measures. I deposed the Raja and sent the order for his deposition by the Superintendent of police, Poole, with a guard of native police. Poole was instructed to tell the Raja that if he made the least opposition to the police. I should send the regiment of Sepoys from Cuttack. The Raja was a little insolent, but finally assured Mr. Poole that his accuser was lying, and that he would go into Cuttack and explain the matter to me. Meanwhile the man's witnesses had been sent for, and on the Raja's arrival I tried the case in the usual way. The Raja's guilt was clearly proved and also the complicity of his minister and officials. I sent up a trustworthy man to conduct the administration and dismissed the Dewan and chief officials. In the course of the trial it came out that the Raja's rule had for some time past been scandalously tyrannous as well as corrupt. I therefore detained him in Cuttack and reported the case to Government, recommending that the Raja should be deposed and the administration carried on by a British officer until the Raja's son, a minor, should come of age and assume the management. I gave the past history of the man, showed how repeatedly his bad conduct had been noticed by my predecessors, and how he had persistently disregarded their remonstrances. The general disorder, mismanagement and wretched condition of his subjects resulting from his oppression were also pointed out. The Raja was in great terror. He was a big, black, bloated, unwholesome-looking beast, and his fear made him look even worse than nature intended. He came to my house, flung himself at my feet, tore off his turban and tried to place my foot on his head, and wailed and howled so that I was obliged to have him removed by my attendants. In his terror he released the woman, sent her back to her husband adorned with jewels, sent him a big bag of money and a deed, duly signed and sealed, conferring on him a large piece of land rent-free for ever.

The Government were inclined to follow my advice, but doubted whether they had power actually to depose the man. I did not think they had myself, but the temporary deposal effected my object just as well as a permanent one.

Ravenshaw, being in Calcutta, was consulted and gave his opinion against deposition, though admitting that the wretch deserved condign punishment. Eventually it was ordered that the Raja should not be actually deposed, but that he should for a time be suspended from the administration of his State, which was to remain in the hand of the man sent by me. The Raja got a very severe scolding, which he did not mind in the least, and was threatened that *next time* he would be deposed and probably imprisoned.

With many of these Rajas, threats and admonitions were useless, because they had not the wits to understand what was expected of them. They were wild, jungly, uncivilized creatures, mere savages in fact. Others were more intelligent and educated. Much good was done by the Superintendent's tours. He went round every year and inspected the Raja's Court and offices, blaming or praising as the case might be, indicating improvements and so on. By this means a rough sort of administration, quite as civilized as the people were fitted for, was maintained, and the mistake was avoided of trying to govern on principles of the highest cultivation a primitive people living in the forests, many of whom wore no clothing but the leaves of trees, and lived on roots and such game as they could shoot with their rude bows and arrows.

I gained much insight into the habits and manners of the Gurhjat people by an incident which occurred this year. The Maharaja of Dhenkanal was one of the richest of the Gurhjat chiefs. His territory was the third in extent, and though a good deal of it was covered with forests, there was a large extent of cultivation and the people were prosperous under his rule. He had built himself a large and imposing palace in European style—he supposed it to be a facsimile of the Commissioner's residence, the Lal Bagh, at Cuttack. The sanitation of his town of Dhenkanal was well attended to and he had built and maintained a hospital, a school and a guest house. He was an immense man weighing twenty-two stone —but big as he was he was a keen sportsman, and used to be carried into the forest to shoot tigers in a vast octagonal sort of couch or chair on poles borne by twenty-four men. For some years he had been a sufferer from some internal disease, and to ease his pain he indulged in the national habit of taking opium in pills. Stewart, the doctor at Cuttack, had

been trying to reduce the amount of opium that he took, and had instructed him, when an attack of pain from his internal disease came on, to take some medicine (I forget what) instead of morphia. One night the Maharaja woke up in pain, and finding none of the drug recommended by Stewart in his room, sent a man down to the hospital for some. The native doctor in charge—a Bengali—woken up in the middle of the night, went sleepily with a lamp to his dispensing room, took down what he thought was the proper bottle, measured out a sufficient quantity and sent it up to the Palace. The Maharaja took it, and then discovered by the taste that it was the worng stuff! He began to be very ill and in fearful pain. Mounted messengers were sent off at once to Stewart in Cuttack (fifty miles off) to beg him to come at once. Stewart packed up his stomach-pump, sat on his horse and rode off. He arrived in time, though the poor old Raja's limbs were getting blue and livid. By applying the proper remedies he was brought round at last. Stewart then asked to see the bottle and discovered that it was a poison.[11] He at once started off to the dispensary to question the native doctor, but on arriving there found that he had disappeared! When the news that the Raja had been poisoned reached the dispensary, the timid Bengali, knowing that he was the cause of the accident, was panic-stricken. He rushed out of the building into the darkness, and was never seen again. A hue and cry was raised, detectives were employed, inquiries were made in all directions, even in his native place in Bengal, but that native doctor was never found. The people of Dhenkanal unanimously believe that he wandered into the jungle which lies dense all round their little town, and was killed and eaten by the tigers and other wild beasts which abound there. This is highly probable, and to look for a dead man's bones in the jungle would be to search for a needle in a bundle of hay. All we could say was that he had disappeared.

The Maharaja recovered for the moment, but the shock to his health was serious. He did not long survive it, dying some two or three months later. He left only one son, a minor, and his State therefore was taken charge of by Government in the same way as Court of Wards management. I had to go there and inquire into everything, from the finances and Courts of Justice to the

Palace cooking-pots; and to arrange a scheme for the future management of the State, and the maintenance of the deceased Maharaja's family, and the education and care of the minor.

Had this been an ordinary zemindari, the task would have been easy enough, and such as I had done often before. But in the first place we had no legal right at all to interfere in a Tributary (as it was called) and quasi-independent State, and secondly the wishes and feelings and superstitions and pride and crazes of all kinds of the Royal Family, as well as of the population of the State, had to be considered. Financially Dhenkanal was highly prosperous, the revenues though not large were respectable, the late Maharaja had been a prudent and moderate man and an excellent-administrator; his only extravagance consisted in lavish (but not reckless) generosity to all around him. But the very excellencies of his character caused a difficulty. He had had a long reign and had so endeared himself to his people that they could not endure to see any of his arrangements altered in the least. Every suggestion for improvement was met by the most determined opposition.

Ultimately I concluded to leave well alone, not thinking that it was judicious to insist on mere technical improvements at the risk of wounding the laudable, if mistaken, feelings of the people.

As to the family, they did not count. There was at the back of the Palace, it is true, a large, gloomy building surrounding a big courtyard in which I was told there were some sixty-odd females composing the late Prince's harem. But it was matter of common notoriety that the state of his health had prevented him for many years past from frequenting the society of his wives, and I was told by the Palace servants that he never even visited the harem.

It further appeared that it was customary among these Orissa princes when a Raja died to disperse his harem, and to allow the ladies to go away and marry again—provided only that they had not borne any children to the deceased. Those who had, had to remain and were entitled to maintenance for their lifetime. As there was only one child, the minor, it was feasible to make a considerable clearance of the gloomy building. A large reduction was also made in the Palace servants, whose name was Legion. The system of payment

and employment of these was curious. For every post there were two tenants, two head footmen, two head cooks (Brahmins). On asking the reason of this I learnt that all the servants without exception were paid, not in cash, but by grants of rent-free land, and it was necessary to have two men for each post so that one might be away tilling the land while the other was on duty at the Palace. They took it in turn like Lords-in-Waiting to the Queen. Even the twenty-four men whose duty it was to carry the Raja in his big travelling couch were in reality forty-eight—half of whom were on duty at a time while the other half were away farming their lands. A strange system but, as no one got any money, it was not expensive. Land was plentiful enough in those sparsely peopled jungles.

After a stay of some days busily engaged in settling and arranging everything, I returned to Cuttack. I find in one of my letters to Elliot, written immediately after my return home, a description of this journey. I copy it here, as it is a good instance of the difficulties of travelling during the rains in some parts of India. The whole distance was only about fifty miles.

'Cuttack, August 31, 1877.

'Left Dhenkanal at seven last night, and only just got too far to go back when down it came—heavy rain like hail—thunder and lightning walloping all round. The bearers don't wear much clothes, and they seemed not to like it on their skins. However, just as they were giving in up came the Jemadar with a lantern in his hand, in which he informed me he had snatched up from the Raja's own room on, seeing the rain. It was a wonderful affair with panes of red and blue glass which shed a ghastly light on the thick forest on either hand. This amazing little man who is a Pachima[12] or up-country man (quite a title of honour down here), is a small ex-sowar Musulman and consists of a pair of extensive boots, a sword, a medal and a voice. By dint of calling the bearers alternately "beta" and "betich—"[13] and much shrieking and galloping to and fro he induced them to go on. At last we came to a nullah, nothing at all usually, but now a deep, roaring torrent. There was nothing to be done but to put the palki down and send back to Dhenkanal for an elephant. As I sat boxed up, smoking a pipe amidst the warfare of the elements, with the shivering bearers crouching

under the trees, smoking one cigar of mine among them and the rain rattling down on the palki roof, and one small, cold thread of wet slowly creeping under one thigh from a crack in the door, it occurred to me that my lines on Dhenkanal in my last letter did not quite hit off the correct pronunciation of the word. Bawl does *not* rhyme with Dhenkanal. It occurred to me that the language of "our lively neighbours" (as the newspapers say) would hit off the sound better.

So I improvised this:

Je suis parti de Dhenkanal Par un chemin tres-inegal
Un gros orage tropical
Versait son torrent pluviale
Et tout autour de Dhenkanal
Hurlaient les lotip! at les chacals.
Les sen tiers de Dhenkanal
Menent a la faret virginale
Dont les ages ...
Un parfum tres-original.

(There is a lot more, but this may suffice—the page is torn off.) 'After this arrove two elephants. The bigger of the two really a fine beast, a mighty tusker full ten feet high. They hoisted my palki bodily on to his back, crosswise, the two poles almost touching the trees. I mounted the lesser beast. It was one of those wierd Rembrandt pictures one sees occasionally. Figure to yourself a narrow road shaded by tall trees and bordered by dense jungle. Crossing it a very black nasty-looking nullah with steep sides altogether uncanny and dangerous looking. Moonlight, but very sickly and fitful owing to the heavy, slow-moving clouds. In front in the rift between the trees, a big elephant looking double his size in the strange, uncertain light with a palki towering higher still; behind, a confused glare of torches and crowds of dusky men crossing the nullah in batches on the other elephant. Can't you see the scene? Its weird effects of light and shade, great black masses with points of light here and there and the mysterious, sickly moonlight over all. If in addition you had your feet wet, as well as half your right leg, were rather

sleepy and shaken to pieces, were anxious about the safety of your office-box on the head of a naked savage fording the stream with water up to his armpits, and were in addition aware of some ten nullahs, all unbridged, plus the vast Mahanadi between you and Cuttack, you would be in a position to appreciate all the ghastly grandeur of the scene. Fortunately I had a brandy-flask with me and partook thereof, also thanks to the in-defatigable Jemadar, his boots and his voice, we passed unscathed through all the perils of the road and at dawn reached the Mahanadi where lay the *Pioneer.* A table on deck with shining tablecloth, eggs, toast, tea, and other necessaries greeted me there, and I was safe at home by eight o'clock.

Another serious case which occurred this year arose from the misconduct of the highest native prince in Orissa. It was extremely difficult to deal with owing to the exalted rank and peculiarly sacred position of the culprit, who though in reality a silly, debauched, half-witted boy, was regarded by the Hindus of Orissa as a living embodiment of their great god Jagannath. The ancient Kingdom of Orissa had been ruled by a long succession of dynasties till the Mahommedan conquest in the sixteenth century. When that cataclysm took place, the sovereign, fleeing from his capital of Cuttack, took refuge in the difficult hill country to the south-west, where he and his successors maintained a precarious semi-independent position at Khurda until the days of British rule. Their vicissitudes and family history are too varied and complicated to be here related. It may suffice to say that the British Government, in accordance with its invariable practice of recognizing all just claims, allowed the Raja of Khurda as we called him—the King of Orissa as the people considered him—to enjoy the revenues of several very large and fertile pargannahs (= counties), partly for his own maintenance, and partly for the support of the celebrated temple of Jagannath at Pooree, the well-known place of pilgrimage. This temple was founded by a King of Orissa in the twelfth century, and subsequent kings had protected it, given it large endowments, and held it as their chief glory to be reckoned among the servants of the god. On the day of the great festival when Jagannath rides abroad in his Car, the King sweeps the steps in front of the temple with a golden broom.

It was found necessary to remove the King from his mountain retreat at Khurda, to place the administration of his estates in the hands of Government officials, who merely handed over to him the revenues they collected, and to settle him and his family in a large and handsome palace in the town of Pooree close to the temple, of which he was still the recognized and acknowledged guardian and chief manager. Certain duties were imposed upon him in this capacity, chief among which was that of keeping order among the vast crowds of pilgrims who flocked every year to the festivals, especially to the crowning solemnity of all, the Car Festival. On this occasion it was his duty to enrol a large number of special constables to prevent overcrowding and admit the pilgrims to the temple in order. He was also bound to arrange with the numerous priests within the vast enclosure of the temple as to the times and order of celebration of the various pujas or sacrifices, so that the pilgrims might be able to attend them and perform their religious ceremonies without hindrance or confusion. The task was a difficult one owing to the immense crowds, generally about a million people, men and women, who assembled on those occasions; also on account of the intricacy of the ceremonies which each pilgrim had to perform, and more than all on account of the shameless rapacity of the temple priests, who levied fees from the pilgrims at every stage of the proceedings and sometimes stopped the ceremonies until they were paid, thus causing extreme confusion among the crowds who were pressing in with frantic shouts and every kind of extravagant enthusiasm.

The interior of the temple was cut up into numerous courtyards divided by high stone walls pierced by narrow doorways. In each court were two or three shrines. The pilgrims had to visit each of these in succession, and as they could not find their way through this labyrinth unaided there was a large number of official guides or pariharis, each of whom took charge of a batch of pilgrims and piloted them through, courtyard after courtyard, till they finally reached the shrine of the great Jagannath, worshipped there and were sent away through a side door. No European and no native in European dress might enter the temple but to keep order inside and see that all the arrangements were properly carried out, a native Deputy Magistrate dressed

in native costume of simple waist-cloth and scarf (dhoti and chadar), bare-headed, barefooted, was allowed to enter and remain in the temple till all the pilgrims had passed through. At every shrine the pariharis demanded a fee from the pilgrims and refused to let them pass till it was paid, it was the Deputy Magistrate's very difficult duty to insist on the pilgrims being allowed to pass without being too severely fleeced. Outside the temple, in addition to the Maharaja's special constables, the Magistrate and District Superintendent of police collected a large force of police. The approach to the Lion Gate, the entrance to the temple, was barricaded with strong posts fixed firmly in the ground forming a narrow lane, so that the pilgrims had to form a *queue*, and enter one by one. These precautions sufficed in ordinary years, and no accidents had occurred for a long time past. It is a vulgar error to suppose that people throw themselves under the wheels of Jagannath's Car and are crushed to death. Such an event never happens, and if it ever did happen in former times—which is strenuously denied by the priests—it must have been from some leper or other diseased wretch suddenly breaking through the cordon, and flinging himself before the Car so suddenly that those who drew it could not stop it before it had passed over the body of the suppliant. But so averse is the spirit of Vishnu worship[14] from the shedding of blood, that if such an event had ever happened it would have been regarded as a serious calamity, and the ceremonial unpurity thereby caused would have had to be expiated by many costly sacrifices.

In the present day the road down which the Car passes is fenced on both sides, and a continuous line of police guards the whole route—about a mile in length. Moreover the front of the Car is armed with a powerful 'cow-catcher' such as are used on railway engines, which would effectually prevent any body of man or animal being crushed under the wheels.

I have never been able to discover how this extraordinary error about the Car of Jagannath arose.

But to return to my narrative. In the year 1877 there occurred, according to the calculations of the Brahmin astrologers of Benares, a conjunction of stars which only happens once in a hundred or more years. The year in which

such a conjunction happens is specially sacred and those who make the pilgrimage to the shrine of Jagannath reap special benefits. In such a year, therefore, an unusually large concourse of pilgrims might be expected. The Benares Pandits wrote to the Maharaja to inform him, so that he might make extra preparations. The Maharaja, however, consulted the Pooree astrologers and they asserted that the Benares men were wrong, and that no such conjunction of planets would take place that year. It was in vain that some sensible men represented to the silly boy that all northern India believed in the Brahmins of Benares and would be guided by them, so that whether they were right or wrong the announcement which they made of a specially holy year was sure to be widely believed, and the rush of pilgrims would be immense. He obstinately stuck to the opinion of his Pooree astrologers and refused to make any preparations beyond the ordinary.

When the time came, an unprecedented large number of pilgrims arrived and terrible confusion ensued. Joseph Armstrong, the Magistrate, with as large a force of police as he could muster, sat on his horse all night before the Lion Gate keeping back the great surging multitude who filled the broad, open space as far as the eye could reach, all eagerly pressing into the temple. At midnight a new day would begin and the religious merit of visiting the god would be over. All day they had been crowding in, but at nightfall there were still thousands eagerly pressing forward ere it was too late. Half a dozen times Armstrong sent messengers to the Raja for help. But though the boy had a large number of guards in the palace he refused to send any of them, alleging that he required them all for his own protection, which was nonsense as no one even dreamt of attacking him. Nor would he come out and address the crowd, a step which would have had great effect owing to the veneration with which his person was regarded. He had already caused great confusion by delaying earlier in the day to send to the Head Priest permission to begin certain sacrifices. This he did because at that moment an enormously wealthy merchant was with him, who offered a large sum for the privilege of being the first to enter the temple, which ensures certain special spiritual benefits. The Maharaja and the merchant could not agree as to the sum to be paid for this

privilege, and while they were haggling the worship was delayed. This made the crowd still more impatient. At last, towards midnight, the crowd grew unmanageable. The District Superintendent of police was thrown from his horse and badly trampled upon. Armstrong only saved himself by freely using a stout blackthorn cudgel which he had brought from his native Antrim. The mass of men and women stormed the barrier and rushed into the entrance hall of the temple. Thence they had to go by a narrow passage into the first court. The pariharis in fear shut the door and a crowd jammed into the dark, closed passage. Then someone from within shouted a command to open the door. It was opened and the pent-up crowd, thrust forward by those behind, poured itself into the court. The foremost pilgrims were thrown down, trampled upon and killed. The frightened pariharis seeing blood flowing, fled shrieking that men had been killed. The rumour spread through all the temple courts. The doorkeepers at the Lion Gate, men specially selected for their great strength—eight stalwart Brahmins—by a mighty effort thrust back the crowd and banged the great doors together.

The Brahmin cooks who had just finished cooking the sacred food for the god, hearing the cry that blood had been shed in the temple, at once threw all the food away as defiled, and standing on the top of the walls near their cook rooms, shouted to the crowd below that all was over—the temple was denied—the pilgrimage was useless—the festival was at an end.

A wail of disappointment and despair went up from the vast crowd, and it was a very difficult matter to induce them to go away. It was daylight before this was accomplished and the Deputy Magistrate could get out of the temple to tell Armstrong exactly what had happened. Six men, I think, had been crushed to death at one door and one or two others in other places, and nearly a million people had journeyed hundreds of miles for nothing, the sacred precincts had been defiled by blood, costly expiatory rites would be necessary—and all this because a half imbecile boy would not do his duty. When they went to tell him of the, accident, he was so drunk he could not understand what was said to him.

As soon as the news of this catastrophe reached me, I reported it to Government

and at once started for Pooree to inquire into the matter. I held a long and careful investigation in which I was well supported by the High Priest, a genial, highly educated old man. He rivalled the old Maharaja of Dhenkanal in size and boasted that he was ten or fifteen pounds heavier. He was furious with the Maharaja of Pooree for his mismanagement. The temple priests, however, perjured themselves freely; though they had suffered from the accident and knew that it was the Maharaja's fault, their traditional veneration for the 'Walking Vishnu' led them to lie their best to screen him. From the boy himself I couldget nothing but incoherent mumblings.

The result of the inquiry was to establish his guilt. It was difficult to know how to punish him. We could not well take from him his hereditary functions in connection with the temple. No living Hindu would have dared to usurp his place. Eventually the Viceory deprived him of his title on Maharaja, and ordered that he was to be called Raja merely. This, of course, did not affect him in the least. It could not matter to him or the people of Orissa what a handful of foreigners might choose to call him. To himself and his people he would always remain their liege lord and an incarnation of Vishnu.

Nemesis overtook him, however, soon after. Being displeased with an old fakir who visited him at Pooree, he ordered him to be put to the torture in a particularly brutal fashion and then thrown over the palace wall into a lane behind. The police patrol passing by the head of the lane at night heard groans, and by the light of their bull's-eyes discovered the old man nearly dead. They carried him to the hospital where he lingered long enough to make a dying deposition to a Magistrate. The Maharaja was arrested, tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He is now, if still alive, at the convict prison on the Andaman Islands. Immense excitement was aroused all over Orissa and crowds assembled around the Judge's court every day during the trial. The boy was smuggled away at night with a strong guard to the steamer. No actual outbreak occurred, though the authorities fully expected it and had taken their measures accordingly. But the Oriyas are too timid for actual *emeutes.* The Maharaja had a son who was placed in charge of the Court of Wards, and has probably by this time succeeded to his father's rank and position.

After this I went for a tour along the beautiful shores of the Chilka Lake, and spent some time at Khurda working hard at the settlement of the revenue and rent arrangements of the estate. It is a wild, romantic, hilly country inhabited by a strangely backward old-world race. I regretted I had no time to stay longer among them and study their quaint customs and old traditions. I had, however, time to visit the Buddhist monastery at Khandagiri, which consists of ranges of caves hollowed out of the red sandstone rock and beautifully carved. I also visited the far-famed rock of Dhauli whereon is still to be seen the long inscription carved by order of King Asoka, the great propagator of Buddhism, in A.D. 240. The inscription has often been copied and translated, the letters are still, after the lapse of two thousand years, quite clear and legible. A few miles off stands the majestic temple of Siva at Bhuvaneswar.

The creed of Siva displaced Buddhism, only to be displaced in its turn by the now all-prevalent cult of Vishnu, whose temple at Pooree attracts yearly a thousand times as many votaries as the grander but neglected Bhuvaneswar.

I next paid a visit to my old district of Balasore, where the good folk received me very cordially. They illuminated the town and station, had fireworks, 'naches' and feastings. This made my successor rather jealous, and he had the bad taste to refuse to take part in the rejoicings.

In November my dear wife came back, bringing our two youngest children, Gertrude aged five and Angela aged two; also an English nurse, *a* Dorsetshire girl. Emma Gale. Much to my disgust, moreover, Ravenshaw came back also a few days later. We had hoped that he would not return, and I had rather set my heart on being made permanent Commissioner of Orissa—*sed dis aliter visum.* Sir Ashley Eden, the Lieutenant-Governor who had succeeded Temple, thought that I had been too long in Orissa, and at the beginning of 1878 transferred me as Commissioner and Judge to Chittagong.

I was bitterly disappointed at leaving Orissa, to which I had grown very much attached, and I feared Chittagong which had an evil reputation for unhealthiness. But of course there was no help for it. We sold most of our furniture, packed up the rest, and on the 14th February 1878 left Orissa after a residence there of nine years.

Footnotes:

[1] He was familiarly known as 'Hookey Walker". It may be necessary to explain to posterity that 'Hookey Walker', like 'Cheeks the Marine', 'Jim Crow' and other similar terms, was the name of some imaginary person popularly used by the street boys in the 'forties and 'fifties. He seems to have died out of the *gamin* memory now.

[2] False Point was so called because some forty miles to the north of it was Point Palmyras, at the mouth of the Brahmani River, a well-known landmark for vessels sailing up the Bay of Bengal. The point at the mouth of the Mahanadi was often mistaken for Point Palmyras and ships were wrecked in consequence. So it got to be known as the false Point Palmyras, and finally as False Point.

[3] The name was more native than they thought. For *hukki* is an Oriya word for a white-ants' nest and *tola* is a very common termination of names of villages in all parts of India. It means originally a 'market' from the root *tul*—'to weigh'.

[4] I saw the tigers myself on one occasion, but the wall of the cattle-yard was about eight feet high. I will not say positively that a tiger could not leap so high, but I do not think he could leap out again with a full-grown cow in his jaws.

[5] Of *Charlotte having seen his body*
Borne before her on a shutter
Like a well-behaved young lady
Went on cutting bread and butter.

[6] In India generally, an official who keeps registers of rent-payers. In Orissa, a native land-surveyor and estate-agent. An educated man who ought to have known better than the ignorant grass-cutters.

[7] He was not under my orders, but as the place of the shipwreck was on the boundary of our respective districts, and as he had no powers or experience in maritirne matters, he threw the responsibility on to my shoulders, though it was his police who had arrested the men.

[8] Kalapahar was the first Musulman invader of Orissa, A.D. 1570.

[9] See Journal, Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. xiv, p. 19, 1875

[10] Oddly enough the Portuguese got hold of this word and applied it to the counsellors of the Emperor of China in the form Madarin! The Persian word 'Dewan' is now ordinarily applied to designate the Mantri, even by Hindu Rajas.

[11] The stuff the Raja ought to have taken was 'hydro – something, and the stuff which the native doctor send him was 'hydro'– something, and the stuff which the native doctor sent him was 'hydro'–something else and a deadly poison. In examining the bottles on the dispensary shelves afterwards, Stewart found several bottles of 'hydro' this and 'hydro' that close to one another, so arranged that only the word 'hydro' on the label was visible, the rest of the label being hidden by the neibouring bottle. It was a pure mistake and the native doctor need not have been so frightened about it. But then he was a Bengali, and Bengalis are the funkiest race in the world.

[12] Paschima means a man from the North-Western Provinces. They are much looked up to for their superior valour by the unwarlike Bengalees and Oriyas. 'Ex-sowar' means that he had formerly been a trooper in a Cavalry Regiment.

[13] Beta = son and 'betich –' (I do not give it in full) a pecularly obscene term of abuse very common among natives.

[14] Jagannath means Lord of the World. It is a name of Krishna, the well-known incarnation of the god Vishnu.

Preface to
MEMOIRS OF A BENGAL CIVILIAN

THIS narrative was begun at Cuttack, where I was Magistrate and Collector, in 1875, and was continued at intervals till 1878 when, owing to my being transferred to Chittagong, and to other causes, it was discontinued. I tried to go on with it in 1880 at Chinsurah but I then found a curious thing. I could not remember recent events so clearly as I did those which had occurred long ago. As I had brought down my narrative to the year 1870 it was necessary to wait till the subsequent events had receded further into the past so that I might recollect them better. The manuscript was therefore laid aside, and by degrees forgotten. Now in the year 1896, having retired from the Civil Service, and returned to England, I take it up again, and as on reading it over I see many things which I should now prefer to describe differently, as well as some which are incorrect, it seems better to write it from the beginning.

If it should be asked why so obscure a person should think it worth his while to write the story of his life at all I reply that it is precisely because I am an obscure person—an average, ordinary, middle-class Englishman—that I write it. There is an abundance of biographies of eminent and illustrious men, but the very fact that they were eminent takes them out of the category of ordinary mortals. Their lives, therefore, though deeply interesting on account of their great deeds, are different from the general run of men who were their contemporaries. It will I think be interesting to posterity—or at any rate to my descendants—to read the account of how an ordinary, average Englishman lived in the reign of Queen Victoria. Such as my life has been, such has been that of thousands of other men in this period of time. And as India, where I spent so large a portion of my life, is already changing and many institutions and conditions of existence which were in my day, are passing away, the Indian part of my life may be perhaps useful as a record of a state of things which has ceased to be. Finally my descendants if they ever read these pages may be interested in learning what manner of men their forefathers were. And even if no one should care to read these pages, it amuses me to write them, which is perhaps as good a reason for writing them as any other.

Netherclay House, Bishop's Hall near Taunton,
Somersetshire

John Beames
12 October 1896

INTRODUCTION TO
MEMOIRS OF A BENGAL CIVILIAN

PHILIP MASON

SOME years ago, as a preliminary to writing a book about the Indian Civil Service, I asked a wide circle for diaries, sketches, letters, and all kinds of unpublished material which might help. A good deal of what came in I found tedious reading; some was trivial, some technical, and some not general enough in its application. But the account of his own life written by John Beames was quite another matter. I found it a pleasure to read and quoted from it freely; I kept wishing I could quote more.

Beames's life is the work of an individualist if ever there was one, but at the same time it is representative; the things that happened to Beames were the kind of things that happened to all of us in India, not only in the years after the Mutiny but seventy years later, and he looked on his work and on his seniors in just the kind of way that the good District Officer of a certain kind always did. With all this he might be a bore, but in fact he is a delight to read because he seems, naturally and without effort, to understand some of the secrets of good writing. He has a clear mind, he knows what he wants to say, and he says it without hesitation. Like Trollope, he has trained himself to write swiftly, not pausing to 'gaze out of the window and nibble the end of his pen'. He seldom allows himself to be side-tracked by digressions and qualifications; he is never pompous or self conscious or timid. These are negative virtues—though it is the lack of them that is responsible for a great deal of bad writing—and they would not be enough without an observant eye, a well-stocked mind, strong likes and dislikes, positive opinions. The result is a plain lively English that not many men wrote in the age of Carlyle and Ruskin; it is nearer to the English of Swift and Defoe or of our own time than to what we think of as Victorian English. What we think is, incidentally, a little unfair to the Victorians; there is plenty of nervous English in Trollope and Surtees and in many Indian state papers and district gazetteers. It disappears with self-consciousness and comes to the surface when the writer is more concerned with matter than with manner.

Beames did not write for publication but to amuse his family, not, one feels, that it would have made much difference if he had known that his story would be published. It is the essence of his attraction that he never conceals an opinion or pretends to be anything but himself. Indeed, he was always in trouble for being too outspoken. He had, for instance, a poor opinion of soldiers and remarks that the Indian Government 'acted on the assumption that military men were fit for any duties and were apparently not required with their regiments. .. .' Since civil and staff pay were much better than regimental, there was no doubt a good deal of truth in his belief that some regimental soldiers had gone to some trouble to catch the eye of a superior and get a civil appointment. And sometimes, no doubt, there were cases like that of Delilah Aberystwith and that bad Ulysses Gunn' and others exposed in 'Departmental Ditties'—not, of course, only among soldiers. But it was sweeping of Beames to think that all soldiers in civil employment had had to fawn and intrigue to get their appointments; it was unwise to tell the ex-soldier who was head of his district that he felt like St Paul before the chief captain who 'with a great sum obtained this freedom'. 'But I,' Beames continued, 'was free born.'

This was not the behaviour of a man likely to win special promotion. He thought little of Lieutenant-Governors in general and of almost every specimen of the class he met. John Lawrence he considered 'a rough coarse man, in appearance more like a navvy than a gentleman ...' who tried to turn his officers into 'homeless vagrant governing-machines . . .' But his special dislike was for Sir Richard Temple, who was Lieutenant-Governor of three provinces in succession. Beames was always scathing about Temple, and particularly about his views on the famine which in 1874 seemed likely in Bihar. 'In his usual theatrical way,' wrote Beames of Sir Richard, 'he rode at the rate of fifty or sixty miles a day through the districts, forming as he said an opinion on the condition of the people and the state of the crops. He would sit down at night after one of these wild scampers and write a vainglorious minute. . ..

Beames was not alone in regarding this brilliant man as something of a showman, and he was entirely representative in his attitude to authority. He

wrote on one occasion: 'I was in fact called upon to act and not to act at the same time, a false position in which Government is fond of placing officers by way of shuffling off its own responsibility, a regular Secretariat trick.' Here he echoes the cry of every district officer and every Colonial Governor, blamed for weakness if he does not act and for harshness if he does. Of course it is unfair; the razor-edge which the administration has to walk is not created by the Secretariat (or by 'Whitehall', or the Colonial Office, or whatever is the bugbear of the moment); it is inherent in the situation, in Nyasaland today, in India yesterday. That he does not see this is Beames's limitation as an officer but his strength as a writer and he is more amusing to read than many a man who is more prudent, tactful and balanced.

You might call him intellectually arrogant; when he was appointed to Champaran, one of the few districts in India where planters were strong, he determined to be master in his own district, not, as he says, 'from mere lust for power ... but because the district was a sacred trust delivered to me by Government and I was bound to be faithful to that charge. I should have been very base had I from love of ease or wish for popularity sat idly by and let others usurp my place and duties. Ruling men is not a task that can be performed by *le premier venu* and though I was young at it, still I had five years' training and experience prefaced by a liberal education, while these ex-mates of merchant ships and *ci devant* clerks in counting-houses had had neither'. There *is* arrogance here, but with it went a noble determination to do what was just to the peasant whatever the cost. Here in Champaran he supported a peasant against the tyranny of a rich planter; later in Orissa he challenged the Government and its laws on behalf of an old woman who was prosecuted for picking up the salt that was delivered by the sea free of tax at the door of her hut. After a number of reprimands, he won his case and the law was changed.

Beames is still remembered in India by a small circle as a scholar, a grammarian, and a philologist; this was a game with the left hand, as the Hindustani phrase goes, a hobby. He was an accomplished and industrious linguist. But to scores who cannot follow him into such realms he will give pleasure by his sketches of an India that had changed but not wholly disappeared two gen-

erations later. Let me give one sample only; he is describing an old-fashioned police officer before the reforms of 1861. The man he chooses is: 'a tall, portly Mohammedan, grey-bearded, with a smooth sleek look, crafty as a fox, extremely polished in manner, deferential to his superiors, but haughty and tyrannical to his inferiors. With his huge scarlet turban laced with gold, his sword hung from a gold embroidered baldric, spotless white clothes and long riding boots, he bestrode a gaunt roan horse with grey eyes, a pink nose and a long flowing tail. . . .' His book is full of such pictures and conveys most vividly the atmosphere of the East India Company's College at Hailey-bury, of life in Calcutta just after the Mutiny, of the Punjab and Lawrence, and later of both Bihar and Orissa. And it is worth pausing to think of the life led by his young bride when she came to join him in the Punjab, and of their first meeting after two years' separation, after the long voyage to India, after the three weeks' journey from Calcutta by pony-cart, all accomplished among strangers. It is our good fortune that Beames was so outspoken a critic of his superiors; he was several times in trouble and transferred as a result and he therefore saw more of India than most of us.

I do not think that Beames can have been an easy man to get on with; I suspect that if he had been my District Officer I should often have smarted under criticism the more painful because it was deserved. But I feel sure that if I had known him I should have respected him and I shall certainly think much less well of anyone who does not end his book with a liking for this obstinate, faithful man, so just, so lively in his interests, so plain and downright in his judgements, above all so honest with himself and with everyone he met.

EPILOGUE OF *MEMOIRS OF A BENGAL CIVILIAN*

CHRISTOPHER COOKE

JOHN BEAMES, who was my grandfather, called this book *The Story of My Life*, but did not live to finish his tale. He retired from India in 1893 and lived in Somerset, at first near Taunton and later at Clevedon, where he died in May 1902, at the comparatively early age of sixty-five. In his Preface he has explained how and why he came to write these pages, which were never intended for publication but to amuse himself and his family and to occupy his leisure. He has described himself as an 'ordinary average Englishman' living in the reign of Queen Victoria, for he was born on the day Queen Victoria came to the throne and died only a year after the close of her reign.

The first five chapters describe his early life in England and the remainder his career in India, from his arrival in Calcutta in March 1858 as one of the last batch of cadets appointed by the East India Company until the close of his time at Chittagong in 1879. The narrative breaks off quite suddenly on the last page of the great leather-bound volume in which he recorded the story in his neat, flowing hand, with hardly an addition or an erasure throughout its hundreds of pages. The reader may wonder why the narrative was left unfinished, or not at least brought down to the point when he retired from India. The main reason is that he was busy with other writing during his retirement and died before he had time to complete his manuscript. In the Preface he explains that he began the story in Cuttack in 1875, and that after continuing at intervals for a few years he broke off till after his retirement. Then in 1896 he started re-writing it from the beginning when living at Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, but in the middle of Chapter XVII of the original manuscript there is a head-note 'Clevedon, near Bristol, August 1900'. From this it appears that he had again laid aside the manuscript for some time and took it up again after he had moved to Clevedon. There follow some three and a half fairly long chapters, and as he was then also busy with an (unfinished) *Historical Geography of India* and a translation from the Turki of Babar's Memoirs, it is apparent that the completion

of his memoirs was prevented by other writing and by his early death in May 1902.

Perhaps another reason is that, like the sundial, he preferred to record only his happy hours. The latter part of his time in India was spent mainly alone, with his wife and family in England for most of the time, and in addition to this separation his closing years were clouded by a disappointment in his official career, which is mentioned below.

In case the reader is interested in John Beames's later career, the following biographical details are added. These have been gathered partly from a brief note left by him, giving merely the dates between 1880 and 1899 of the half-dozen or so principal events of each year, and partly from the recollections of my mother, his youngest daughter, Angela, whose birth in Cuttack in 1876 is mentioned in the narrative. As, however, she was taken home to England from Chittagong at the age of three, and only saw her father once, when he was on short leave in England before he retired, her knowledge of the latter part of his career in India is of necessity somewhat restricted and lacking in detail. She herself returned to India in 1896 after her marriage to my father (who was also in the Indian Civil Service) and did not return to England till 1900 when I was about a year old, so that she did not see much of her father before he died.

In the note referred to above he has described the period of eighteen months spent in Chittagong as one of 'continual misery', and he certainly has some hard things to say about the climate and people of that place, which he seems to have disliked intensely after his nine happy years in Orissa. However, in September 1879 he took two months' leave in Calcutta and Mussoorie, while his wife and younger children went home to England. On return to duty he spent the next year or two as Collector of Hooghly, near Calcutta, and in 1881 became Commissioner of Burdwan, living at Chinsura in Bengal proper. For the next four years he continued at Chinsura, mainly alone, as my grandmother had to remain mostly in England with his large family of eight children.

During this period there is not much of interest in his notes, which mainly

concern tours in his division and other official work, interspersed with occasional visits from the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. There was even a visit from the Viceroy, Lord Ripon, with whom he notes that he had 'tiffin in the train at Burdwan' in December 1882. The next year he went to Bareilly in the North-West Provinces (later the United Provinces, now Uttar Pradesh) to meet his eldest son David, who had come out with a commission in the Indian Army and whom he had not seen for fifteen years. His second son, Frederick, had also about this time passed into the Indian Civil Service, and was spending the usual probationary period at the University learning Indian languages, law, etc. But in 1884 there was a bitter disappointment when Frederick failed to pass his final examination and was thus unable to follow his father in a career in India.

In 1885, when the old Maharaja of Burdwan died, John Beames moved his headquarters from Chinsura to Burdwan, probably to enable him to deal more easily with the series of intrigues which arose over the succession to the title and estates. These occupied his attention for several months, during which it was even suspected that an attempt was made by one of the interested parties to poison him. He was ill for some time during the summer, but seems to have recovered by the time his wife returned from England in November, bringing with her their eldest daughter Margaret, who was then seventeen. Christmas and the winter of 1885-6 were a gay time, and he notes that his old friend Elliot came to stay with him in Calcutta, and that there were 'nothing but balls and parties' during January and February.

That year passed uneventfully at Burdwan, but early in 1887 there occurred an incident which affected the remainder of his official life. This was when he was asked to give evidence before a public commission in Calcutta inquiring into Indian education, a subject on which he held strong, but what would now be considered reactionary, views. Little material is available of the details of this episode beyond the fact that he was very unwilling to give evidence in a public inquiry of this kind, but was assured that he need have no hesitation in expressing his opinions. His reluctance in this matter is not easy to reconcile with his more usual habit of speaking his mind with alarming frankness

whenever his convictions so impelled him, but, as it turned out, his premonitions on this occasion were justified. Students of Indian history will remember that this was the period of the Ilbert Bill controversy, a measure which aroused much heated feeling throughout India, particularly in Calcutta. Though the Education Commission was not in any way concerned with the matters dealt with by the Ilbert Bill, John Beames's reluctance to give public evidence on a controversial subject at that time is perhaps understandable. Whatever he said to the Commission must have been in character, but in the brief notes he left there is only the significant entry dated 22 February 1887: 'Gave evidence before Public Service Commission and cut my own throat without being aware of it.' A month later he was promoted to the Board of Revenue, then the highest administrative post below the Lieutenant-Governor in the province—an indication that the Bengal Government at least did not disapprove of the views he had expressed.

In April, however, there was a violent attack on him in an Indian-owned daily newspaper of Calcutta, followed by a second similar attack in June, the sequel to which is noted by him laconically on 14 July: 'Removed from the Board by order of the Government of India.' This is followed by another entry immediately afterwards : 'July 20th – Letter promising reappointment.' He has left no further record of this incident, and one can only surmise that his evidence before the Commission displeased the local politicians of that time, and that as a sop to the ensuing political agitation he was demoted by the Government of India–not, be it noted, by the Government of Bengal, who wrote to him promising reappointment.

In August 1887, however, he reverted as Commissioner of Bhagalpur, where he remained for nearly two years, until in April 1889 he returned to Calcutta and again acted for some months on the Board of Revenue. Thereafter he remained in Calcutta, mostly as a commissioner, but with occasional periods of special duty drafting Government Bills on revenue matters and as president of the police commission. He returned to England for six months during the summer of 1891–only the second home leave in thirty-five year's service-but came back to Calcutta in November, and spent his last eighteen months there

as Commissioner of the Presidency division, before he finally retired in March 1893. Thus ended his official career, of which the last few years were embittered by the Education Commission episode, rendered perhaps more difficult to bear by the loneliness and separation from his wife and family, which at one time or another affected the lives of all who served in India. It is no part of such a biographical note as this to criticize, but it must be evident to all who read this narrative that John Beams was a man of strong personal opinions, and by temperament unable to suffer gladly those official superiors whose views he did not agree–a pre-requisite for advancement then, as now. Like his grandfather, 'Cross Beames, Q.C.', whom he has described in an early chapter, he had a hasty temper and a caustic tongue, made him enemies among those senior officials who did not relish his outspoken and often ill-timed comments. His brushes with Sir Richard Temple at various stages of his career are an example of this, and are described with a diverting *naivete* which shows that he only half-realized the inevitable results of exercising his wit at the expense of Lieutenant-Governernor, however pompous and irritating, but then, as Philip Mason remarks in his books, *The Rulers of India*, referred to below, John Beams 'did not really care for Lieutenant-Governors as a class'. It may well be that the unhappy episode of 1887 and its consquences induced in him a reluctance to continue his narrative to the end, and that, even if he had lived, he might have felt an aversion from recalling to his memory, by setting them down in writing, the events which cast a shadow over the last years of his long and otherwise happy service.

A point which does not fully appear from his story is that in his time John Beames attained some eminence in the philosophical world. He mentions now and again his interest in languages, the winning of two gold medals for Persian early in his career, and the publication during his time in India of his *Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages of India*. This was published in three volumes between 1872 and 1879, and was preceded by his *Outline of Indian Philology* in 1867, which was described as 'the first attempt to prepare a scientific general account of all the languages then known to be spoken in India', and which, though now, of course, lergely out of date, has recently

been translated into Urdu in Lucknow. He was a fellow both of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and of Asiatic Society of Bengal, and contributed numerous articles to the Journals of both these learned bodies and to the Indian Antiquary. His *Grammar of the Bengali Language*, published in 1891, was still a textbook as late as 1922 for I.C.S. probationers posted to that province. A colleague and contemporary, Sir George Grierson, author of *A Linguistic Survey of India*, wrote of his *Comparative Grammar*:

'It is difficult to decide which to admire most in this Grammar, the learning displayed, or the clerness with which the results of that learning are put forth... He had a trenchant pen, and could wield it with effect when he considered it to be necessary, but the numerous references in his *magnum opus* to the opinions of other scholars showed that he possessed a double portion of the spirit of Saraswati [the Hindu goddess of learning]–a just confidence in his own great store of learning, and an ungrudging recognition of the discoveries made by other students in the same line of reaearch as that in which he had an acknowledged claim to be recognized as one of the first authorities.'

In addition to his inteests in Oriental languages, particularly Persian and sanskrit, he had a working knowledge of German, French, Italian and some other European languages. To anyone who has served in India, it must be a matter of astonishment, that he was able to find time from his official duties, which were heavy and continuous, to delve so deeply into linguistic studies.

My father retired in 1916 after thirty years' in service in India, spent mainly in the United Provinces, and after a gap of six years I followed him in the same province till 1947. The family connecxion with the service thus lasted for some ninety years – by no means unique or even unusual, but a long time nevertheless. It was not till after leaving India that I came across my grandmother's memoirs among old family papers in my mother's possession. A few years later Philip Mason, an old friend and colleague in India, asked for the loan of material of this nature for a book he was then writing on the history of the Indian Civil Service, and I was delighted to lend him the manuscript , of which he made considerable use. Extracts have therefore already appeared in the two volumes of *The Men Who Ruled India*, and I am glad to take this

opportunity of acknowledging my gratitude to him, for without his advice and encouragement this book would not now have been published.

Lastly, my thanks are also due to Dr. Mahadeva Prasad Saha of Calcutta, Secretary of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, who, though previously unknown to me, has taken great trouble in searching out and sending me details (too numerous to quote here) of the many papers on philological and antiquarian subjects contributed by my grandfather during his time in India to the Journal of that Society.

Great Missenden, 1960. Christopher Cooke.

Babu Rajendralala Mitra's Remarks on Mr. Beames' *On the Relation of the Uriya to the other Modern Aryan Languages*

Babu Rajendralala Mitra offered the following remarks on Mr. Beames' "Notes on the relation of the Uriya to the other modern Aryan languages."

I happened to be present at a meeting of the Cuttack Debating Club, in December, 1868, when a paper was read on Patriotism. In the discussion which followed, I was asked to take a part, and in the course of my remarks on the injury which false patriotism or an insensate love for every thing that is national, causes to real progress, I pointed out the injury which was being inflicted on the Uriya race by their attachment to a provincial patois, which they wished to exalt into a distinct language. The view I took of the question was new to the people, and very warm discussion has ever since been kept up in the clubs, newspapers and the official correspondence of the province, and the little brochure which forms the subject of Mr. Beames paper and the paper itself, are amongst its most prominent results. Party feeling now runs high, and I am told that more than one libel case has been instituted in connexion with the subject. The main question being purely philological, it is not remarkable that so distinguished a labourer in that field of science as Mr. Beames, should come forward to take a part in its discussion. His paper is highly interesting, and I am delighted to hear of a comparative grammar of the Indian vernaculars from his able pen. I must say, however, that he has done an injustice to the author of his text in describing the little work as "profoundly destitute of philological arguments." No doubt Pandit Kantichandra is not very familiar with the modern European works on philology, and his mode of treating his subject will be found to differ from the course followed in similar cases by European authors, but bearing in mind the language (Bengali) in which he has written the book, and the people for

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whom he has designed it, I must say that he has displayed considerable tact and talent. My testimony will, perhaps, not be of much worth, I wish, therefore, to give a brief resume of his work, in order that the meeting may be in a position to judge for itself. The first three chapters of the work treat of the origin of the different vernaculars now current in India, and the causes which have led to their formation. The author then defines the natural boundary of Bengal and Orissa, and in the next chapter enters upon the main subject of his essay, the similitude between the Bengali and the Uriya languages. This he does by quoting passages of Uriya from diverse sources, and comparing them with Bengali. Uriya vocables form the subject of his next chapter, and he there shows that the ordinary elements of Bengali speech are all current in the Province of Orissa, either intact or under some modification or other. In the eighth chapter is brought under review the grammatical apparatus of Uriya, its declensions, gender, number, case and conjugation. Chapters next follow on songs, proper names, manners and customs, dictionaries and alphabets, which go a great way to show that the bulk of the Uriya race does not differ from the Bengali; and the work is brought to a conclusion with some very pertinent remarks on the injustice and impropriety of cutting off the Uriyas from the Bengali by artificial barriers under the name of education.

One great mistake which vitiates the whole course of the Pandit's arguments, is the assumption that the Calcutta vernacular of this century is the purest form of Bengali, and every thing that differs from it, is the result of corruption. Mr. Beames makes a similar mistake by instituting his comparison With the Bengali of today, overlooking altogether that the separation between the Uriyas and the Bengalis must have taken place many centuries ago, and that to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the origin of the Uriya language and its relation to Bengali, we should take up the two languages as they existed at the time of their separation and not as they exist now. Any how, I must say that there is a great deal in the Pandit's book which deserves careful examination, and it would have been of some advantage had Mr. Beames' reply noticed them in detail, instead of dismissing the whole work with a single disparaging remark. It would require more time than I can command

at this meeting, to review the historical question as to the manner in which Orissa was peopled by the Aryans, but I shall, with your permission, Mr. Chairman, notice some of the salient points in the philological portion of Mr. Beames' paper.

The first argument of the Pandit is, that Uriya compositions read so very like Bengali that, a few phonetic peculiarities excepted, they may be mistaken for Bengali, and are easily understood by the people of Bengal, ignorant of the Uriya language; and such being the case it must, he argues, follow that the two languages are very intimately connected. To prove this, he has quoted passages from some Uriya works and compared them with Bengali. Mr. Beames accounts for their similitude by assuming that the bulk of the vocables in them, must be the result of pedantry, which make the Uriya and the Bengali both resort largely to Sanskrit words and terms. He then goes somewhat out of his way to make out that pedantry, "so objectionable and offensive to Englishmen," is an "especial favourite of the Indian mind." Mr. Beames, however, does not appear to be in a position to sit as an impartial judge in the matter. To decide the question of excessive pedantry in any particular set of books, the judge must be familiar with the literature of the language, both modern and ancient in which it occurs, otherwise what may appear pedantry to one, may be the pecularity of the language under notice. The *Rambler* alone cannot decide that the language in which it is written is Johnsonese, and not English. In the same way calisthenic corsets and trichosarons for bodices and hair brushes may appear pedantic to a foreigner like me, but if they occur in the every-day language of fashionable English ladies, they cease to be so. The extracts given by the Pandit are taken from standard books in every-day use in the schools of Orissa, and to dismiss them by branding them as pedantic is, in my humble opinion, altogether to beg the question at issue. It is doubtless true that the predominance of any particular class of words in any piece of writing cannot decide the character of a language, but in the Uriya over ninety per cent of its vocables are Sanskrit, or corruptions of Sanskrit, and those corruptions have taken the same turn which corruptions in Bengali have done, and appear to be the results of the same laws of decay and

regeneration which have produced the Bengali language.

The crucial test which Mr. Beames suggests is "to place together a *chasa* of Dacca and a *chasa* of Gumsur, and to see how much they understood of each other's talk." The result of this experiment would probably go against the Pandit. But the same experiment tried between a cockney and a farm labourer in Yorkshire would in the same way, I fancy, decide the fate of English in the two places. For my part, though a native of Bengal for the last four and twenty generations, I would be sorry to face a *chasa* from Comillah if the issue was to decide whether we could understand each other through the medium of our common language, the Bengali. The fact is, that local peculiarities of pronunciation do not constitute language, and therefore no notice should be taken of them in deciding questions of linguistic classification. My Lord Dundreary may "thee a thea thowpent thwiming on the buthom of the thea," but no philologist will be bold enough to spy in it a sister language of the English.

The first subject treated by Mr. Beames in regard to the grammar of the Uriya language, is conjugation, but the comparison having been made with the Bengali as revised and recast by our indigenous writers within the last fifty years or so, the result is very different from what the Pandit has arrived at. The examples he has quoted, though uncommon in modern Bengali, are not foreign to it; *chalu*, for instance, as a present participle and its compounds are not altogether unknown. But four centuries ago, Govinda Dasa, a Bengali poet, used it and its cognate forms almost to the exclusion of all others. Thus he says –

উঠিচলু সুন্দরী বিঘটল কাণ পিরিত।

Again : সখিগন দধি মন্থন করু তাঁহি।

In another place চৌদিগে-চান্দ হেরি রহি গেল।

Of the second form *chali*, we have innumerable instances in old works, and even in the poetry of this century. *Dekhi* and *dekhili* are likewise common, and in the mouths of the common people the only forms in use. The Uriya future dekhibi *is in Bengali* dekhibe, *but the change* is so slight that I do not think it would justify our attributing it to an independant parentage. In the

conditional or subjunctive past *dekhi-thanti*, Mr. Beames recognises a more perfect form than the Bengali *dekhitam*, but had he taken up the true Bengali conditional *dekhiya thakitam*, he would have found that, with the exception of the nasal mark, the two are closely alike, and formed in either case with the help of the auxilliary verb, *stha*. Of the twelve forms of the verb *achha, achchi, achhai, achho, achhis, achhe, achhi, achhen, &c.*, nine are Bengali and only three forms, *achhan, achhun* and *achhanti*, are new. Of these the last is by far the oldest. It shows a lingering of the Sanskrit affix *anti*. According to the rules of the Prakrit, Sanskrit compound consonants drop one of them and lengthen the preceeding vowel, and accordingly, we find in Bengali the *ti* dropped and the *n* preceded by a long vowel as in achhen = *to* Uriya *achhanti*. This elision of the *ti* is altogether modern. I think in old Bengali the affix occurs in its full form of *anti*, though I cannot just now recall to memory any instance in proof of it. The Pandit says he too has met with it, but he has given no example. Another marked peculiarity in Uriya is, the separation of the base from the affix, as in *Karu achhi* and their compounds. In Bengali they are united according to the rules of Sandhi – *Kariachhi*; but this is not a matter worthy of any remark, so I shall pass it by.

Of pronouns Mr. Beames has given an elaborate analysis, taking his examples from the Bengali, Uriya, Marhatta, Hindi, Punjabi, Sindhi and Guzerati; but the result is not satisfactory. He has taken one example from each language, and that from books, and they are not sufficient for a fair comparison of living, spoken languages. What is wanted is a full survey of the various forms of the pronoun current in each province, and for that purpose a deeper knowledge of the languages, both ancient and modern, and in their colloquial and written forms, is required, than what I can pretend to possess. As regards the Bengali and the Uriya, however, I may say that in *tu, tui, tote, tumar,* &c., there is close analogy with Bengali. *Amhe* and *tumhe*, often pronounced *ambhe* and *tumbhe*, are no doubt peculiar; but the change has been brought on in Bengali since its separation from, or rather the birth of Uriya, and its cause is the peculiar cockneyism of dropping the aspirate.

I shall now notice the declension of nouns. Mr. Beames' survey leads him

to the conclusion that five out of the six cases are different. The very reverse, however, appears to me to be the fact. In the Sanskrit, the nominative is formed in most themes by the addition of an *s*. and the sanskrit but in the derivatives of the Latin, the same rule obtains to a great extent, but in the derivatives of the Latin and the Sanskrit, we find the mark in some cases changed to *o*, and in others altogether omitted. In Italian and Spanish we have *o*, as *occhio* and *ojo* from latin *oculus*, but in the language of the Troubadours, in Provencal and in French the mark is omitted. In India, the Punjabi and the Marwari retain the *o*, but all others drop it. The result is, that the nominative is alike both in the Uriya and the Bengali.

The mark of the accusative singular in Latin and Sanskrit is *m*, but in most of the languages derived from them, it is dropped. So is the ease both in Uriya and Bengali. This rule is, however, not uniformly observed; and sometimes the place of the *m* is supplied by the syllable *ku*, in Uriya, and *ke*, in Bengali, and to trace their origin, I must refer the meeting to my papers on the Gatha and the Hindi dialects, where I have shown that to overcome the intricacies of the Sanskrit declension, it was usual with the scalds of ancient India to convert themes of various terminations to one form by affixing an expletive *k*, and to mark the elision of case-affixes, the usual rule was to add a *u*, which together make *ku*. In written Bengali, the *ku* changes into *ke*; but in the spoken language, in some districts, the *ku* still retains its position, and we need not, therefore, take it to be a serious difficulty in the way of the affiliation of the Uriya dialect.

The dative is in most instances a counterpart of the accusative, and so is it in Uriya and Bengali.

In Sutton's Uriya grammar, the sign of the instrumental is *te*. It is the same in Bengali, and that case in the two languages may therefore be taken as identically the same. Mr. Beames, however, does not notice this mark, and gives *dvara*; but that form occurs more frequently in Bengali than *te*, and consequently the argument is not at all altered.

The ablative in ancient and spoken Bengali, is formed by the addition of *theke*, a compound of the verb *stha*, with the expletive *k* already adverted to in connexion with the accusative. In Uriya, it is formed with the same auxiliary verb and the mark of elision u = *tharu* : a later improvement has dropped the

verb and retained only *ru*.

Mr. Beames admits the genitive to be alike in Uriya and Bengali, so I need say nothing about the origin of the sign for that case.

The locative in Sanskrit is *c*, and in Uriya and Bengali we have exactly the some form – *hate* from *hata* a hand. But there are other forms likewise current, thus we have *te* in *hatete* in Bengali, and *hatare* and *hatere* in Uriya; but the last is not peculiar. In the *Chandi*, a Bengali book about three centuries old, we find the passage কোথাগো এমন বেসে কোথারে সজনি, and in the dialects of Sylhet and Cachar the *re* form is the only one in use. In the spoken language of Dacca, it likewise occurs very frequently.

The vocative is alike in both the Languages; and so we have in seven out of eight cases, the two languages to correspond very closely, and in one only (the fifth) to differ but slightly.

The plural in Bengali is formed very differently under different circumstances; but mostly by the addition of a noun or adjective of multitude; such as, *gana, barga, chaya, sakala, sarba*, &c. In Uriya, there is more fixity in the rule, and the word *mana*, for weight or measure, is generally, though not uniformly, employed: the use of that word, however, is not unknown in Bengali, and the Pandit, whose book Mr. Beames has reviewed, has given several instances of it from old Bengali works. On the other hand, the Bengali plural mark *saba* is also frequently used in spoken Uriya, and such phrases as *gachha saba kati phelila; loka saba thila*, are very common. These facts, I trust, will show that the Uriya, instead of being a "self-contained and independent member of the Aryan Indian vernaculars," is most closely and intimately connected with the Bengali, and the Pandit has very good reasons to take it to be a daughter and not a sister of the vernacular of this province. The exact relationship may be reversed; but even a cursory glance at the old literatures of the two languages show them to have been at one time one, and their differences to be due to later or modern growth.

Mr. Beames has devoted a good portion of his paper to the discussion of Uriya phonetics. But they call for no remark. It has not been denied by the Pandit, and no body will venture to gainsay, that Uriya pronunciation is different

from that of Bengal. The question is, are they such as to justify our taking the Uriya to be an independant language? and I maintain that the phonetics of the two dialects do not suffice to solve it. In an excellent paper on the Bhojpuri dialect, Mr. Beames has shown that, notwithstanding much graver differences in glossology and grammar – in pronouns and the degrees of comparison, – in adjectives and conjunctions – than what obtains in Uriya and Bengali, the Bhojpuri is a dialect of the Hindi; and by a parity of reasoning, I expect he will admit the Uriya, in a like manner, to be a daughter of the Bengali. Phonetic peculiarities such as he has noticed, and such as may be multiplied *ad infinitum*, do not constitute language, and therefore do not affect the question at issue in any way. I have no doubt that every member here present will bear me out when I say that such peculiarities exists in almost every county in England, but they do not suffice to divide the English language into a number of sister dialects. In the districts of Bengal, we have the same peculiarity in even a more marked degree. I well remember a remark of the late Raja of Krishnanagar, who once told me that his pronunciation must be more correct than mine, because his district was once the seat of government; and he had therefore every right to lay down the law in such cases. To put this more clearly, I beg to draw the attention of the meeting to a comparative table (Vide p. 215) which I once prepared to illustrate the differences of the Orissa, the Calcutta and the Dacca dialects. The first column in it contains the first two paragraphs of an article in which the editor of the *Utkala Dipika* condemned my theory about the Bengali origin of Uriya; they contain just 142 words of which 137 are Bengali or derived from Bengali, and 5 are English. The translation of this in Bengali in the second column contains 144 words, of which none differs radically from the Uriya, but fifty-six have some phonetic or grammatical peculiarity or other. In the third column is given a version of it in the spoken language of Dacca, prepared by a resident of that district, Babu Ramakumar Bose, Deputy Magistrate of the 24-Purgunnahs. It contains 146 words, of which 47 are different from the Bengali. Thus it will be seen that the Dacca dialect differs nearly as much from the Bengali as the Uriya does, in sound. If I had time to get translations of the Uriya extract prepared in the spoken

dialects of Comillah, Sylhet, Assam or Coch Behar, I could have easily shown that they differ fully as much from the Bengali in their phonetics and grammar, as does the Uriya. But I suppose they are not wanted. The table, as it stands, shows clearly enough the relation which the Uriya bears to Bengali. No one who knows the language of the middle column, can read the other two without the conviction that they contain Bengali matter badly written. And such being the case, I cannot but repeat the assertion, that the Uriya is more closely related to Bengali than the other vernaculars of India, and that the relationship most probably is that of mother and daughter and not of two sisters. And if this be admitted, it must follow that, as in Comillah, Assam, Sythet, and Coch Behar, so in Orissa, education should be conducted in Bengali and not in Uriya. As I have already said, every county in England and Scotland has its dialectic peculiarity, and yet education is not carried on through the medium of separate sets of books, prepared with special regard to the dialectic peculiarities of each county, but in one common English. In France almost every department, in the same way, has its peculiar dialect, but as yet there has not been a vernacularist hot-headed enough to suggest that each district should have a separate language; and the French of the Institute of France is the only recognised medium of education. The same circumstances obtain in Germany including Austria and Prussia, but nowhere is language divided on the ground of provincial peculiarities of pronunciation. In Hindustan Proper, there are at least a dozen kinds of Hindi differing from each other much more remarkably than Uriya does from Bengali, and none knows this better than Mr. Beames, who has so carefully studied them in all their different phases; but none has yet ventured to recommend that separate sets of school books should be got up in each of those different dialects. I see no reason, therefore, why a different policy should be adopted in Bengal. To the Uriyas this is a question of the most vital importance. According to the last census, they number only a little over two millions in the three districts of Balasore, Cuttack and Puri, and a million may be added for those who live in Ganjam, Sambhalpur and the Tributary Mahals. But on the other hand, we must deduct at least five lacs for foreigners, Muhammadans, Kyans, Madrasis, Bengalis, and others,

who want not and care not for the Uriya language, so that we have only about 2½ millions for whom a distinct literature has to be created. The three districts under the Cuttack Commissioner yield to Government in the way of revenue under 17 lacs a year, and the zemindars at 37 per cent get about 11 or 12 lacs. This sum is divided among 3881 persons, of whom only 26 get above ten thousand a year each, and of them 16 are Bengalis, mostly non-resident, who are not likely to offer any especial encouragement to the Uriya language. The people are mostly agriculturists, and having very little trade, are generally very poor. How it is possible for such a small community, and under such circumstances to create a literature in their vernacular, and maintain it, I cannot conceive. Our vernacularists maintain that the vernaculars of India should be so improved as to suffice for a University Course for the B.A. standard; if not for Honors. This would imply that each of them should include the whole course of Algebra and Geometry, and considerable portions of Astronomy, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and other sciences, besides translations from Newton's Principia, Grote's Greece, Gibbon's Roman Empire, Mill's Logic, and Abercrombie's Mental Philosophy. To suppose that such a thing is possible for a poor community of 2½ millions of Uriyas to accomplish, is to suppose an impossibility. To suppose that the whole or a majority of the people who speak the one hundred and one vernaculars which, according to a little work on Philology by Mr. Beames, are now current in India, is so utopian or absurd, that I need not wait to notice it. It has been said that if the Uriyas themselves cannot get up a literature, the Government will help them. This is, however, very unlikely. Vast no doubt are the resources of the British Government in India, and vaster still is its earnestness to ameliorate the condition of the people under its sway, but I doubt very much if they will ever suffice to create a hundred and one literatures, and keep them *au courant* with those of Europe, even if such a thing as a "deficit" was never known to our financiers. Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that Government would assist to a very large extent in furthering the education of the people, I would ask, would it be fair, would it be just, would it be politic, on its part to do so by multiplying languages? Had our Government been, guided by that

narrow, jesuitical, unholy and unchristian doctrine of *divide et impera*, it would perhaps have been expedient. But the liberal and noble-minded gentleman who represents Her Britannic Majesty in this country and his council, would scorn such a policy, and, I am satisfied, would not deliberately lend themselves to uphold it. The main object of language is to unite mankind by one common bond of speech, but to foster a hundred and one languages within the boundary of a single country like India, would not be to promote that all-important object, but to raise a tower of Babel to disunite and disperse the native races. It is not my intention, however, to advocate, at present, a single language for all India, but to plead for the Uriyas, and on the ground of unity of religion, race, and language, to take them amongst us, and to place at their disposal a fair share of all we possess, and may hereafter obtain. In Orissa they cannot publish a single book without adventitious aid, while in Bengal book-making has already become a profitable trade, and many have their manors placed behind their publishers' counters. We already publish more than five hundred books every year, and hope ere long to multiply the number manifold. As a note-worthy instance, I may mention that a few years ago I prepared a map of India in Bengali, and it brought me a profit within one year of over six thousand rupees. The same map was subsequently translated into Uriya, but even the School Book Society could not venture to undertake it on their own account, and the Government at last had to advance, I think, some two or three thousand rupees to help the publication. The map, however, fell still-born from the press, and almost the whole edition is I believe, now rotting in the godowns of its publisher. Let but Government introduce the Bengali language in the schools of Orissa, and the Uriyas, instead of seeking grants-in-aid from Government and private individuals for occasionally bringing out solitary new books, will have the whole of our Bengali publications at their disposal without any cost, and would be united with a race of thirty millions with which they have so many things in common.

Nor is the fusion of their language into ours at all impracticable. The experiment has already been tried and found to be completely successful. Some twenty years ago when the district of Midnapur was transferred from

the Commissionership of Cuttack to that of Burdwan, the language of the courts there and of the people was Uriya. The new Commissioner, for the sake of uniformity in all his districts or some other cause, suppressed Uriya, and introduced the Bengali language, and nearly the whole of Midnapur has now become a Bengali speaking district, and men there often feel offended if they are called Uriyas. That similar measures in Balasore, Cuttack and Puri would effect a similar change, I have no reason to doubt.

I fear I have already occupied the time of the meeting a great deal too long, but I must crave your indulgence, Mr. Chairman, for one more remark. It has been said that if the Uriya, like the other vernaculars, is not fit for a University Course, it would suffice for the elementary education of the people, and that is what is most urgently needed. To support this view, it has been pointed out by a learned gentleman, himself a university scholar, that elementary mass education is preferable to high class education, and in as much as the cost for every boy in a Government College would suffice for 10 boys in a vernacular school, we should prefer to have 40 to 1. The education in the Colleges, it is needless to say, is at least 40 times superior to that in the vernacular schools, but the latter nevertheless is said to be more desirable. The gentleman has evidently no faith in the adage which aptly describes the merit of imperfect learning, or perhaps he patronises the homoeopathic doctrine of 'the greater the dilution the higher the potency.' On that principle the paper of Mr. Beames (I say this without meaning any offence to that gentleman) would prove more effectual if it were torn into forty parts, and each handed to a separate member, than if the whole were understood by one man. But, however, that be, nothing could bring a greater misfortune upon the Uriyas than the enforced introduction of such a principle into their country. I yield to none in my earnestness for the elementary education of the poorer classes, but for the sake of truth, I must confess, even at the risk of laying myself open to much obloquy, that I have no faith whatever in mass education by itself, independent of higher education, as a means for the material, moral and intellectual amelioration of a nation, however much it may recommend itself by virtue of its apparent philanthropy : to me it has a smack of sickly

sentimentlism which I cannot but condemn. Elementary mass education alone, without a higher education, can do but little good to any race of people. It implies a soupcon or suspicion of the three *Rs*, which is utterly worthless as an element of intellectual improvement. In Japan, we learn from Mr. Bernard, every grown up person, whether man or woman, is proficient in elementary reading and writing; but the Japanese are not, on that account, a whit better than the nations of Europe. In England mass education has extended much more than in India, but less so than in France or Prussia, but is England at all inferior on that account, morally, physically or intellectually, to those countries? One unhappy result of defective scrape of instruction miscalled education I shall advert to, it is that while the bulk of English thieves formerly were ignorant men, the relative proportion of educated to ignorant thieves has of late become as 68 to 32; that is, for every person who has become a thief from want of education, two have taken to the profession of larceny with the full benefit of the kind of education which is now become so fashionable a theme of praise. That it has in any way helped to raise England above other nations, I have every reason to doubt. But let us suppose, as a great Frenchman once did, that fate by some mortal stroke of cholera or plague was to carry of from England fifty of her greatest mathematicians, fifty of her highest astronomers, fifty of her ablest chemists, fifty of her most distinguished geologists, fifty of her foremost physicists, fifty of her profoundest statesmen, fifty of her best writers, fifty of her wisest doctors, and fifty of her most proficient engineers, and to compensate the loss by a small modicum of reading, writing and cyphering in every man, woman and child, and that such a thing as a cross mark in the marriage register, of which we have now near thirty per cent. was never to be. The loss in such a case would not amount to five hundred persons, – mere "tulips and exotics" as they have been poetically described by the gentleman whom I have just alluded to, of no essential value to English society, – and the gain would be education in five millions of sturdy corn-growers. Would not England nevertheless be two centuries behind hand of France? England would still retain many of her third class astronomers, mathematicians and scientific men, but they would not suffice to uphold her prestige as an intellectual

nation. In Orissa there is no man learned in the sciences, and the doctrine of mass education to the exclusion or supersession of higher education, would remove the chance of her ever getting one. It would chain her down to one dead level of intellectual poverty from which she will have no prospect of rising. It may convert her sons into indifferent copyists, or bad substitutes of Babbage's calculating machines; but not into intellectual, sturdy, self-reliant men. May the wisdom of our rulers avert from her so dire a calamity!

URIYA DIALECT

Utkala Bhashara Unnatiprati Byaghata

Utkala bhashara unnati pakshare bartamana garbarnamenta o desiya lokmane yerupa yatna karu-a-chhanti tanhira sima nahi. Alpakala madhyare utkalare jemanta bidyalaya sthpana o utkala bhashare pushtaka mudrita karya heu-achhi iha dekhi samastankara biswasa huai ye achire utkala bhashara unnati heba, tathacha amhemane bodha karun ye abadhi prakrita upayara anusarana hoi nahi e bhashara unnati bipakshare eka gurutara pratibandhaka rahi-achhi.

Ethira parichaya deba purbara amhemane ketek lokara bhrama sansodhana karibara uchita bibechana karu-achchhun. Pathakamananka smarana thiba ye gata disambara masare Kalikata subikhyata babu Rajendralala Mitra e pradesaku asi kataka dibetin klabare gatie baktrita kari-tihile. Amhemane tahanka Ingraji baktrita karibara Khamataku pransansa karithilum matra. Se bidesiya, hathata gotie baktrita karithile boli tahanka matamatara alochana kari nathilum. Alpakala hela janiparilum ye tahanka mataku aneka loka utkrista jnana kari sethira anugami hoi achhanti, sutaran ete bele tahanka matra bhrama darsaiba abasyaka hela.

CALCUTTA DIALECT

Utkala Bhashara Unnatiprati Byaghata

Utkala bhaskara unnati pakshe bartamana gabarnamenta o desiya lokera

yerupa yatna karitechhen tahara-sima nahi. Alpakala madhyo utkale yemata bidyalaya sthapana o utkala bhashaya pustaka mudrita karyam haiachhe iha dekhiya samasta (lokera) biswasa hayitechhe ye achire utkala bhashara unnati haibe. Tathacha amara bodha kari ye abadhi prakrita upayera anusarana na haya e bhashara unnatira pakshe eka gurutara pratibandhaka rahiachhe. Ihara parichaya debara purbe amara kataka lokera bhrama sansodhana kara uchita bibechana kariachhi, Pathakadigera smarana thakibe ye gata disembara mase Kalikata bashi subikhyata babu Rajendralala Mitra e pradeso asiya, kataka dibatin klabe eka baktrita kariachhilen, amara tahara Ingraji baktrita karibara khamatara prasansa kariya chhilam matra. Se bidesiya hathat ekata baktrita kariachhila balia tahara matamatera alochana karia chhilam na... Alpakala haila janite parliama ye tanhara matake aneka utkrishta jnana kariya tahara anugami haiachhen, sutaran ebela tahanra matera bhrama darsaibara abasyaka haila.

DACCA DIALECT

Utkala Basara Unnatira prati Byaghata

Utkala basara unnatira pakke battmana gabarnmenta o desiya lokera jerupa yatna karitechena tahara sima nahi. Alpakala madhye utkale yemata bidyalaya thapan o utkala basaya pustakamudrita karya haiteche taha dehiya samasta lokera biswasa haiteche je abilambe utkala basara unnati haibek. Tatacha amara boda karje jeabat prakrita upayara anusaran na haya tabat ai basara unnatira pakke eka brihat pratibandaka takibek.

Ihara parichaya debara pubbe amara kataka lokera brama sansodanakara uchit bebechana kariyachi. Patakdigera sarana takibek ye gata disenbara mase Kalikata nibasi subikkata babu Rajendralala Mitra e dese asiya kataka divetin klabe eka baktrita diyachilen, amara kebala tahan Inreji baktrita karara kamatara prasansa kariyachilam. Se bedesi hatat ekta baktita kariyachila ei janya tahan matamaera bibechana kariya chilam na. Alpakala haila janite pailama tahan matere aneka loke utkishta jnana kariya tahan paschatgami haichen, sutaran ebela tahan matera brama dekanera abasyaka haila.

On the Relation of the Uria to the other modern Aryan Languages

Mr Beames in this paper, alludes to the appearance of a Bengali pamphlet, 'Uria not an independent language', by Babu Kantichandra of Balasore though 'destitute of philogical acumen', the book had caused some sensation, and induced Mr. Beames to institute a comparison between Uria and Prakrit. He had come to the conclusion that Uria was a sister not a daughter of Bengali. Mr Beames hopes in a short time to bringout his comparative Grammar of the Aryan languages of India, in which the arguments will appear in a father form.

Babu Rajendralala Mitra then rose and addressed the meeting at some length. He said that all along he had been of opinion that, Uria was a daughter of Bengali, and that Mr. Beames' arguments had not changed his opinion. He thought that Mr. Beames' proofs were very limited, both in number and force. The differences between Uria and Bengali were altogether so insignificant, that no calm observer would look upon them as anything but slight dialectical deviations or differences in prononciation. He certainly believed with Mr. Beames that a chasa of Gumsar would not understand a chasa of Dacca; but he also believed that a peasant of kent would not understand a peasant of york, and yet no one would call the dialect of either a sister of the English language.

Mr Beames' paper and Babu Rajendralala Mitra's strictures will shortly appear in the second facsimile of the philological part of the journal.

Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, May, 1870, pp. 138

Reply by John Beames to Dr. R. L. Mitra on his paper on *History of Orissa*

The Philological Secretary read the following note by Mr. Beames in reply to the remarks made by Dr. Mitra on his paper on the *History of Orissa*, published in the March Proceedings :

With regard to Dr. Mitra's remarks on my paper on the *History of Orissa* in the Proceedings for March last, I have one or two explanations to make.

The first remark is to the effect that I have ignored the labours of what Dr. Mitra calls my "predecessors", Messrs. Hunter and Toynbee. The fact is that both these gentlemen derived most of their information from me, and it was not necessary for me to mention that certain facts stated in my paper had been communicated to and used by them. My paper is entitled "Notes", and does not pretend to be exhaustive. It adds a number of new facts to this already recorded and is not confined to Balasore. It originally formed part of a manual of that district, and in consequence more attention is given to that district than to other parts of Orissa, but sufficient notice of other parts occurs to justify the title.

As to the meaning of the word "Balasore," when I first began to collect notes for Dr. Hunter in 1869 the local Pandits informed me that the word was Bala + iswara, the youthful lord, i.e., Krishna. As I got to know more about the matter I began to doubt this derivation. The word iswara is as far as I know always restricted to Siva and only rarely applied to Krishna. There is no temple to the youthful Krishna in or near Balasore, where in the village of Old Balasore, (Purana Baneswar), which was the original place if that name, there still exists a small, rude and very ancient temple of Baneswara Mahadeva.

Siva worship, as we know, preceded Krishna worship in Orissa, and temples to Siva all bearing the title iswara in one or another compound form are found all over the country. As to the element Ban in the form vana = forest, others deriving it form vana-forest, others deriving it from vana = arrow. In favour of the former I adduced the large number of names of places beginning

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with ban "forest" all over Northern Orissa, while in support of the latter may be mentioned the local legend which places the capital of the legendary king Bana near Balasore : one mass of ruins in the town still bears the name of his daughter Usha (the Usha merh). Legends connected with the Arrow are common all over the north of Balasore and west of Midnapore.

As to the philological arguments which show that there was little or no connection between Orissa and Bengal in pre-Muhammedan times, I see Dr. Mitra thinks them untenable. He is welcome to that opinion.

That Datun was accessible from Magadha does not prove that the country south of the Subanrekha was so accessible, nor can any historical argument be based on vague Buddhist legends.

But, as Dr. Mitra observes, all this was discussed ten or twelve years ago and there is no use in going over it again. I did not then know any thing about Midnapore. Now that I am acquainted with the district. I have found many new facts which strikingly confirm my old opinion that Orissa was colonized from Behar and not from Bengal, and that Oriya is a more archaic form of Magadhi Prakrit than Bengali.

–John Beames

ON THE SUB-DIVISION OF THE BRAHMAN CASTE IN NORTHERN ORISSA

As a slight contribution to our knowledge of the divisions of caste in India, a subject still involved in much obscurity, the following remarks on the *gotras*, or families, of the great Brahman caste in this part of Orissa may be found useful.[1]

Tradition relates that the original Brahmans of Orissa were all extinct at the time of the rise of the Ganga Vansa line of kings, but that 10,000 Brahmans were induced to come from Kanauj and settle in Jajpur, the sacred city on the Baitarani river. The date of this immigration is not stated, but the fact is probably historical, and may have been synchronised with the well-known introduction of Kanaujia Brahmans into the neighbouring provinces of Bengal by King Adisura in the tenth century.[2]

When the worship of idol Jagannath began to be revived at Puri, the kings of Orissa induced many of the Jajpur Brahmans to settle round the new temple and conduct the ceremonies. Thus there sprang up a division among the Brahmans; those who settled in Puri being called the *Dakhinatya Sreni*, or southern class, and those who remained at Jajpur, the *Uttara Sreni*, or northern class. This latter spread all over northern Orissa. Many of the southern Brahmans, however, are, also found in Balasore; and the divisions of the two classes are fairly represented in most parts of the districts, though the southern class is less numerous than the northern. The former are held in greater esteem for learning and purity of race than the latter.

The *Srenis* are divided, first, according to the Veda, whose ritual they profess to observe, and secondly, into *gotras* or families.

1. Southern Line

1. Rig-veda.

Gotra.	Upadhi.
Basishtha.	Sarangi.
"	Mahapatra.

2. Sama-Veda

Kasyapa	Nanda
Dharagautama	Tripathi
Gautama	Udgata, *vulgo* Uta

Parasara	Dibedi, *vulgo* Dube
Kaundilya	Tripathi, *vulgo* Tihari

3. Yajur-Veda[3]

Bharadwaja -	
a.Bharadwaja	Sarangi
b.Sambhukar	Misra
c. Landi	Nanda
Atreya	
a. Dattatreya	Rath
b. Krishnatreya	"
Haritasa	Mahapatra
Haritasa	Dasa
Kauchhasa	"
Ghrita Kauchhasa	
Mudgala	Satpathi, *vulgo* Pathi *also vulgo* Satpasti
Batsasa	Dasa, Acharya, Misra
Katyayana	Sarangi
Kapinjala	Dasa

II. - Northern Line

1. Rig-Veda

Not represented.

2. Yajur-veda

Katyayna	Panda
Sandalya	"
Krishnatreya	" and Dasa
Bharadwaja	"
Barshagana	Misra
Kaphala	"
Gautama	Kara

3. Atharva - Veda

Angirasa	Upadhyaya, *vulgo* Upadhya

Of lower branches, and considered inferior to the above, are

Sankhyayana	Mahanti
Nagasa	Dasa, and Mahanti

In explanation of the *upadhis*, I would state that they are, so to speak, the surnames of each *gotra;* for instances, a Brahman of the Kasyapa *Gotra*, whose personal name was Radha Krishna, would be known and spoken of, and speak of himself, as Radha Krishna Nand; Patit Paban, of the Katyayana *gotra*, is

Patitpaban Sarangi; and so on. The commonest surnames are Panda and Mahapatra in Balasor; probably because the families of the *gotras* to which they belong have multiplied more extensively there. Some of the *upadhis* given above are very rare in Balasor, as Tripathi, Ratha, Dube; the others are common enough. Some of them are also borne by other castes. Thus all the Karans, a class corresponding to the Kayasthas of Bengal, have the surname Mahanti, in the north contracted to Maiti. This fashion of caste surnames has been extended to the lower castes also : thus we have among the artisan castes the titles Patar, Rana, Ojha, Jena (a very low name, chiefly used by Pans and other impure castes), Raut, Kar, De, and the Bengali names Ghosh and Bose (Basu). These names, where they are the same as those borne in other provinces, are used by lower castes. Thus Ghosh and Basu in Bengali are highly respectable Kayastha names, in Orissa they are borne by Rajus, Gokhas, and other low castes. The cowherd class, the Gwala of Upper India, are here called Gaur or Gaul, and take the surnames Behera Palai, Send &c. Behera seems to have been adopted from the English, as it is this class that furnishes the well-known Oriya 'bearers' of Calcutta.

But to return to the Brahmans, - the *gotra* names, it will be seen, are for the most part patronymics from well-known Rishis, and are identical with many of those still in use in the North-Western Provinces. This circumstance seems to add confirmation to the legend of the origin of this caste from Kanauj. A Rishi's name occurs also among *upadhis* in one instance; Sarangi being from Sanskr, Sarngi, patronymic from Sringa Rishi. Panda is hardly a gotra *upadhi*, being applied to all Brahmans who officiate as priests.

Footnotes:

[1] This brief article was put together from notes made at different times; and something similar was supplied by me to Dr. W. W. Hunter and has been printed by him in the appendix to his work on Orissa. The above article, however, exhibits the classification more fully and clearly than Dr. Hunter's note, and contains some additional facts which I have learnt since the appearance of that work.

[2] The date is not certain. Babu Rajendralal Mitra fixes it at about A.D. 964 – *Journal of Asiatic society of Bengal* vol. XXXIVm p. 189.

[3] This ought to come before the Sama-Veda, but my native informants stick to it that the Sama-Vedis rank above the Yajur-Vedis. I record the fact without understanding the reason.

[4] The great Bharadwaj *gotra* is divided into the sects here given.

REMARKS OF JOHN BEAMES IN THE VISITORS' BOOK OF BALASORE ZILLA SCHOOL, BALASORE

The tuition in English should be of a more practical kind, the passages from English authors chosen for study are merely vehicles for learning the language, and each vehicles for learning the language and each sentence should be dissected and the grammatical structure there of and literal as well as secondary meanings of each word carefully explained. More attention should be paid to parsing. When the pupils have learnt the grammar and idioms of the language thoroughly; the time will come for dilating on the moral sentiments embodied in the extracts they read.

I regret to observe that with the exception of Babu Juggodishanth Roy, none of the members of the district Committee appear to have visited the school for a long time if at all. Nothing contributes so much to maintain a Zilla School in a state if efficiency as an intelligent interest displayed in it by the higher officials of the District. The attention of the Magistrate is specially requested to this point.

John Beames
Offg. Commissioner
June 22, 1877

MODE OF DATING IN ORISSA

In Orissa, it is the custom in all Zemindary accounts, receipts, leases, and other documents to denote the month by the sign of the Zodiac, instead of by the familiar names of asterisms used by the whole Aryan race in India. Thus –

Baisakh is called	मेष....	Meesha	Aries
Jesht	वृष....	Vrisha	Taurus
Asharh	मिथुन....	Mithuna	Gemini
Shraban	ककडा....	Kakada	Cancer
Bhadrab	सिंह....	Sinha	Leo
Asin	कन्या....	Kanya	Virgo
Kartik	तुल....	Tula	Libra
Margsir (Agrahan)	बिछा....	Bichha	Scorpio
Paush (Pus.)	धनु....	Dhanu	Sagittarius
Magh	मकर....	Makars	Capricornus
Phagun	कुम्भ....	Kumbha	Aquarius
Chaitra	मीन....	Mins	Pisces

I should be glad to know if this curious custom prevails in any other part of India. The singular thing is that the months are lunar, although thus indicated by solar names. Weber, in a valuable essay on the Vedic Nakshatras, reprinted from the Journal of the Berlin Scientific Society, points out the existence of several systems of names for the months, which I have hitherto believed to be obsolete. It may be, however, that some of them are still preserved in remote corners of India. Chand, in one of his earlier chapters, speaks of the month of Sahas (सहस), which I believe to be Kartik. As I am writing from camp I cannot give the reference either to Chand or Weber.

–John Beames

Balasore,

January 15, 1872

THE MASTAN BRAHMANS

In the article by Mr. Ramsay on the hot springs of Unai (P. 192)[1] mention is made of the Mastan Brahmans. It may be useful to record that in Orissa also, the majority of Brahmans do not touch the plough. Those that do are called Mastan, and are looked down upon by other sects of Brahmans. They are often to be found holding the post of sarbarakar or village headman, and in that case are called Padhan (i.e.) they are, like all Oriya Brahmans, a haughty stiffnecked set, distinguished by the most serene indifference to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. As Padhan therefore they are highly appreciated by the rapacious and tyrannous zamindars, who find them useful tools in their oppression of the ryots.

–John Beames
Balasore,
May 11, 1872

1 Mr. Ramsay, BOM.S.S.'s article entitled 'The Hot Springs of Unai' was published in May 3, 1872 issue of the Indian Antiquary. Unai is situated in the east of Surat district of Gujarat - K.P.

JOHN BEAMES: AN OBITUARY

G A Grierson

Born June 21, 1837, Died May 24, 1902

The Royal Asiatic Society has lost one of its most distinguished members, and Oriental scholarship one of its most eminent interpreters, by the death of Mr. John Beames, which took place after a long illness at Clevedon, in Somerset, on Saturday, the 24th of last of May.

John Beames was born at Greenwich Hospital on the 21st of June, 1837. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Beames, Preacher of St. James's, Piccadilly and grandson of John Beames, Esq., K. C. Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He was educated at Merchant Taylors School under Dr. Hessing, and, while there, obtained an appointment in the Indian Civil Service, and proceeded to Haileybury College. He studied at Haileybury during the years 1856-57, in his fourth term obtaining the Classic and Sanskrit prizes and the Persian medal. He arrived in India in the year 1858, and served in the Punjab from March, 1859 to late in 1861. From December 1861, to the conclusion of his service he was employed in the Bengal Presidency, becoming a permanent Collector in the year 1867., a Commissioner in 1881, and twice officiating as a Member of the Board of Revenue. On his retirement from the Indian Civil Service in March, 1893, he had thus gained the rare experience of having worked in the Mufassal of two widely distant provinces, and this was no doubt one of the causes of that wide grasp which he exhibited in dealing with all things Indian. To him were equally familiar, from practical contract with the village people who spoke them, the rough patols of the Jats of the Panjab the smooth-flowing Oriya, the clipped dialect of a Bengali peasant, and the clearcut, practical Bhojpuri of Bihar.

We have seen that Mr. Beames distinguished himself by his attainments in oriental languages while he was yet in Haileybury. In India he served an apprenticeship of seven years, laying the foundations of that encyclopaedia,

First published in the *Journal of Royal Asiatic Society of Britain and Ireland*, 1902 (Pp. 722-725) in the column 'Obituary Notes'. The first obituary was of Prof. Charles Rieu and the second one was of Beames. -- K.P.

yet accurate, knowledge of things pertaining to the East which afterwards became the mark of all that he wrote. His first essays appeared in the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society* in the year 1866,[1] shortly after he had been placed in charge of the frontier district of Camparan in Bihar. These dealt with the new well-born topic of the advisability, or otherwise, of retaining the Arabic element in the official form of Hindostani. In the previous year his attention had been drawn to Bishop Caldwell's *Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages*, and it immediately occurred to him that a similar book was much wanted for the Aryan group. The result was the commencement in 1866 of those studies which bore their first ripe fruit in 1872. In the meantime other shorter but important works issued from his pen. The earliest was his well-known *Outlines of Indian philology*, the first attempt to prepare a scientific general account of all the languages then known to be spoken in India. Much of this work is now out of date, but parts of it, notably the chapter entitled "*Hints on Observing and Recording a New Language*", are as valuable to day as they were when first published. In 1868 we have two excellent papers in the journal of this Society - one on the Magar language of Nepal, and the other on the form of Bhojpuri spoken in Camparan. The latter was for many years the only account in existence of any dialect of Bihari (the language of over thirty-six millions of Indo-Aryans), and the former (if we except Hodgson's short vocabulary) the only account of one of the most important hill language of Nepal.

Mr. Beames's connection with the Bengal Asiatic Society lasted until the year 1885. During the twenty years which succeeded his first essay its *Journal* was enriched by many contributions from his pen. Essays on *Cand Bardai* and the other old Hindi authors were interspersed with studies on the antiquities and history of Orissa (1870-1883). In 1884-85 appeared his important articles on the Geography of India in the Reign of Akbar. During the same period the *Indian Antiquary* numbered him among the brilliant band of its earlier writers, and its pages contain many careful reviews of the works of other scholars, besides original articles of great interest on the early literature of Bengal proper and Orissa.

In 1869 appeared his well-known edition of Sir Henry Elliot's *Supplemental*

Glossary of Indian Times, a work which it is superfluous to praise. Twenty-two years afterwards, in 1891, was published his excellent *Bengali Grammar*, the first book of its kind which attempted to deal not only with the inflated language of modern Bengali literature, but also with the altogether different spoken tongue. After his retirement he wrote for the most part in the *imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review.* At one time he contemplated the preparation of a Prakrit Dictionary, but I believe that not receiving sufficient encouragement from publishers, he abandoned the scheme. At the time of his death he was engaged on a translation from the Turki of Baber's *Memoirs*.

I have hitherto omitted mention of the work on which his reputation chiefly rests, the *Comparative Grammar of the Aryan languages of India,* commenced in 1866, and published volume by volume in 1872, 1875 and 1879. The year 1872 witnessed the simultaneous appearance of three accounts of the growth of the modern Aryan vernaculars of India – Dr. Trumpp's *Sindhi Grammar,* Dr. Hoernle's *Essays in Aid of a Comparative Grammar of the Gaudian Languages,* and the first volume of Mr. Banerjee's work, The three scholars proceeded, quite independently, on similar lines. All three emphasized the importance of the Prakrts in the development of the modern languages, and made systematic studies of the laws of that development . But Dr. Trumpp's *Grammar* referred mainly to Sindhi, and, so far as comparative philology is concerned, remained only a brilliant fragment; Dr. Hoernle's *Essays* (many of the conclusions of which were afterwards adopted with full acknowledgment by Mr. Beames) were 'essays' in the strict sense of the term, destined to be the foundation of the admirable volume published in 1880, while Mr. Beames was the first issue a work deliberately intended to cover the whole ground of the subject, 'whether I have done well or ill' he says in his preface, 'The book was meant to be a *Comparative Grammar,* and I have called it so accordingly.' It is difficult to decide which to admire most in this *Grammar,* the learning displayed or the clearness with which the results of that learning displayed, or the clearness with which the result of that learning are put forth. That parts of it have been superseded by later inquiries must, of course, be conceded, but this cannot prevent our appreciation of the solid erudition, combined with sobriety of

argument, which adorns every page. Personally, the debt which I owe to these volumes is great, and I am glad to have this opportunity of acknowledging it.

Although for many years under the same Government in India, our lines were mostly cast in widely different parts of the country, and we seldom met. But we often corresponded, and never without the debt being on my side. I still remember the first letter I received from him, in the year 1878 or 1879, in answer to one from me about a small point in Maithili grammar. In those days philology was not popular in India, and civilians who collected information regarding the languages of the country were apt to be looked down upon as shirking their legitimate duties. This letter of Mr. Beames, coming as it did from one high above me in my own service, was the first word of encouragement to proceed with my studies, which I received from an official. One of the last acts of kindness to me was to revise the proofs of the Bengali section of the *Linguistic Survey of India*, and to offer me quite a number of invaluable hints and suggestions. He had a trenchant pen, and could wield it with effect when he considered it to be necessary, but the numerous references in his *magnum opus* to the opinions of other scholars showed that he possessed a double portion of the spirit of Sarasvati – a just confidence in his own great store of learning, and an ungrudging recognition of the discoveries made by other students in the same line of research as that in which he had an acknowledged claim to be recognized as one of the first authorities.

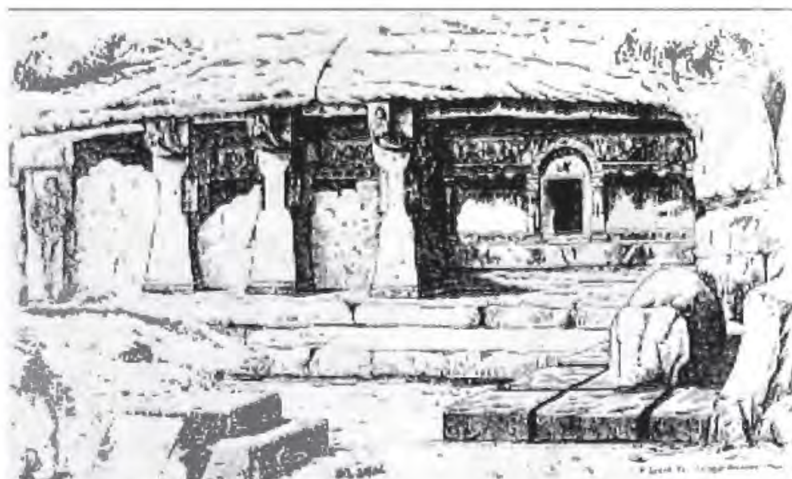
Footnote:

[1] Written in 1866, First ed. 1867, Second ed. 1868.

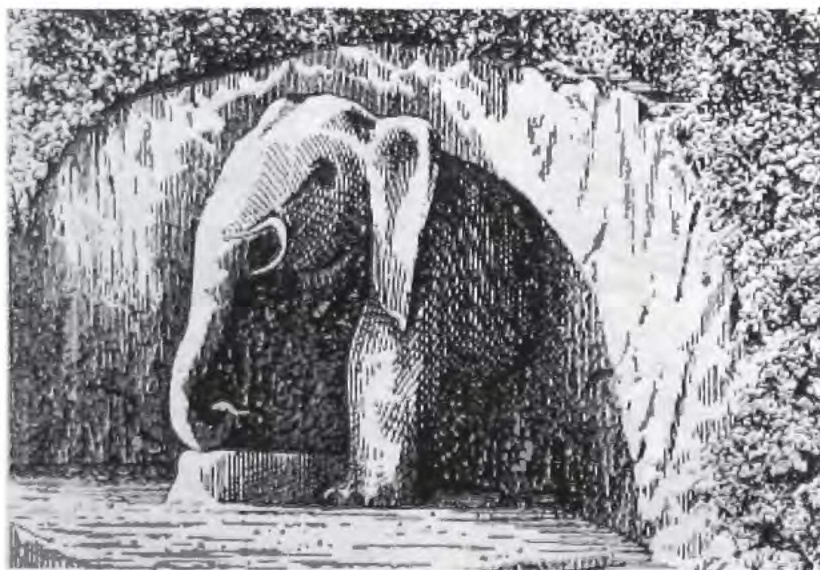




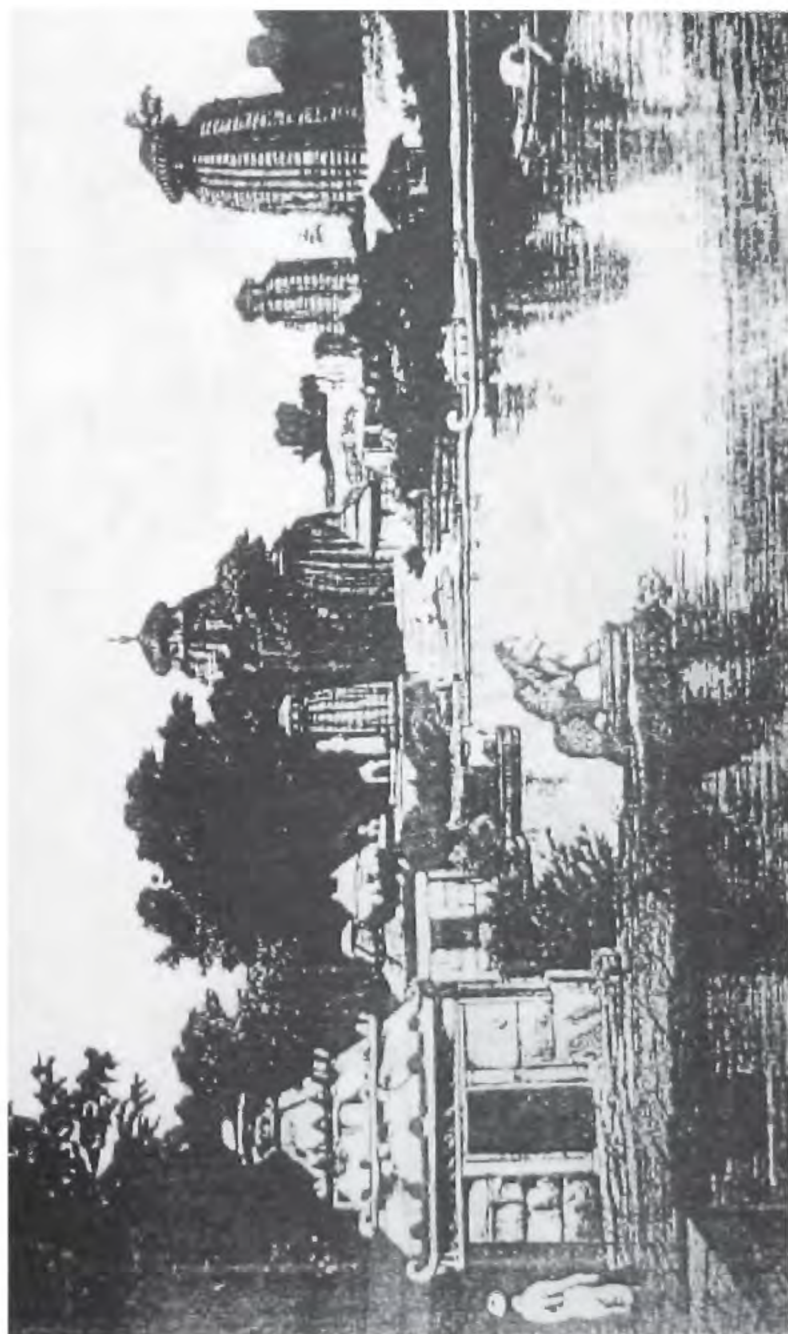
THE ORISSA HELEN
STRUCTURED PRIZE OF A ROCK MONASTERY



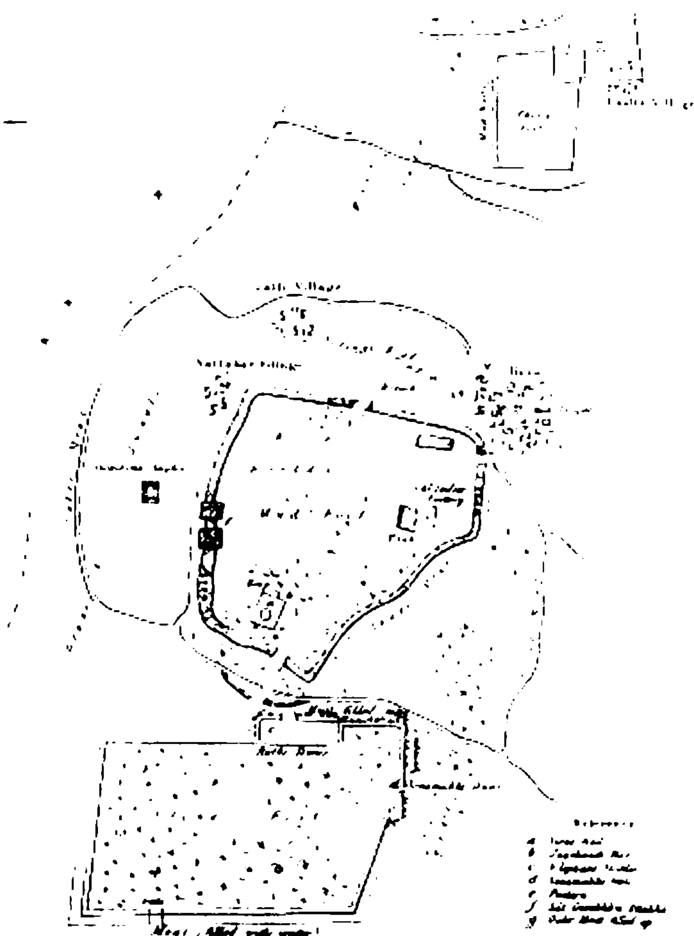
GANESH GARBA CAVE



BUDDHIST ROCK-ELEPHANT



Bhubaneswar – the temple city of Orissa


MAP
JUNGLE FORTS
NORTHERN ORISSA



One of the five statues of Buddha (All alike), Naltigiri and profile of a colossal head of Buddha, Udayagiri, Cuttack.



Temple of Basuli Thakurani, Naltigiri, Cuttack.

Colossal Statue of Buddha at Udayagiri, Alti Hills, Cuttack.



Mosque of Pir Sulaiman on the top of the Alamgiri Hill



Copper-Plate Grant of Purushottam Dev, A.D. 1483



Capital of
Pillar

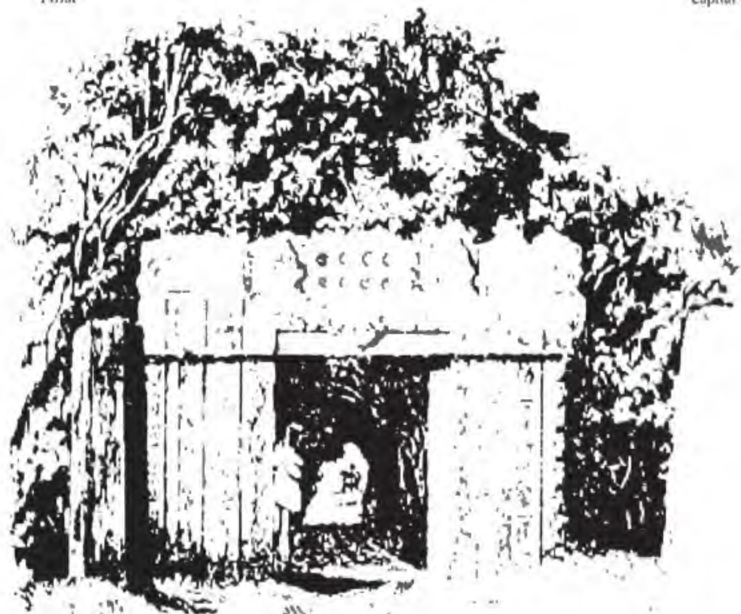





Sculptures on the left panel of getway of Udayagiri



Panel below
capital of pillar



Gateway of Udayagiri




Sculptures on the Gateway of Udayagiri



John Beames, on the eve of his departure for India



John Beames, colonial administrator, philologist, literary critic figures prominently as someone who cared for Orissa and its people and stood by them when they faced a crisis of survival. When he came to Balasore in 1869, the province was recovering from the trauma of the 1866 famine.

Beames wrote on the history of Orissa, its language, literature and folklore. He sought to establish the distinctive features of Oriya language. He explored the ruins of Orissa, and brought his knowledge of philology to unlock their mysteries.

Beames described that his four years stay in Orissa as the busiest, brightest and happiest period of his service in India. Beames's writings on Orissa which lie scattered in books and journals are compiled in this volume. Responses of his contemporaries to his life and work are also included.

Kailash Pattanaik teaches at Visva-Bharati University, Santiniketan.

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